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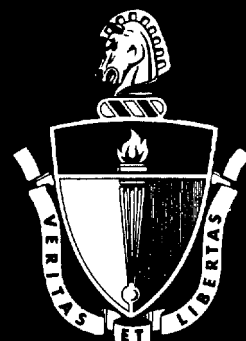
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English Translation  
of

Mes Camarades Sont Morts

MY COMRADES ARE DEAD

Volume II



MY COMRADES - IN - ARMS  
ARE DEAD

PIERRE NORD

VOLUME II  
INTELLIGENCE WARFARE

FOR INSTRUCTIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH  
by the  
US ARMY SPECIAL WARFARE SCHOOL  
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

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The translation of the three volumes of this work was done for the express purpose of providing information and instruction to the staff of the United States Army Special Warfare School, the personnel attending courses at this installation, and the United States Department of the Army in general.

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## CHAPTER I

### COUNTERINTELLIGENCE ACTIVITIES

#### WHEN ONE IS MASTER IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

#### COUNTERINTELLIGENCE IN NORTH - AFRICA

FROM 1941 TO 1944

## I

### THE ESSENCE OF COUNTERINTELLIGENCE

If a hundred intelligent and well-educated Frenchmen were asked the question, "What is counterintelligence?", ninety-nine of them would answer, "But,...it's the hunting down of spies, naturally!" That would be as great an error as if one were to define mathematics by its four basic operations. The arrest of enemy agents is only the superficial and external aspect, the crudest and most elementary action and sometimes the most awkward and inefficient method of counterintelligence. The aims of a counterintelligence service goes far beyond this and are much more important. The main goals are:

1. To insure the secret of our war intentions and actions.
2. To protect our own intelligence services.

But these constitute our simplest defensive tasks. It will become obvious that a counterintelligence service is inevitably to play a dual

offensive role which is very complex in nature.

3. To help the Intelligence Service (S.R.) collect information on the enemy.

4. To deceive the opponent through "intoxication," to borrow the key-word used during the last World War.

Let us examine the meaning of these schematic definitions:

1. The activities of the enemy and foreign intelligence services must be countered while we are still at peace, not only in the military services, but also in the factories, the laboratories, and the public administration, etc. As a matter of fact, when the war is declared or reaches its overt state, it is already half won or half lost. Since we are only human beings, we realize this only after the war. In short, we must guarantee the secrecy of our intentions, our preparations, and our operations. It should be noted that, theoretically, if our secrets were well guarded, we could let enemy spies wander about without fear; just as we know that germs have little effect on a healthy body. This would be pushing logic to the absurd. Still this fact alone leads us to understand that the hunting down of an enemy spy is a secondary concern, and that preventive counterintelligence is more important than spy repression.

2. Among the national activities requiring protection and cover, that of our intelligence service is certainly the most threatened one. It is constantly spied upon and attacked by methods which

require a special defensive technique. For example, it is necessary to uncover and avoid the very particular ambushes set constantly by enemy agents whose highest achievements are to establish relations with the service to be hired by it, and to infiltrate it. The dangers resulting from this can range from elementary ones, such as the risk of getting robbed, to the very subtle, as producing a complete misunderstanding of the intentions and capabilities of the enemy which could lead to surprise and defeat. Here we are talking about a task which requires from the counterspy much more than average intelligence, judgment, shrewdness and knowledge of men. One must bear in mind that the opponent is not only the scheming, petty soldier-of-fortune usually found in spy movies. He is at least the equal of Otte Abetz. The reason I say "at least," is because Abetz always smelled like a spy, even from a hundred paces away, or when he was disguised as an important journalist or as a high ranking diplomat. There were many others who were just as sharp and not nearly as conspicuous.

But these are the lower spheres of the trade: it is at the higher echelon that the more serious responsibilities come to light.

3. The arrest, interrogation, and "brain-squeezing" of the enemy agents will lead the counterintelligence organization to find out what the enemy intelligence agency is interested in and what it is looking for. From this it would be able to deduce the enemy's political and military plans. Theoretically, it seems very simple. Practically,

it is a very complicated game where a mistake can be easy and dangerous. For example, most of the collection plans sent by the British Intelligence Service to its agents were captured by the Germans. These plans gave considerable importance to Belgium and its coastline, erroneously leading the Germans to believe that the Allied forces were planning to land in Flanders.

It is a sin against good judgement to entrust mathematical-minded individuals with making an estimate of the enemy, based on the enemy's collection plan. Maybe one day it will be proven that this can provoke, or at least accelerate, a military debacle.

4. Let us take another step into deception. If we can apprehend an enemy agent, "turn him around" and then release him, and if he remains loyal to us, it is then possible to deceive the enemy. Let us go even deeper. Why not have our own men join the other side deliberately and systematically? It must be emphasized that it is these men who are usually called "double agents," and not, as people often believe, traitors in the pay of two opposing countries. Those who serve both sides are purely and simply traitors. There is quite a difference.

On the day when our double agents, working in the enemy intelligence agencies, will be quantitatively greater than the opponent's loyal agents, our enemy will be "intoxicated" like a human body polluted with harmful germs. Then we can hope to inform the enemy Supreme Headquarters in the manner chosen by our Supreme Headquarters and lead it to its own destruction.

This is the divine part of the trade; the truly divine. Quos vult perdere, Jupiter mandat (Those whom he wants to ruin, Jupiter drives insane.)

Counterintelligence always tries to intoxicate the enemy. Sometimes it succeeds.

Now we are very far from the hunting down of spies. Instead of capturing them, it is better to direct, use and even create them, if necessary. In any case, they must be captured alive.

During the later part of 1942, when the Germans were directly or indirectly ruling France, no counterintelligence service could hope to achieve the entire program which I have just described. Still the "Agence Immobiliere," the counterintelligence operational organ left in France by our Special Services, was certainly not going to stop handling its double agents. They all fell, one after the other. Recruiting new agents became a real problem. How much longer could the chiefs themselves hold, endure, and continue to live? As far as the recently created nets were concerned, all they could reasonably hope for was to more or less safe-guard their own secrets and provide for their own immediate security. All the rest was the responsibility of London and Algiers.

Without a doubt, the reader is conscious of these problems. But, unless he is a professional, he cannot fully realize their significance. To understand them, let us look for a yardstick in North Africa. There

we can see what can be accomplished in counterintelligence when one operates on territory not occupied by the enemy and when one is master in his own country. Then we will return to Metropolitan France, which is the main subject of this book, and we will discuss the capabilities of the "Agence Immobiliere" and of the nets of Fighting France. We shall compare this with the means used in North Africa, and we shall then be able to get to the root of the problem. Finally, after having read a few adventures which took place in 1943 and 1944, you will be fully aware of the facts, and be able to evaluate the characters and particularly appreciate the success of these individuals, since this entire book is written from the point of view of the results.

## II

### THE PROBLEMS OF COUNTERINTELLIGENCE IN NORTH AFRICA AT THE END OF 1941

From 1940 to 1942, North Africa was actually a free zone extending beyond a large but passive anti-tank ditch. The 100,000 men making up its army had absolutely no modern weapons and were stationed in the midst of a country which had no existing industry capable of manufacturing any. Its leaders claimed (and they were certainly right) that they could not repulse a full strength German-Italian attack coming from

Italian Africa or striking from the air. Material help from the Allies would be absolutely necessary. If this support was sufficient, North Africa could become a splendid springboard for the landing in Europe, with the Mediterranean Sea becoming an Allied lake.

This was why, from the end of 1940 on, North Africa became the big hope and the center of attraction for the large share of active underground fighters who did not want to join de Gaulle for some reason or another. This hope became almost a certainty when the United States entered the war.

After London, Algiers became the second pole of crystallization for the French revenge. These poles, were often at opposite ends as in geography, or repelling each other as in electricity. The French officers with a healthy military tradition could only regret this fact bitterly. For them, a nonpolitical attitude was more than ever necessary since they were convinced that the political discords, encroaching on the sacred ground of national interests, had led the country to progressive decay. The duty was: to bring the two poles together. Such was the state of mind of some of my comrades in London: Captain Fourcault for example, who multiplied the missions to France. Such was also the state of mind - of the Armistice army officers whose expulsion had been requested by the Germans, and who had been "parked" in North Africa only by some magic trick, among them was Lt Colonel



Baril, one of the many officers who could not hold out in this army, and pulled all kinds of strings to get a command in North Africa; Captain La Horie, for example; and finally those who just purely and simply resigned their commissions and came to wait for the right time. Such was the case of Captain Pillafort, one of the most glorious cavalry men of the Moroccan campaign who was killed in Algiers on 8 November 1942, shortly before Baril and La Horie met the same fate. (1)

Major C. was prompted by the same desire, when in 1941, he took over the control, or rather the reorganization of counterintelligence in North Africa. C. had thoroughly considered the problems he would have to face and knew what he wanted.

The French Intelligence Service (SR), officially disbanded according to the clauses of the Armistice, but of course still operated underground under the command of officers on indefinite leave of absence. The Army General Staff had undertaken, especially in Morocco, the camouflage of large stocks of arms, the preparation for secret and fast mobilization, and was even planning for the manufacturing of weapons. These various activities had to be kept secret and it is in this area that we returned to the two basic defensive missions of counterintelligence.

These missions assumed a special aspect. They had a very particular moral importance and they were to run into exceptional political

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(1) See Chapter I, first part of Volume I.

difficulties. Because of the Vichy and the collaborationist propaganda, the scoundrels, the cowards, and the plain fools believed that they could or even should establish contact with the enemy, help him, and serve him. They had to be deterred from this whether they liked it or not, through convincing arguments of force. Reasoning was not the business of counterintelligence, and it still had some force at its disposal. We used it as brutally as we could, without being disbanded by the public authorities, in order to keep alive the concept of treason in France. This way the French would realize that the Germans, and by implication the Italians, were still the enemy and that those who dealt with them would have to pay for it one day.

At the same time, the African "springboard"--this point of departure--had to be protected from an invasion. Otherwise, the Allied intervention would have to begin on the other side of a real sea or at the other end of the Sahara desert, and God knows how many additional years of national distress this would have meant. It was thus necessary to help the SR compromise the possible invasion plans of the Wehrmacht. This was the third general mission of counterintelligence.

In 1941 Major C...limited himself to these initial goals. Later, in light of developing events, he would see what else he could accomplish. He was cautious, realistic, had a well balanced mind, and perfect self-control. He was exactly the opposite of the "violent and

hot-tempered man" described by Rene Richard and Alain de Serigny in their book, titled The Bisecting Line of the War (1). His real quality was the admirable energy which the authors of this very interesting work attributed to him. He did not show it though. As a matter of fact, he hid this quality with as much modesty as a respectable woman would her breast. He had spent much time in China. Therefore, as far as intrigues were concerned, nothing astonished him. Whatever form they took in Algiers, he certainly had seen something more complicated before. But far from having developed a taste for intrigue, he disliked it deeply, as much as he did political factions, divisions, and collusions, for in China, he had seen where this led to. You could count on him to tell any important leader with a quiet voice, but, if necessary, with a brutal one (it was perhaps on one of these occasions that Richard and de Sevigny caught him one day) "It is your duty to..." or National interest forces us to...." But violence is a two-edged sword, and before using it, C. always resorted to the highest dialectic resources of a great mandarin, always courteous and patient, suave and penetrating, clever and shrewd. The most interesting thing in him was that he felt just as comfortable playing the role of the lowest individual in the Chinese social ladder; the soldier. Eventually, he landed on the Island of Elba at the head of an infantry regiment

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(1) La Bissectrice de la Guerre, published by La Maison du Livre, Algiers.

and four years later he was a general in the Colonial Infantry.

Early in 1941, having determined his missions, C. made an estimate of the enemy's terrain and capabilities, using the sound habits of a military mind.

For the time being, his enemy included only the Italian and the German Armistice Commissions. They had to be the local point of all espionage activities and had to become the Trojan horse of the invasion. But it was also necessary to work on Vichy's civil servants, even the small fry, ranging from the gossip to the informer, and including all the various degrees of collaboration.

His means? Not negligible, provided they were not dispersed as the Armistice clauses required. The records of the old regional counterintelligence sections which were created during the war (Intelligence Centralizing Offices) had remained intact. Most of the time, it was a nearsighted, bowlegged and not too bright office clerk who solved the most complex problems. Simply by extracting from his well-kept "morgue" a name card, an old police report, a court record, or even a newspaper clipping, which did not necessarily prove the guilt of the suspect; but at least helped us in knowing his connections, his ties, his weaknesses and his habits, furnished us with many a starting point for a serious investigation. C. had the records sent to safe locations where they could be studied with ease.

In Algeria, there still existed five small police detachments specialized in counterespionage, the "Surveillance du Territoire"

(Territorial Surveillance Sections), which came under the Ministry of the Interior. Disbandment of this police force had to be avoided at all cost. The Gaullist and other "dissidence" movements in the French Empire offered an excellent excuse for retaining this police force. The label "Surveillance du Territoire" was changed, and the Germans were not to realize it until 1942. Then, they suddenly noticed it, established the fact that this new special police had never interfered with any political or Gaullist activities and they made a lot of noise. But it was a little too late.

The Terrain? There were 120-million natives with a touching loyalty even in such hard times but, who were not involved in the current of European politics. Two million Frenchmen, almost unanimously anti-German but initially all the more convinced that Vichy was working toward revenge even though they were far removed from it, were convinced that their duty was to unite and obey the de facto central power because they were only a small fraction of the Empire. Finally Civil and military leaders were selected more and more for their spirit of discipline and less and less for their capacity of initiative, drive and independence. At least the distance from France and the absence of the Wermacht made them regain some moral strength. If X., as police chief commissioner of Paris, had received instructions signed by "Laval" to arrest you, he would have probably done so without giving time for his subordinates to warn you. However, if you found this same man, as high commissioner in Africa, he would

welcome you with due consideration and would sign without giving you too much difficulty any order you might propose to him, even to placing under house arrest a batch of spies claiming to be working for Vichy. But it is true that actually it could not be the same man. The 1941 Vichy Governor in Africa was too shrewd and too much aware of the situation to let himself be assigned to this slaughter house which was the occupied zone in France. Only fools went there!

The "Legion des Combattants" (1) was very active in North Africa. Its paramilitary element was virulent and extremist. But, generally speaking, North Africa was a very favorable terrain over which one proceeded with soft and cautious but firm steps.

After this evaluation of the situation, Major C. got down to work.

### III

#### CONDUCT OF DEFENSIVE COUNTERINTELLIGENCE MISSIONS IN 1941 - 1942

At the same time as he developed the clandestine branches of his service, C. immediately attacked Axis' the apparent intelligence sources which had to be destroyed. In full agreement with Major Noel, General Weygand's G-2, C. concluded that the most urgent and rewarding action would be to completely isolate the Armistice Commissions from the outside world. (Noel is the officer we mentioned previously, who

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(1) Right wing collaborationist movement. (Note of translator).

returned to France in 1943 and took charge of the third compartmentalized branch of the Special Services, the Offices of Territorial Surveillance).

Using the most courteous pretexts, members of the Commissions were never alone. French officers accompanied them on the smallest inspection in order to be able to notify the units and the services concerned. I already mentioned the heroic Colonel Genin and the valuable information that a professional specialist can obtain from these painful contacts. Furthermore, the police kept a 24-hour watch on the Italian and German offices. It kept a still closer watch, with even more interest whenever any of the personnel stepped out. No German could buy a box of matches without being followed by his guardian angel. As soon as someone contacted the Commissions, the person was immediately identified, card-indexed, and on the next day he was summoned to the local police station where he was warned that an unfavorable interpretation of his acquaintances could lead him to an internment camp.

Here is an example. Mr. X. of Algiers wrote one day to the German Armistice Commission offering his services. By return mail, he was instructed to go to a discreet bar where he was to ask for a Dr. Walter. He went there, and immediately revealed the story of his life to the so-called Walter, stressing particularly that he had already worked for the German Intelligence Services.

"I don't have to tell you, Herr Doktor, that I know all the ropes."

"Oh! Good!" exclaimed Walter, "I am so interested in you that I must introduce you to our big boss right away."

They left by car. At the entrance of a villa at El Biar, Walter gave his last recommendations to his "protege."

"Try to make a good impression on the boss. When entering his office, use the Hitler salute and shout, 'Heil Hitler'."

"Okay, Herr Doktor."

Mr. X. entered a room and was faced by a cold and tough looking individual. He came to attention, did his circus act, and suddenly got punched in the jaw. He woke up in a jail where he remained in secret custody until the end of the war.

The postal censorship had intercepted his letter then and forwarded it to counterintelligence. The man pretending to be Walter had enjoyed duping X. into introducing himself to the "boss" with his comic act. The "boss", not expecting X.'s visit, had acted with a sudden reflex.

The Germans eventually protested with extreme violence which proved that they were hurt or at least embarrassed. From the many protests of the Wiesbaden Armistice Central Commission, let us extract this portion of letter No. 1554/41, dated 1 November 1941:

"Despite these protests, the disloyal and hostile attitude of the French Services, which I have often denounced, has not changed a bit. On the contrary, complaints are increasing about vexations and apprehensions



inflicted on Frenchmen, natives and foreign individuals just because they are guilty of having been sometimes in personal contact with German military personnel, or even only because they have talked to them. Herewith is a list of individuals who were arrested or threatened with expulsion just because they had some personal relationship with the Germans. The French Services succeeded so well in creating a vacuum around these people that, in Morocco, for example the craftsmen called upon to carry out urgent repairs for the Control Commission as well as the merchants who had sold goods to its members, found it advisable to put a stop to these business relationships...

Also, as the population is being threatened and forced to create this vacuum around the Commission, the protective measures, supposedly taken in the interest of the German Services, take on such a form that it is evident they are only meant to undermine the prestige of the latter. The real aim of these measures is to isolate and bring discredit on the members of the German Control...."

Only one grievance was not expressed in this relevant, justified and perspicacious letter, but one could read it between the lines. It was: "Under these conditions we will never be able to collect intelligence in North Africa. G.. dammit!"

In spite of the definite threats which closely followed the complaints, the French Counterintelligence Service kept on operating with the same steadfastness; but they added a little more tact to their work. One must admit that they had sometimes lacked this quality, as in the following two examples.

In January 1941, the Italians had adapted the bad habit of going out in uniform which, as one knows, is more advantageous since a soldier in civilian clothes loses the prestige of the uniform. They were

warned, in a friendly manner, of the risks they were incurring. They bravely disregarded the threats. A few days later, General Boselli, President of the Armistice Commission, was found in rather bad shape in the gutter (not in a harbor basin, as it has been written). He received an official apology. Inquiries were made about his health (it was said that he had yellow jaundice). We promised that the guilty ones would be severely punished, while pointing out that the commission had been warned. It is not necessary to add that the investigation brought neither a result nor the reason for the beating. The police had really gone too far. First, they should have beaten up the general's chief of staff. At any rate, the result was achieved. The Italians went back to their stylish civilian jackets.

Some months later, a few young women who displayed a tendency to "boudoir collaboration" were rounded up by the police, who shaved their heads and interned them in the remote south. One of them happened to be the daughter-in-law of the president of the collaborating "Legion des Combattants." A perfect hit. After this, nobody could feel protected by Vichy. But we should not have sheared the girls before making sure that we could not put their special talents to use in the interest of the national cause. After all, what can one do with a shorn woman?

On this occasion, we had the opportunity to measure the so-called Italian mettle. The fascist officer who came to complain to Colonel G.,

chief of the French liaison, had a rather shy approach. He had a beautiful head of hair which Colonel G. and his officers kept staring at.

"I perfectly understand what you did," he said, "But you should not have done it officially."

We would have eventually arrived at a comfortable coexistence with the Italians. Unfortunately, the Germans understood this and they arrived in North Africa like a locust plague, first within the Armistice Commissions, then, from November 1941 on in the Consulates. They insisted on personally inspecting the strength, the quarters, the weapons, and even the training of the troops. This was at the time when, in Algeria, a real clandestine mobilization was taking place and when in Morocco alone the splendid "Direction des Affaires Politiques" (1) had camouflaged as a police force almost 50,000 elite soldiers ("tabors" and "goums"--indigenous troops), whose training had reached its final phase during actual large-scale maneuvers held in the Atlas Mountains. The situation was really serious.

Obviously, it was out of the question to come to terms with the Germans as we had done with the Italians. They could not be neutralized nor intimidated. The only thing left was to terrorize their potential accomplices and, above all, create an atmosphere of tight secrecy.

Major C. had the press publish the articles from the national code

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(1) Political Affairs Committee (Note of Translator).

of justice dealing with the breach of national defense secrets, even if these occurred through indiscreet or imprudent acts. These were followed closely by commentaries, so closely that they appeared like elaborations on the code, establishing very firmly that the French Armistice Services were the only organizations qualified to deal with the occupants, and that any direct contact with the Germans was reprehensible.

Examples were made. For each agent liquidated right under the nose of his masters, the newspapers announced under big headlines: "Traitor Executed at Hussein-Dey," "Execution of a Spy at X.," etc.

Thus, the notion of treason was kept alive. It was firmly imposed, implanted and rooted in everybody's mind.

At the same time, a considerable training effort on the dangers and methods of espionage was undertaken among the troop units where frequent unannounced inspections corrected any cases of negligence and laxity. It was hard to tell how much such an effort was needed in France where a long period of carelessness gave way suddenly to a brief attack of acute spy-fever.

One day a counterintelligence officer in Morocco noticed with indignation that the paper container of chick-peas sold to his wife by an Arabian grocer was nothing less than a secret document from the headquarters located in that town. An investigation followed. Wrapping paper was very scarce with a black market in this item flourishing. The office-clerk was a hustler, and the Headquarters personnel involved

was...French, of course. After a few months of conferences, directives, and exemplary punishments a good defensive state of mind was created. Later, we shall see the results obtained

Then C. turned to the offensive.

In each of the five divisions in North Africa, a military counter-intelligence section with a territorial surveillance detachment under its control centralized the information supplied by a vast net of collectors spread throughout the area. The collectors were selected men from troop and service units, from the gendarmerie, the customs, the navy, the forest wardens, etc., and their voluntary correspondents. A complete counterintelligence organization could not have existed without this essential and indispensable centralization process.

Here is an example. A certain Mr. Durand made friends with some air force NCO's in an Algiers cafe. He praised their branch of service, saying that an air force corporal was at least as good as an infantry captain. He also insisted on the fact that he had never seen a plane up close and he finally succeeded in being taken up for a first flight from the nearby base. Perhaps Durand was only a loafer or an enthusiast who had missed his vocation. God bless Durand! But if a month later in Bel Abbes the same Durand was reported to be drinking with some foreign Legionnaires, glorifying the legion, comparing a legion corporal to an infantry captain, and ending up becoming a close friend of the personnel clerk, then Durand was a spy. A spy who was now finished.

The counterintelligence officers managed to reconstruct the organization of the German intelligence service, following through on their discovery by arresting and subsequently interrogating suspects. The simple checking of the hotel registers by the territorial surveillance personnel produced knowledge of the movements of suspects and enemy agents, and helped uncover their contacts. C. soon found out, not without surprise, that the enemy's effort did not seem to be controlled by the Armistice Commissions. This was perhaps the first result of their isolation. But C. was as modest as he was cautious, and he refrained from jumping to a hasty conclusion. It was possible that the officers of the Commissions might have worked out some clever cutouts in their nets and that only a small number of accomplices, still unknown, were now pulling the strings. The matter had to be cleared up.

A few good amateur actors of both sexes were selected and were taught the Nazi catechism. They were outfitted with a fabricated police record which would give confidence to a spy recruiter; they were supposed to be overwhelmed with debts up to their ears and facing a scandalous bankruptcy; or else they were chosen among people who actually had such a background. Then they were sent to offer their services to these "gentlemen." It was a dismal failure. The German Armistice Commissions operated within the limits of their assigned control functions. This was so unbelievable that C. did not give up the idea of infiltrating them and gave orders to maintain the few personal, intellectual or sentimental connections which some of the German Commission members had made with

our apprentice double-agents.

For a whole year this produced absolutely no results. Still, the unruffled C. did not give up. It was incredible stubbornness on his part. Indeed, all the interrogations of arrested German spies were corroborating his feeling that all the links leading to the head of the espionage activities in North Africa converged on one point: the chiefs of the German intelligence service for North Africa who were located in metropolitan France.

A first discovery rapidly led to others. As soon as the French CI specialists could interrogate an enemy agent, they could tell you the truth of the matter. They worked like this:

"You work for Dunker-Delage, the murderer of Marseille. You were seen at his home on January 12. You're the one who betrayed citizen X.."

It was more than likely that he would protect himself by saying, "It wasn't I. It was So and So," or "I swear that I only dealt with Bauer from Toulouse."

Then they found out who were So and So, Bauer, and our enemies in Toulouse. Soon they knew the complete structure of the German Intelligence Services, - the location of these sections in France where our comrades over there could watch and identify all visitors; locations of their letter drops, the letters that had to be opened, the telegrams that had to be read closely, and the telephone conversations which had to be monitored; - their clandestine channels to North Africa, therefore

the right places to spring our traps; the imperfections of their forged identification papers, their secret inks, and their practices, the slightest irregularities or sporadic manifestation of which were sufficient to betray their agents.

It was from this moment on that we obtained full output from our counterintelligence service.

The Algiers postal censorship organization could examine no more than 3,000 letters per day, that is: open them, X-ray them, then if anything suspicious was found, put them through the chemical test, and finally seal them again without showing any trace of their having been tampered with. Three thousand letters were nothing if taken at random, but it was a lot if they were pre-selected. Sometimes, on an extraordinarily lucky day, this enabled us to discover two enemy messages.

Let us assume that a letter written in invisible ink had just been found. What clues did it offer to counterintelligence? To give you a concrete example, we knew that a spy under the orders of a Tangiers superior was operating among the many thousand inhabitants of Blidah. That was all we knew. Since the agent had evidently not signed his name nor given his address in the letter, he would seem to be as easy to find as a needle in a hay stack.

It was not the case. The spy had a family and friends. He wrote to them. It is well known that a hand-writing expert worthy of such a qualification has a fifty-fifty chance of not being misled by a clumsily camouflaged handwriting. Postal censors were handwriting



experts. Right under their eyes, they had handwriting samples of spies not yet identified. Let's observe a censor at work, inspecting the content of a mailbag selected at random. He does not look human any more. He becomes a kind of robot that sorts out regularly and mechanically several thousand envelopes per hour. Suddenly the machine comes to a grinding halt. Its two claws bring an envelope close to a photograph. The head bends down. A spy is caught or is going to be caught shortly.

Sometimes the identification was made by some more direct methods: a small revealing detail contained in the first letter caught, a cross-reference, or a remote connection with a fact or a man already known. After all, it was necessary to write something above and below the lines in secret ink. For instance, from one's window the air force headquarters could be seen. This detail was enough to catch a spy, three days after his arrival in Algiers and only two days after his first message. He was no more stupid than any other. An important word can reveal to an expert the writer's personality, since a sailor does not write like a baker, nor an engineer like a poet.

A nervous or worried spy was at the mercy of the telephone monitoring units. The most elaborate commercial camouflage could not outwit for long the telephone control commission which had the time to enlist expert personnel.

The "Territorial Surveillance" police, which possessed stability, long experience and sufficient authority, always ended up by tracking

down, driving into the open and killing its game. One day a spy confessed that he had been put ashore from a fishing boat on the Algerian coast along with three other agents. One of them was nicknamed the Egyptian. Another was wearing checkered slacks, and the third one had some relatives around Rio-Salado. That was all he knew about them. Eight days later his three fellow-travellers were in jail after being apprehended in three different spots. This was not due to one of those dazzling tricks in the manner of Sherlock Holmes. It was much less artificial, naive or childish than that and is not worthy of being related. Its simplicity would disappoint the reader. It was merely the result of well organized work by the French police whose only secret was a sufficient number of informers, well spread over a territory where the whiteness of one's skin was very conspicuous.

At the end of 1941, the Germans reinforced their effort by infiltrating teams equipped with radio transmitters. They turned out to be double-edged swords for which our enemies were going to pay dearly at the end. This is a long story which I will tell you in detail later.

Under the coordinated blows of our different services, the German espionage losses in North Africa became a catastrophe. In one year, Major C. scored more than 200 arrests of important agents whom he managed to keep in jail and who were to lead to other arrests. As far as the "Legion des Combattants" was concerned, it was beaten. The

"Parti Populaire Francais" (1) did not exist at all; its attempt to organize in Morocco had been nipped in the bud when five of its leaders were deported in July 1941. The recruiting center of the "Legion Tricolore" (2) which had been imposed in 1942 by Vichy met with no success. The basic counterintelligence goals seemed to have been attained. I say "seemed," because we could not be sure until the break of the big event toward which we were striving. The German Intelligence Service appeared neutralized. Our military preparation had most certainly remained secret. Only our intentions and our will were evident. The Germans could not be mistaken about that.

#### IV

##### CONDUCT OF OFFENSIVE COUNTERINTELLIGENCE MISSIONS IN 1942

Having reached this point, Major C. could now devote his efforts to the Germans' intentions and to uncover what their preparations were in North Africa. This was an important problem at the beginning of 1942, since it was felt that the Allied landing was, or soon would be possible. Indeed, during the first few months of that year, it was learned that the Anglo-Saxons were planning such an operation. The joint offensive mission of the intelligence and the counterintelligence services became both critical and urgent.

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(1) Right-wing Collaborationist movement (Note of Translator).

(2) Pro-German voluntary military organization (Note of Translator).

The feverish passion animating our counterintelligence service developed its ingenuity to such a degree that its chief was soon in a position not only to read the thought of the enemy but also to undertake that action which, because of its creative nature, we have called the divine task of the trade, namely: intoxication, with its seeds of error, surprise, confusion and panic among the enemy.

This is where the story becomes beautiful: a small masterpiece of wits foresight and persistence. I do not say that just to be obliging or friendly, and I do not give in to the desire of being intellectually and pleasurably satisfying. I am just stating facts.

One will remember that our double agents sent to infiltrate the Armistice Commissions in North Africa had been politely rejected by the German controllers who apparently limited themselves strictly to their mission. After a year they still had not brought back any information. Lt. Colonel C. (who had been promoted in the meantime) told the officers who handled these double agents, "Keep them on the payroll, they must continue the game." He had to have determination to give such an order since very soon it would be called an attitude of stupid stubbornness and an unexcusable waste of public funds. Most certainly it would have been absurd (*perseverare diabolicum*) if C. had not attempted anything else. However, he did not neglect to use various other methods.

He knew thoroughly the structure of the German intelligence service in North Africa as well as its chiefs hidden away in their offices in

France like distrustful spiders in shady corners. With the aid of comrades who had remained or had been sent to France, the counter-intelligence service infiltrated good double agents among the enemy in metropolitan France. These agents obtained immediate results.

Partial successes came first. Here is an example: Although it was evident that the German were seeking information about various possible operations, most of which would never take place, an examination of the collection plans given to the German intelligence agents, removed any doubt as to the fact that Hitler was going to use the first pretext to seize the Toulon naval base and take over our war fleet. Some will say that no document, study or deep thinking was needed for such an assumption. This holds true for sound minds, but sick ones are sometimes in command. After November 12, 1942, a few officers on the staff of Bridoux, then the Vichy Minister of War (if we may associate the word war with Vichy) had been seriously discussing with the Germans the boundaries of a proposed, free "Greater Toulon," the defense of which would be the responsibility of the French Navy. They were eagerly bargaining about the forces to be authorized. Bridoux's men were even hoping (it seems like a dream) to be able to camouflage their additional units and equipment. I would not be surprised if they were still arguing on whether they should accept as the eastern boundary of "Greater Toulon," the gulf of Giens or the bay of Hyeres when the Wermacht moved into the area and appeared in the Cafe de la Rade, on the waterfront. One will

therefore understand that in early 1942 it was rather important for us to be able to prove unquestionably the bad intentions of the Germans. Petain's reaction to total German invasion was foreseeable, alas! But it would have taken only one daring individual, one among the many blind men surrounding Petain, to give the order to sail toward Algiers and carry it out before a counterorder was issued.

In Algiers, General M., Chief Signal Officer of the Army of Africa, was testing with counterintelligence an entirely new concept in telephone monitoring which would permit monitoring not only wire-transmitted communications but also conversations held in a room. In short, it was a microphone which did not require being installed (it could be hidden) in evidence. We had started work on this early enough and for once the invention was practically ready on time. In 1942, Lt. Colonel C. and his assistants monitored every word that was said in the offices of the Armistice Commissions.

Sometimes it was rather humorous. One day in May, 1942, the colonel in charge of the German commission in Algiers, who had just returned from Berlin, gathered his officers to give them an important briefing. Hidden in a safe place, two French interpreters were ready to take the speech in shorthand. Lt Colonel C. himself had the earphones on. It was worth the trouble.

At first, they could only hear the noise of doors slamming, heels clicking and vague mutterings. Suddenly the tense, electric silence,

typical of military formations, filled the air. Then:

"Gentlemen..."

There were a few more barking sounds. The energetic and blunt voice of the German colonel rose to high pitch.

"Our Fuhrer... The unending string of victories we owe to his military genius... The limitless resources of the Ukraine... I want to express the considered confidence and the conviction which inspires me more than ever since my return from the dear Fatherland... Unshakable... Euroafrica will be...German for a thousand years to come..."

He sounded like a record of old Goebbels. C., dissatisfied, made a long face. He had wasted a whole morning's work. But he was stubborn. He had come to listen. Thus he would listen until the end.

Fortunately the meeting did not last much longer. Only five minutes. Once more they heard the clicking of heels and shouts of "Heil Hitler." One could almost see the stiff green torsos bowing with progressively diminishing sways. A door slammed shut. The two French interpreters took their earphones off.

"Keep on listening," said C., "One never knows!"

There followed a few minutes of silence. Then they heard the voice of the aide-de-camp whose voice was well known to the Frenchmen, inquiring apprehensively, timidly and obsequiously.

"Sir, you seem to be tired by this trip..."

"Yes, X., I am tired. But I am mostly worried."

"Was it too hectic a trip, colonel?"

"No, X., that's not it. No, you see my boy, I can tell you because you keep a secret like a tomb. Well. We are finished. Germany is finished-for a thousand years to come. It is frightful!"

This was followed by a few explanations and justifications which were not new to C. But this took place in May 1942, and one can imagine the comfort and the spirit it gave to our French patriots.

This was a simple moral satisfaction. Now let us talk about the material results of this listening activity. Among others, this monitoring enabled us to find out all the details of the German plan for the occupation of Morocco. It had been prepared in 1941 and Spanish cooperation was anticipated. Its successive modifications, alterations and final touches were monitored closely. The first stage was the seizure of the Meknes-Fez area by airborne troops. Finally, and most important, C. found out that D-Day had been set for the last days of 1942. This information was passed on at the appropriate time to the Americans who were requested to advance the date of their landing.

Maybe the Americans did speed it up and this would explain and excuse:

1. The excessive disproportion between the expeditionary force promised to the Algiers conspirators by Murphy, the American Consul General and personal representative of Roosevelt (500,000 troops supported by 2,000 aircraft and about 100 war ships), and the weak forces with which General Clark actually landed on November 8.



2. The relatively small scale of the North African operation which caused a long and costly campaign for Tunis. Therefore, one could consider this operation not as a strategic error but as a daring attack which forestalled the enemy and took away from him the advantage of initiative. Thus in spite of the casualties, it would be a fortunate decision. Perhaps if this is the case, history will ascribe the initial credit for this success to the French special services. But our own records do not permit us to draw such a conclusion.

Another accomplishment of our monitoring service was that its numerous reports enabled our crypto section, after several weeks of mysterious puzzle work, to decipher the most secret Italian Navy code. All its messages became clear to us and from then on we really lived in the intimacy of our opponent.

The most serious difficulties of the special services did not come from abroad but actually from Laval who, if we may say so, had been reinstated in power. During his disgrace, he had the time to prepare his program. His first measures took the army in Africa by surprise. He relieved the military of their police powers and concentrated these functions in the hands of Bousquet, his trusted secretary. He succeeded in releasing a certain number of arrested spies before they could be taken care of. Bousquet, complying with his agreement with Oberg, the Gestapo chief in France, turned over to the Germans the prisoners' files. These had the names of the police officials who had

conducted the investigations. This amounted to signing their death warrant. Early in November 1942, Bousquet had personal files made on each and every special service officer, containing his personal address and that of his relatives. This was intended for the Gestapo, but it was a little too late.

Nevertheless, during the critical period of preparation for the landing, counterintelligence work in North Africa became difficult and dangerous. This was all the more discouraging as Lt. Colonel C. was at last reaching the final goal of his efforts. He was getting ready to furnish intoxicating information to the enemy High Command, something which could have had a decisive influence on the success of the operation. What had happened?

From arrests and executions, the German intelligence service for North Africa which was controlled from France, had been decimated. The metropolitan French counterintelligence had very readily filled the gaps. The proportion between the traitors who had gone over to the Germans and our own double agents had finally turned to our advantage. Had the Germans noticed it? Probably. Suddenly, within a few days, all our candidate double agents, who for the past 18 months C. had retained at public expense to hover over the Armistice Commissions, reported that they had finally been accepted as German spies. The German intelligence service had found a home in the Commissions. The recruiting was done mainly by three newly established German sections in Casablanca, Algiers and Tunis which obviously had been set up for this sole purpose.

"It was logical and bound to happen," said C., "provided we sufficiently damaged their existing nets. It was to be expected that eventually the German command would ask 'these locally stationed gentlemen to start accomplishing something.' This is what I was waiting for."

Were there still many spies left from the first teams? In any case, the German High Command would consider much more reliable the African intelligence originating from sections located within the country than the reports coming from Paris and Marseille. Therefore, it was the Armistice Commissions that had to be guided toward a false conception and interpretation of the political and military events now about to take place.

This became possible thanks to the gentle stubbornness of C. We had captured the collection plans of the German spies. Naturally, their first priority was for any clues of Allied operations, then on the identity of resistance members and their connections with the Americans and the English. All we had to do was answer in our own way. Lt. Colonel C. was pulling the strings of 29 important, direct German agents who were entrusted with recruiting others and who knew the identity of a thirtieth one. There could not be many more in the pay of the Commissions and actually they hoped that there were no others.

Let us anticipate. After November 8, the questioning of captured German intelligence officers and a close scrutiny of their records proved beyond any doubt that there was no other agent. Therefore, all we would have to do was to execute the thirtieth.

Let us now go back to August 1942. Was the masterly work of C. going to be compromised at the last minute by Laval's police? Security measures were studied jointly by C. and the Algier leaders. They had full confidence in each other. The conspirators hid nothing from C. about their hopes, their plans and their conversations with the Americans. C. protected them, civilians as well as military. At that time the army included all those who fought the Germans.

Early in September 1942, police officer Begue was dispatched to Algiers by Laval and Bousquet to keep an eye on the resistance circles. He was a dangerous man. Not so much for his personal and professional qualities but because he had the full powers of a personal representative of the highest authorities. His only task was to discover the leaders of a conspiracy which had been in existence too long not to be well known. In a city with only 300,000 generally exhuberant inhabitants who lived outdoors or within a limited number of public places, all he had to do was to sit down at the Cafe Aletti for five minutes and listen to stories about the comings and goings of Lemaigre-Dubreuil, the negotiations of Henri d'Astiers de la Vigerie, and the ideas of Rigault. To neutralize Begue's effort, one had to resort to Asian trickery, and C. decided to handle the matter personally.

C. gained Begue's confidence to such a point that the latter asked him to send his reports to Vichy for him. That was enough. And when Begue found out that the messages he wrote in Algiers were not quite the same upon arriving in the provisional capital, he realized that he had

been discredited in the eyes of his chiefs. He was considered a romantic fool and a bluffer, sending "tall tales" just to show off. Thereafter, he entrusted his messages to the Navy mail services. But it was too late. He was already washed out.

However not as washed out as the German intelligence service in Africa. In the last month of 1942, Begue had been like a blind-folded boy playing a game of blind-man's-buff with cheating playmates. It remains for General C. to relate how many times the Germans were sent on a wrong track and found themselves at a dead end; how the threads which they were following and which could have lead them to a serious discovery were cut; why they did not detect what was going on around them; and why they were lost and isolated in the crowded harbours of the Mediterranean coast as if they had been in the most remote desert. But I shall not now spoil the subject of this book.

Let us only give the results. Until December 7, 1942, all the estimates of the German intelligence service were based on the information given to them by French counterintelligence and concluded that the possibility of an imminent operation in North Africa was unlikely until at least the spring of 1943. Of course Vichy confirmed this. Considering what we had done before, this was to be expected. It was easier to mislead our "dear comrades" than the hereditary enemy.

And finally the big day came!

When the twentieth century Armada assembled in the Atlantic and sailed toward the East, both Berlin and Vichy asked themselves the following question: "Dakar or Malta?"

Even in Algier, on the evening of November 7, while Mast, Montsabert, Baril, Jousse and Pillafort, on the military side, Barjot on the navy side, Astier, Aboulker and the fellows of the Youth Centers on the civilian side, and Murphy and Cole on the American side, were all going to their combat posts, the Allied fleet was sailing towards Algiers and Casablanca and the German Army and its Armistice Commissions were peacefully sleeping. At the Villa "Oliviers," the taciturn and lonely Darlan probably slept restlessly dreaming about the absolute power which never was his to hold. The members of the Vichy "Legion des Combattants," their paramilitary force and the other Fascist groups were sound asleep. Two journalists, Richard and De Serigny, who were in Algiers at the time, described it as follows:

"Only a few hundred men lived intensively and stayed awake in this large city of 300,000 people who on this saturday evening November 7, had casually eaten and listened complacently to the careful comments of Montmartre political satirists, and then had gone to bed peacefully."

Nobody in Algiers, except the handful of conspirators, had the slightest idea of the sensational event which was to take place offshore and in Algiers a few hours later. Nothing less than a reversal of the war. Out of a population of 300,000, there was not a single informer, stooly, or double agent who anticipated this event and warned

the enemy. This was quite an accomplishment.

The blow of November 8, was like a flash of lightening out of a clear sky. The German intelligence service was actually petrified by the appearance in Algiers of the American war ships and planes, and it never recovered from it. Several months later, the Sicherheitsdienst, the Nazi secret service, took advantage of this to overthrow and destroy the Abwehr, the German Army secret service, which had managed to remain autonomous. It actually replaced the Abwehr; but, as we shall see later, it obtained no better results.

V

COUNTERINTELLIGENCE AND POLITICS

I don't think it is up to me to relate all the accomplishments of Lt. Colonel C. and his men before and during the political imbroglio stirred up by some Vichy circles in Algiers, and aggravated and protracted after 8 November because of Darlan's presence. All of this is General C.'s prerogative and deserves the writing of a complete book. Nevertheless, I am sure that he will have no objection if I draw from the events his probable conclusion: the special services did all they could to bring about a complete union between all Frenchmen before the event which was to decide their national future. Then, this task proving impossible, they succeeded in accomplishing it later on and better late than never.

It was not because of the special services that all the French leaders who held the power were lacking a complete agreement of ideas which would have enabled all of us to welcome immediately the Americans as brothers-in-arms and liberators, and which would have given us the right to demand firmly to be treated on an equal footing as Allies. Then whose fault was it? That of the French in general, because of their indecision and division? Or was it due to the Americans themselves, because of their commercial mixture of suspicion and bluff and of their series of abusive associations? For example, they went as far as "contacting" Darlan, in October 1942 which was then followed by hesitations typifying so well the action of their local representative, Murphy? We certainly were not blameless. But the Americans were not either, with their decision to willfully ignore the existence of de Gaulle, and especially with their exaggerated certainty of French decadence.

The special services were not a decision making instrument, but an advisory organization. At least this enabled C. to help establish a feeling of confidence in the success of the landing and also to create a close comradeship between the French and American landing commanders on one side, and the local military leaders of North Africa on the other. He undertook this task early, without rushing, but he was always ready to bring about contacts, exchanges of opinions, and liaisons whenever the conditions were ripe. His final goal was that of any true soldier: a unified military action in time of crisis without which



national salvation is impossible.

There was at the time, within Algiers, a true and real soldier. Many Frenchmen were astonished and have deplored the fact that General Juin seemed to be completely surprised by the operation of November 8. His intervention could have only led to one result: having everybody agree that the most important thing was to win the battle of Tunis in record time. Who could argue that this was not the most urgent thing? Yet, General Juin seemed surprised and was forced to improvise. What had happened? Let us hope that General C. will tell us one day how, as early as October 1942, he secretly prepared contacts between Murphy and one of General Juin's officers, - how he brought them together and protected the rear of the French emissary by preparing his disappearance in Tangiers, should the attempt fail. Why, and because of whom these relations did not influence the course of events more than they actually did, what conditions led him to provide these liaisons himself, what Murphy told him at Guyotville, on 3 and 4 November, where it seems that the American diplomat cut himself a few links of the conspiracy he had plotted, and finally how, on November 9, the special services arranged the meeting of Generals Giraud and Juin, which certainly decreased the confusion, prepared the truce of tomorrow and hastened the entrance of the Army of Africa into the war. This was the only important thing.

A complete Franco-American agreement was indispensable, urgent and decisive. The American expeditionary force was insufficient.

Tunis, the essential and rational objective, was impregnable. With realism and composure, which were their greater strength (but became virtues only when war is fought on one's national territory) the American command had calmly envisioned that North Africa would become the theater for some of those incoherent "hit and run tank raids" stretched over 1,000 kilometers which had characterized the Lybia and Tripolitania campaigns. They conceded that it was quite possible that there would still be some fighting outside of Algiers, in November, O.K., O.K...

Thus there was not a second to lose in the coordination of all efforts. The special services worked towards the agreement both politically and diplomatically. The Army of Africa also wanted this and accomplished it at the tactical level. Almost by itself, without aircraft or tanks, without shoes for the men this army protected for three months, the landing of the Allied forces which were to clear a base for the liberation of Europe. It was only in March 1943, near Tebessa, that the Americans brought two to three full strength divisions to the frontlines.

Looking back, and knowing fully well the danger incurred and the final result, the intrigues and the negotiations of Algiers, before, during, and after the 8 November assault, appear to us like an episode out of the hesitating undercurrent of our National history. It seems as if we were right in the middle of the Sixteenth Century religious wars, or as we might say, in the middle of a medieval conflict. It was important for me to state that the spirit which animated the special

services during this agitated period was the very expression of the desire for national unity.

VI

COUNTERINTELLIGENCE  
AND CONDUCT OF THE WAR

The war in Africa was just starting and the victory was not yet in sight. But this time, we were the masters in our own territory and counterintelligence reached its most successful era.

There was no doubt that the Germans intended to use a fifth column behind the fighting men in Tunisia. For those who knew them well, the press and radio campaign proved this fact beyond question. The real aim of the false news about the brutal occupation of the Yankees, about the "resistance" by the settlers as well as the local population, and about the "unrest in Africa" were not for propaganda purposes, but for preparation for action. A great effort was necessary to recruit honest agents, to give good excuses to the others, and to disguise treason, sabotage, and other crimes as a political attitude. Actually, there was no sabotage and not even one attempt against the rear of the Allied Armies.

The German intelligence service had been beheaded in North Africa. Infiltrated with double agents, it could no longer rely on its "hinter-gelassene Agenten" (stay-behind agents), agents who were left purposely

inside the enemy lines during a retreat, on their own, cut-off, and lost. The Sicherheitsdienst tried to build a new network rapidly, parachuting teams supplied with radio-transmitters, money and propaganda material. Colonel C.'s reaction was quick and brutal. Any individual having given support of any kind to one of those parachutists was shot in public in his village or douar within 48 hours. Needless to say the actual spy himself suffered the same treatment, as soon as we had extracted from him all he knew. This turned out to be a real massacre; completely fruitless from the Germans. The number of arrests is shown on the following chart which indicates clearly the decreasing effectiveness of the German effort:

	<u>1943</u>	<u>1944</u>
Algeria . . .	860	320
Tunisia . . .	2,400	650
Morocco . . .	700	200
TOTAL for	3,960	1,170
North Africa		

The enemy propaganda efforts directed toward the Moslem world were nipped in the bud. In early 1944, several Moroccan leaders were put in jail because of their proven relations with the Germans. Their goal was to create troubles in Africa during the landing operations in Europe. This provoked a real uprising fomented by the "Parti Nationalist Marocain" (1). Fortunately, like the symptomatic appearance of a disease not yet diagnosed, it compelled the local authorities to weigh the seriousness of the situation which they ignored or wanted to

(1) The Moroccan Nationalist Party

ignore. This happened in time, for a change.

The Germans contemplated giving up this useless struggle. We soon had to push them, going as far as supplying them with volunteers or at least convincing the irresolute ones, so that there could be a few more spies thrown into North Africa, allowing our double-agents to complete the intoxication of the enemy services. I will devote a whole chapter to this kind of intelligence warfare.

The French counterintelligence won this kind of war. In this way, the German High Command was constantly informed by us. We forwarded them our projects and our plans...SGDG (1). It appears that, contrary to sound French doctrine, they made the error of basing their decisions on assumed Allied intentions, instead of the actual Allied capabilities.

This assumption on my part calls for some explanation. Let us therefore take a brief look at the field of tactics, especially since the reader is free to accompany me or skip the next two pages.

But first of all, was there a French military doctrine as such? If there was one, would not it be better to forget about it, like some scandalous family secrets? Certainly not! It was an excellent one, except for a certain shyness on the part of infantrymen in the use of armor. Most of the American high level commanders and staff officers will tell you, spontaneously, that their tactical doctrine was based entirely on our theory. Since the end of the war, the slightest 15 minute speech by a French tactician in a South American

(1) Customary notation on all French patents indicating that the French government cannot be held liable for any defects. (Note of translator)

country, will bring about a small intellectual revolution. It will be necessary to have more foreign officers studying at our war colleges.

The "amusing" repartee that undoubtedly several persons have made: "...but then, why were the French soldiers defeated?" has but a humoristic value. It takes more than a good doctrine to win a war. Especially when it is not being implemented. But this is another story.

Let us get to the point. By now, our readers know enough about intelligence to realize how dangerous it is to base a military decision on the enemy's intentions. They already know how intelligence is created, and how sometimes it is fabricated by the enemy. They realize that an unconfirmed item of information is worth much less than an eyewitness. They understand why it is necessary to have a G-2 section between the special services which are seeking the information and the commander who exploits it. This G-2 section is composed of office personnel who smell the items of information, weigh them, compare them, oppose them, sort them, and evaluate them in the stillness and the calm of an office where they can think. Sometimes they reject the information altogether. This is what generally happens to any paper stating: "The enemy wants..." or "The enemy is going to...." This can not be checked nor double-checked unless the event has already taken place, and then it's too late! It exists only in the brain of the enemy leader, and if we are wrong or fooled, there

will be a disaster, unless we are overwhelmingly stronger than the enemy. But if this were the case, then we would not need information any how. We would only have to rush ahead to destroy our foe.

On the other hand, the capabilities of the enemy are unequivocal. They were written on the terrain. They can be read through the deployment of the enemy forces, their center of gravity, the location of reserves, the number of tanks and planes, the outline of its fortifications, etc. These capabilities are visible and tangible. To estimate them, one is not at the mercy of men who might betray us. We have at our disposal; ground observation, reconnaissance, search of prisoners, then the air force, and even the information from diplomatic sources. All of this helps in estimating what are the enemy's capabilities. It is for this purpose and not to avoid responsibilities that, at all levels, the personnel of the French G-2 ended their estimates on the enemy addressed to the commander by the following words, "In view of their strength and their deployment, the enemy can either do this or try that." At most they give a rank of likelihood in their proposed probabilities. This permitted the leader to make assumptions without being surprised by the possible implementation of another hypothesis.

The enemy certainly did not possess this wisdom. Indeed, from November 8, 1942 on, which was the turning point of the war, he fought completely in the dark.

On the first day of the Allied offensive against Tunis, which

pierced the center of the German organization, Rommel's reserves were too far away to intervene on time, and his Panzers were massed on the coastline. The landing in southern Italy had the advantage of an unbelievable surprise factor.

Later, I shall talk in detail about the intoxication techniques used against the German special services. But this goes beyond the frame of this introductory chapter, where I only intended to say that French counterintelligence in North Africa, with its double agents, discreetly fed the German machine false information and "Spielmaterial" from the Interallied Headquarters, and was the best promoter of the crushing surprises which marked the end of the war and hastened the common victory.



## CHAPTER II

### BASIC COUNTERINTELLIGENCE IN THE ENEMY-OCCUPIED ZONE

#### INFILTRATION OF THE SO-CALLED "ANTI-NATIONAL ACTIVITIES REPRESSION SERVICE"

##### I

#### PROBLEMS OF THE COUNTERINTELLIGENCE SERVICE IN OCCUPIED FRANCE

We have just seen what counterintelligence can accomplish when you are the master in your own country. In short, it is a hunter's job. On the other hand, after November 12, 1942, the intelligence nets of Metropolitan France became the hunted game, waiting for the horn of general insurrection.

"That's the only difference," Mr. Vauthier used to say sarcastically to his section leaders gathered in Toulouse.

Yes. But this unique difference was an abyss. Counterintelligence had become impossible. Still, it had to be accomplished. It was more indispensable than ever: We probably would have to go back to the great feudal lords of French history, to the Franco-English dynasties, to the mayors of the Palace, to find a situation where, qualitatively, betrayal and treason was so great.

In invaded Metropolitan France, there was no "Surveillance du Territoire." This old friendly police, so loyal and dependable, had been forced to become just as clandestine as its military leaders. The other branches of the "Securite Nationale" (French National Police) and of the Paris Police Commission were more and more controlled by the collaborationist clans. Bousquet, Laval's right hand man concluded a real police alliance with the Gestapo commanded by Oberg, the butcher of Paris. Naturally, we still had patriotic policemen, but they were only subordinates, and despite their value, their help was not a barrier to treason but only a series of improvised obstructions, easily breached and quickly swept away. This was all the more so as special police and "super-cops" organizations were created, increased, and multiplied, resulting finally in the creation of Darnand's gang. Their main goal was to deprive the old police of its political functions, watch it carefully and make sure that it respected the lines of the New Order.

In short, instead of finding support in the Ministry of the Interior, the French counterintelligence organization had to include an increasing number of policemen among its direct enemies, men who were more deadly than the Gestapo. Indeed, these policemen sent you to the same places, the same death camps, or the same gallows, but when tracking you down, they had the tremendous advantage of being French.

As a matter of fact, all the public powers were behind them, including the judicial branch with its weight of legitimacy influencing

the weak, the humble, the undecided, the cowards, and the idiots. Public funds were at their disposal to pay off the rascals. Public force was with them to throw people in jail, with the occupying power taking care of the rest, and the two well orchestrated propaganda machines conducting a salutary intimidation. They had the public services at their disposal to set traps all over the territory: postal censorship, telephone and telegraph monitoring, D. F. units, priority use of tele-communications, planes and automobiles, microphones, police laboratories, an intelligence centralizing organization, office, and personnel. To add a finishing touch to this long list, we know that the enemy had access to the files of the French special services which had been seized in Chateau de Ledernon after the Clermont-Ferrand disaster of June 1943. Surely, we had hidden them in a secret cave worthy of a detective story, proving that we did not intend to use them for quite a long time, and the files had been screened before hand. But to think that the enemy had them! Actually beyond a certain point, this extreme misfortune became comical and it sometimes happened that the victims laughed about it...nervously though.

Generally speaking, there was no longer any physical means available to conduct counterintelligence in France. Let us compare this situation in detail with the preceding chapter in spite of the fact that it will not completely express the essence of the problem. To do so, we would have to make further comparisons. Imagine a situation where the army, the police forces, the gendarmerie, and the forest

wardens would be outlawed by a ruling group made up of criminals; a group so sure of itself that it would have inverted the legal definition of crimes and offenses. It would be absurd and ridiculous wouldn't it? Yet, this is exactly what happened in the limited field of counterintelligence.

The only mission that the recently formed French nets could attempt was to provide for their own protection and that of the known patriotic organizations. This was achieved first, by the elementary means of infiltrating the enemy, then when more experience was gained and the war was apparently turning to the advantage of the Allies, by recruiting or infiltrating the enemy ranks with double, repentant or emboldened agents.

Theoretically, this seems simple. But under the prevailing conditions just described, a tremendous effort was necessary to obtain even the tiniest result, and sometimes it was completely in vain.

What was necessary was...let us point it out.

A lot of courage but no glory. Throughout the text which follows, we shall witness our men hugging the walls and making simple efforts of self-control in the course of thorny and dangerous conversations. But there were always submachine guns behind the doors and pistols in the pockets. My heroes have narrowly escaped the shots which could have knocked them down permanently. They are the lucky ones. Many of their comrades-in-arms have died in the dark. I chose survivors as my characters in order to finish my story in their company.

They needed a foresight which was more than human, and an animal-like obstinacy. We will read about an agent implanted in an enemy service, rotting there for two years in vain and then, suddenly, becoming very valuable.

In addition, also needed was an understanding of the National interest enabling honest people to use more tricks than their crafty opponents and allowing men of honor to make promises which they knew were lies. Yes. We must admit it: we needed a special kind of morality.

Finally for a doubtful, improbable, and, in any case, limited gain, in the vague hope of saving an unknown friend some day, we had to make a tremendous effort of thought, cleverness and intrigue. No amount of ambition or interest would have made us do these things in our former lives. We outdid ourselves. From the bottom up. Sneering and gritting our teeth, in circumstances which were sometimes so improper that one would have stopped in a shock of modesty and human respect if it had been a personal affair.

These were sad days, when, in addition to every thing else, we lied all the time. Days when God only knows whose hand we shook!... Days when we would say to a man who did not stand a chance, "I will save you if...." And all the while we could see on his face, lit with hope, the unrelenting shadows of the firing squad.

I just reread this page. I almost tore it up. I will not read it again to avoid the temptation, for somebody had to write it. Somebody

had to write about the bastards we had to push around. And it is because we pushed them around that many of our comrades are still alive today.

## II

### THE INFILTRATION OF AN ENEMY SERVICE PROBLEMS AND FAILURES

The reader will perhaps remember that in 1940 - 1942 Captain Bardin was the Vichy "eye" for Lt. Colonel Baril who was at first G-2 of the Armistice Army, and who was later sent in disgrace to Algiers, where he participated in the preparation of the Allied landing in North Africa.

At the beginning, Vichy was feeling its way around. Everything was being improvised day by day and was in a constant state of evolution. The struggle for positions was at its peak and transcended the ideas and doctrines. Currents of opinion were running against each other, and no one could yet estimate his strength, discover his source, count his factions, or foresee his final goal. Almost everyone was underground and only heaven knew where they would emerge. The Resistance did not know its limitations, its men, its allies, its political and military roles, or even its name. In 1945, as soon as there had been time to think, the surviving resistance fighters of the first hour were just as astonished by certain unexpected and noisy people at their sides as by the disgraceful and unexplainable absences of others.

Only one fact was obvious: it was still impossible to foresee who was going to provide the necessary center of unity enabling us to enter the war with the remaining forces we had, once the time had come. Our numbers were so few that we could not allow ourselves to neglect any one of them. The hour of de Gaulle had not yet struck in Metropolitan France. Would it come some day? Who would have dared say it aloud in 1940, even among those who wished it most? Petain said repeatedly, "If de Gaulle did not exist, we would have to invent him." It was advisable and wise to temporarily admit one discrimination among the French people: those who wanted to fight against the invader and those who didn't. To really fight, of course. Not with words. Obviously, some would fight and some would go to sleep. We knew them. They were always the same. And between the two extremes, there was the infinite and diversified mass of those who might wake up one day, depending on the circumstances.

This certainty required sending observers everywhere, especially in the new police forces, to determine whether they were friend or enemy of the Resistance. Often, they still did not know themselves. Besides, who was going to lead them tomorrow?

In October 1940, Captain Bardin got on friendly terms with Colonel G. who had suddenly become inspector general of the National Police and was said to be a Cagoulard (1) which was not true; and that he was considered as an eventual Police Minister, which could be true. One day,

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(1) Secret right-wing political society whose members wore cagoules (hoods) at their meetings (Note of Translator).

in the alleys of Parc des Sources, swarming with government office seekers who were as numerous, yellow and agitated as the leaves falling from the plane-trees in the autumn breeze, C. introduced Bardin to a tall fellow, thin and sturdy, very well dressed, but not overly so. In otherwords, he was not wearing what you would call the latest fashions seen in the bars of the Champs Elysees, which actually would hinder a man in the accomplishment of the most elementary task.

"Mr. Detmar. This is Captain Bardin."

Detmar talked for a moment with Colonel G. Bardin, interested by the new comer watched and listened attentively. He detected in the manner and the voice of Detmar something unusually abrupt and pre-emptory, overly self-confident, and as the saying goes, something "vain." Curiously enough, it was just the opposite of what his clothing indicated. It seemed to Bardin that he had already met him somewhere. He mentioned it just before the other left.

"But, of course," replied Detmar, "Do you remember a certain last minute telephone call, back in May?"

"No," said Bardin, "I am sorry, but..."

"I forgot the name of the village where it happened. But the Kraut artillery had adjusted their fire on the place, and the area was being evacuated in a hurry. You got out of a car and flew to an artillery C.P., where only a communication team remained. You were rushing to the phone when one of the men told you, 'We have received



the order to withdraw, and that's what we're doing now!" Then you replied, 'I'll be the one to give the orders.' This was followed, in spite of your General Staff rank, by an argument which completely disregarded the chain of command. An actual fight with a subordinate. Then, at that time a battery sergeant-major came in, gave you a hand, and finally you were able to reach 'Arthemise' or 'Aglae' at the other end of the line."

"That's right," said Bardin. "It was the army command post, that I was trying to reach and my message could have been important. How could you or I know that the information was already worthless? But why didn't you remind me of our meeting, old man?"

Indeed, why hadn't he talked about it? The incident was all to his credit. Assigned as liaison NCO of an artillery unit retreating in disorder and under fire, he had been the only one in the village who had maintained his self-control, authority, and discipline.

Detmar shrugged his shoulders, did not answer and walked away with determined strides. It occurred to Bardin that Detmar perhaps did not particularly want to remember this because his only role was that of a non-com. But this was impossible. It would be pretentious, childish, and very, very difficult to explain coming from a good soldier.

Nevertheless, it was the reason, and this personal trait explains the whole life of the man, until his death from the bullets of a French firing squad in 1946.

But we are in 1940.

"This guy is all right," said Bardin to Colonel G. "In any case,

he did a good job on the front lines. What is he selling now?"

"Nothing, but he seems to know the Communists quite well,"

G. answered evasively.

"Ah, was he one?"

"That's a question I am wondering about," answered G.

G. took Detmar in to his organization some time later. A few months after G's rise in the police apparatus, his career was suddenly interrupted by order of the Germans, because he dared to arrest their man Laval. Forty-eight hours after this small palace revolution, or rather this "hotel revolution," it was Colonel G. and his colleagues who were being pursued. They immediately dispersed. We were to find them again everywhere, in London and in Berlin, at the front-posts of the Resistance and in the worst collaborationist dens, and finally among the "Companions of the Liberation" (1), as well as in jail after the war. This certainly proves that in 1940 any intransigence was premature.

Detmar was one of the people who did not sink in the Vichy quicksand. In 1941, he was entrusted with the task of creating the "Service de Police anti-communiste," the S.P.A.C. (Anti-communist Police Force). Bardin learned about it. Some of his old police friends talked to him and complained about the autonomy given to this organization which was independent of all administrative channels, dealt directly with the Ministry of the Interior, and which, undoubtedly was responsible for the replacement of the professionals by amateurs in the "Reuseignements

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(1) Close collaborators of De Gaulle - Note of the editor.

Generaux" (French equivalent to FBI). One of his friends also told him, "Detmar is Pucheu's man, and Pucheu will probably make him Assistant-Secretary of Police."

At this time, Bardin listened carefully. The star of Pucheu was going up and the man was very peculiar. His attitude was contradictory in appearance and incomprehensible from the outside. We all know that he initiated, negotiated and even concluded truces with well-known resistant leaders, only to break them later under pretexts with obscure reasons which we could not uncover. Also, he was the only member of the cabinet at the time to make anti-German remarks, and that during his inspection tour in North Africa, he adopted attitudes which made the Germans frown. What was he really up to? We had to find out. Was he just a fat, nearsighted and clumsy bumble-bee? Or was his ardor, restlessness, and even his carelessness indicative of a strength which could be used some day, later?

Sometimes Bardin went to eat a steak - or rather half of one - at the Hotel Parmentier with some of his loyal friends who had come to join him in Vichy. This was where Detmar was having his meals too. Bardin usually managed to sit at the next table to talk to him. They became acquainted. Without too much pressure on Bardin's part, Detmar confirmed the information Bardin already had on his section, except for Detmar's allegiance to Pucheu, whose name he avoided mentioning. One evening, Bardin casually said, "You should take A. with you. He is a good man. I had him under my command during the war as a reserve

lieutenant."

This was a bad maneuver. Detmar never took A. It was probably because A. had a higher rank than Detmar in some chain of command, did not have the attitude of a subordinate, and was taller than him, namely, 6'1" or 6'2". After a while Bardin carefully put forward a second candidate; but this time, he had the impression that Detmar was beginning to distrust him. He did not insist.

Some time later, during a trip to Toulon, he received a note from his private secretary in Vichy, Daniel Frantz. He wrote casually:

"...Imagine that Detmar has asked me to come and work for him. I don't have to say that I told him to get lost. Can you see me as a Vichy cop...."

Bardin answered, in a letter which was hand carried by a friend:

"...Do not go back and ask him for the position you have just turned down. But, should he insist, take it. And if you are not too stupid, you will make sure that he asks you again. In addition, I would like to remind you that there is such a thing as a postal censorship, and that its chief, B., has his eye on me. I would be very grateful if you would stop spitting and vomiting on Vichy in the letters you send through the post office, you darn fool...!"

Obviously, Daniel was not the best of information agents. He came from an old lorraine bourgeois family which had produced industrial leaders, good soldiers, famous lawyers, efficient mayors, but not a single member of Parliament. Daniel was a man of honor. Deeply devoted to Bardin, he accepted any mission from him. But would he be able to fulfill them? Even his will to succeed could not drive him to use trickery and wiliness. Actually, if he had been any

different, Bardin would not have liked him as much, because Frantz was only 22 years old, and to hell with machiavellian juveniles! Therefore it was without much hope, or conviction that Bardin threw his young friend into the winding paths of counterintelligence.

The plan worked. One day Detmar apologized to Bardin, who had just returned to Vichy.

"You must be mad at me for having stolen your boy Frantz. I wanted you to know..."

Bardin exploded, "Mad at you, no! But damn mad at him! He must have twisted your arm."

"No, not really..."

"You are too kind. He is a dirty little bastard. I never would have expected that from him. I don't even want to see him again. But incidentally, what do you intend to do with him? He has no experience."

"No. But he is honest and straight, and I need at least one of this kind in my office."

Here, in a few sentences, a vastly successful infiltration was accomplished. Not only did Detmar not suspect Bardin's intervention, but he thought that Bardin was angry with Frantz. Actually he intended to use Frantz in a trustworthy position.

A question remained as to Daniel's ability to fulfill his mission. Bardin gave him lectures in private, advised him to be patient and calm, and instructed him on what he expected from him. "Keep Pucheu and his clique under surveillance. And let's hope for the best."

In spite of all the expectations, nothing came of it for two years. Absolutely nothing! And when an exploitable opportunity developed, it was in a completely different field than the one Bardin had decided to explore. It was a completely different matter.

The first two years can be summarized rapidly. Daniel, unable to hide his Lorrainese hatred for the Germans, and figuring that he had only to make violent nationalistic speeches to remain "sacrosanct" in a place so complex that even a shrewder man than he could not completely understand it, clashed rapidly with Detmar and fell into complete disgrace. Detmar demoted him to a position as record-keeper in a basement, as soon as his service was completely organized in Vichy. His most important task was to handle old Communist files having nothing to do with the Resistance activities at that time. When the Anti-Communist Protection Service opened up in Paris, Detmar left Daniel in Vichy. The young man never got close to Pucheu, and never even saw him.

Having avoided arrest by the Germans, on 8 January 1943, Bardin disappeared from circulation and spent some time in Lyon under the name of Mr. Bonnet, with the innocent and inconspicuous cover of a Catholic seminary proctor. Daniel often joined him there. At each opportunity he told Bardin of his intention to resign from the Anti-Communist Police Service.

"I can't do it anymore. My brother John is doing a marvelous job here (he was the chief of a forged papers section in the southern zone). My cousin Maurice is commander of an action group in Paris. My friend

Y. is going to join the Secret Army of the Alps..."

"Shut-up," said Bardin. "Stay where you are."

"But, after all, Major, why?"

Why? Bardin did not know too well. The two men walked along the Saone River banks, and crossed the crowded "foodless" market which started at the Tilsitt bridge.

"Why!" repeated Bardin. "My God! If for no other reason than the fact that you are carrying, without too much trouble, a package which I could not possibly carry around without being in the greatest of danger."

"Ah," replied Daniel. "That's true."

The package consisted of a small and beautiful carbine as well as a bag full of bullets all wrapped up in a loose bundle of tent canvas, which they were moving from one hiding place to another.

"Because you have a police ID card to cover you; because, if there was a sudden police round-up, right now (which was very frequent at that time in Lyon), that same police pass would also get me out of trouble; finally because the conditions and the time for action are still too uncertain for us to give up the positions we have achieved in anticipation of the final action."

Actually, this was all Bardin could find, on that day, to convince Frantz to remain a Vichy cop. It was plain perseverance in a project because its foundations were sound. This attitude was similar to C.'s when he attempted - for a long time unsuccessfully - the penetration of

the German Armistice Commissions in North Africa.

Here also, stubbornness was eventually fruitful. Suddenly, everything changed for the better. Bardin, well cast in his new role as Bonnet and certain of findings in Paris the French Army Resistance Organization Headquarters, decided to leave Lyon. He asked Frantz to join him in Paris, by asking for a transfer to the headquarters of the Anti-Communist Service, whose scope of activities had greatly expanded. Now, it was called the "Anti-National Activities Repression Service" (S.R.M.A.N., in French) which clearly meant in Vichy language, that its field of action included all Resistance activities. By a newly acquired show of discipline and a certain flexibility, Daniel finally obtained forgiveness and even his transfer from Detmar.

When Bardin arrived in Paris, Daniel had already been there for several weeks. The two friends met by a small pond in the Park Monceau. Surprise. Even before greeting his commanding officer, the young man's first words were,

"Finally, I am pretty sure that I can be of some use in this d... job to which you assigned me for the last two years. But I tell you, if it was not for you, I'd...Good morning, Major."

These words were not due to any promotion. As a matter of fact, Detmar, suspicious or vindictive, had put him back in a filing job, without explanation. But now, the Anti-National Activities Repression Service was closely centralized on the third floor of a building at



69 Rue de Montceau. Daniel worked there among his "colleagues," heard all the conversations, scanned the mail, and kept himself informed on some of the projects. This was quite important, since in its growth, the Anti-National Activities Repression Service had not escaped small rivalries and jealousies between its departments which were disparaging and slandering each other. In his own office there were even two young men disgusted with the job they had to do.

"Beacuase they are no longer satisfied with collecting information, you know Sir. Under the pretext of efficiency they operate themselves, and the word "Repression," such as it appears in the name of their organization is not undeserved. And, I can tell you that even though I complained of being "stuck" in the records section, if now Detmar wanted to give me more active functions I would leave him flat, or rather I would leave you flat. And even if you gave me a written order signed by De Gaulle himself, I wouldn't set my foot back in there."

"I don't blame you because it would be a forged order. What in the hell are your little buddies doing?"

"They are centralizing everything which has to do with De Gaulle, Giraud, and the Communists. They deal with them in strict accordance with the Bousquet-Oberg agreements, which called for an immediate communication to the occupation forces of anything relating to their security. They work in close cooperation with the Boches and they are starting to look like them. And they sure go at it hard, the bastards..."

The public trial of the Anti-National Activities Repression Service is still sufficiently fresh in our minds so that I can skip the torture scenes. All of us must have read about it a hundred times. But on that day, it was a new revelation for Bardin, even though in his office of Rue de Monceau, Frantz, had only gathered a small amount of second-hand information on the "exploits" of his "comrades." What he related to Bardin were only scraps of overheard conversations and malicious insinuations of rivals competing for promotion. It had nothing in common with the horrors brought to light at the 1946 trial. Moreover it is very probable that the Anti-National Activities Repression Service, at its beginning, had not adopted all the Gestapo's methods. But it suffered the usual and unavoidable fall into degradation. A close relationship with the Nazi almost always brought about moral degeneration. The picture that Frantz gave of the Anti-National Activities Repression Service in the middle of 1943, represented extreme police brutality; "...rough beatings" carried to such an extent that fatality was quite possible. Actually there was one a few weeks later. But the most revolting thing was not the extremeness of the cruelty. Shame starts with the first use of physical force, and after that, it is just a matter of degrees. What filled Bardin with indignation and anger at this time was the fact that now he could put in concrete form and illustrate with a known face the abstract idea of a Frenchman betraying other Frenchmen to the Germans.

Frantz had stopped talking. Bardin, morally and physically depressed, his heart overwhelmed, forgot that he was there to work and to build. He let himself drift away in a discouraging meditation. Should he leave young Daniel in such an environment?

The two friends silently walked several times around the pool brightened by a warm summer sun. Kids with pink and round faces were playing around with their usual clumsiness and charm. Their games were not as innocent as they looked, and Bardin, bitter, thought he was suddenly discovering in them the obscure rites of human antagonism. Even the kids were fighting hypocritically and underhandedly. But it did not go beyond hitting each other's hand with a toy. Happy age! But one day they too will have strength! The lawn in the park was so green that it made you yearn for the country. It was nice and warm. A good time for a vacation: already! When will all this damn filth be over?

"Major, do you want me to stay there?"

Bardin jumped. He looked at Frantz more carefully than he had done for a long time. He was so used to him! All he had in his mind was a general picture, a wrong one perhaps. Everything changed so fast.

This young Frantz was all right. A well-bred fellow. Tall, blond, well built, and clean cut. Clear and warm eyes. Perhaps a little too sensitive, but he would get over that. He was not practical, but it would come. Full of enthusiasm where it counted. At the beginning of the war, Bardin tried all he could to get him accepted in the Air Force,

with his mother's consent. He must have been terribly unhappy in this disgusting Anti-National Activities Repression Service. Dammit! This was the first time this thought had come to Bardin's mind. There was no longer any time to think. One had to be as hard as steel.

"Dear fellow...I don't know what to tell you. We don't belong to ourselves anymore. We can't chose our jobs."

"No, of course!"

A maquis leader would sure be happy to see this tall straight kid joining him!

"Well! This is the way I see it. If you are going to continue shovelling s..., on a s...pile fruitlessly, you can get the h... out of there. It's all right with me. I will help you cross over to Spain. But if you think you have a chance to be able to protect some of our comrades, then you must pinch your nose and stay there, because nobody could ever take your place."

"Ah!"

Would Frantz jump to the chance to get free that Bardin, in a display of sentiment and weakness, was giving him. The young man's face lit up. "Too bad," thought Bardin. But Daniel became gloomy again. Bardin breathed better.

"OK Major, then, I must stay, because it so happens that I am bringing you the names of half a dozen guys from Chatou who are going to be picked up. Here is the list. But watch out. It is not enough

to notify only those written down as a group leader. They undoubtedly are not all from the same group. Some are Communists. The others, belonging to the Parti Social Francais (French Social-democrat) are said to be in contact with Vallin, now supposedly in London. Here is a funny detail: the denunciation stated that Vallin had changed hat."

"I see. This can be explained very simply. Before the war, he used to wear the most fantastic hat."

"Well, by the way, the collaborators seem to have time to lose. Do you know that they actually believe that a plane landed a few nights ago on the Western Turnpike, at the end of the completed section, right in the suburbs of Paris. They must be crazy?"

"Who knows, it could be true!"

Such was the beginning of an invaluable collaboration between Frantz and the Eleuthere network which had just been organized by Hubert de Lagarde and Bardin.

Bardin gave his personal address to Frantz, so he could reach him in an emergency. The young man did not seem to realize that this was a sign of absolute trust. He never thought he might be forced to talk under torture. He was to cross this rotten war of wolves without even losing his extraordinarily unspoiled soul. This allowed him to last one year in a service where everyone suspected him, and where he would sometimes explode in vehemently anti-German statements which were immediately reported to Detmar. Probably his boss never thought that a

Resistance agent would act so naively, and he sure must have been in need of a young man who could read and write to keep his files up-to-date.

Such a situation had to burst apart. But it lasted well beyond all of Bardin's hopes.

### III

#### THE INFILTRATION OF AN ENEMY SERVICE

#### SUCCESS \* RESULTS

We cannot draw a complete balance-sheet of Frantz's activities during the year he remained with the Anti-National Activities Repression Service. The records of Eleuthere, that we managed to save start only in December 1943. Furthermore Frantz's information was immediately exploited in the Paris area. If it affected the provinces, in order to save time, the reports were sent through the channels of the French Army Resistance Organization which were much faster. They were only transmitted to London and Algiers if they had a long-term general value or represented propaganda opportunity and if this did not risk compromising the source. This last requirement was seldom satisfied.

Searching his memories, undoubtedly distorted and sometimes confused, Bardin was able to remember the following on the period from June 1943 to April 1944, but excluding the last and the successful operation. I hope that some of our still living comrades will recognize themselves in the anonymity of these details.

1. Several organizations were warned of an imminent danger.

First a few small groups in the Paris area, in Chatou, Le Vesinet, Versailles, etc...

Then an escape net toward North Africa, which started in a Marseille prison and operated through a hospital in the Boulevard Chave section. It was headed by the director of the prison himself who had the prisoned patriots evacuated to the hospital where his son-in-law was chief-physician. At this particular time, two Gaullist officers and two Poles were getting ready to take off.

Also a retired general, directing a Red Cross organization in southeast France, who was accused of squandering national funds for the benefit of a Resistance Movement, whose leaders were known by names, was also about to be "evacuated."

One of the first maquis was being formed in the lower Alps, under the command of a regular army captain who made weekly contact in Nimes at a particular hotel.

A whole group of "houses" which had been traditionally tolerated by the police but which they were getting ready to close down. (perhaps I should say open up) because they were used as letter drops for the Resistance.

A Resistance cell organized around a police inspector of the Estaque section of Marseille.

A group, within the Paris police brought about a problem of conscience. Bardin thought that its leader who had been denounced as a patriot, was actually a virulent Vichy man. He believed this was a

case of pure and simple revenge by a colleague who was not as well showered with honors by the new regime. He was still hesitating when he found out that Detmar had closed the case, probably because he was of the same opinion. They both turned out to be wrong, at least partially. Bardin found out several months later that the incriminated policeman had saved quite a few threatened Resistance fighters. They were never to forget it.

And finally, there were small groups and isolated Resistance fighters too numerous to list without boring the reader.

Of course, Frantz and Lt Bardin did not keep lists, but they kept the "score" and remembered the totals. At the end of March 1944, 87 patriots, whose arrests would have led to others, had been personally notified of the fate awaiting them. In April 1944, the staff officers of a movement were also saved. They were to be the last ones.

2. A bold use of Frantz police pass helped on several occasions to get members of the Eleuthere net out of difficult situations. Here is an example. One day Bardin was going to city hall to pick up his monthly ration tickets. The clerk inspected his card with unusual attention, kept it, and without giving a word of explanation, took it over to a man who was sitting on a bench near the only exit of the room. He was obviously a policeman. Usually, Bardin could have taken care of himself. A sudden blow with his right, then his left, followed by a sprint and he would be in the street. But a subsequent investigation



could bring troubles, not only for him but for the friends who sheltered Bardin in Paris. The forging of the ration card was not well done. The originating authority and the serial number had not been changed. It was careless, but there was too much to do to be that cautious. The mere checking with the originating office of Marseille which had issued the ration card would reveal that Bonnet was none other than Bardin, the terrorist. A search at his old Marseille address, duly registered, would reveal the location of an Eleuthere cell. Alas! Another imprudence! They should have never placed a section in a house to where the Germans might one day be led. This is how disasters occur. But this was not the time to recriminate. Bardin hesitated. A clerk, a young brunette, lively and charming (she was so pretty, this passer-by, this shadow!) obviously understood what was going on. She looked at the suspect with an almost tender compassion.

"Miss," whispered Bardin, "call Mr. Frantz right away, Laborde 97-70. Tell him that a Mr. Bonnet wants him to rush over."

Twenty minutes later, the representative of the all mighty Anti-National Activities Repression Service led the offender away, taking with him the questionable ration card. Whew! That was close.

3. Wide-scale joint police operations against Resistance groups or maquis, including one in Rennes, two in the Nevers region, and one in the Orne area, were reported approximately eight days in advance. This was done despite the fact that Detmar always kept the destination secret until the last minute, even to his most intimate collaborators,

with the possibility exception of the fat and pale Fourcade, as discreet as a Seraglio eunuch, and incidentally looking like one. But Frantz had noticed that, before each expedition, Detmar placed local department license plates on his cars to avoid being spotted during the action. Frantz was not certain as to the exact location of attack, but as soon as the warning signal was given throughout the department, it should have been sufficient to ward off the danger. But was the warning received always or implemented?

In the Eleuthere document "Political Intelligence No. 291," sent to London and Algiers in February 1944, I read this paragraph which was widely disseminated throughout the Metropolitan Resistance as early as January 29:

Paris, 29-1-44, V. 36.

"From reliable sources, large police operations, with reinforcements from Paris, will be carried out within the next few days against compulsory work dodgers, throughout the Savoie area. Similar operations will immediately follow in Lyon, then in Marseille. All the Paris specialized personnel will participate in these operations. License plates of the department concerned have been installed on the cars, to avoid drawing too much attention."

The now too famous Haute-Savoie operations started indeed in early February, and you can read below the comic incident which preceeded this tragedy.

Gendarme Colonel Lelong, commander-in-chief of the operation, was looking for a command post in Annecy. He finally picked a hotel which he transformed into a fortress filled with automatic weapons and surrounded it with barbed wires, for confidence and trust were not the rule in these so called law and order forces. There were a few customers in the hotel and they were requested to leave right away, which they did quite willingly.

Lelong met them in the lobby, just before they left. They were young people and looked like nice fellows. Full of remorse, the gendarme apologized courteously and offered them a car to move their luggage. They refused after several overly polite remarks. This first act ended with a noisy manifestation of support and the warm wishes of the evicted people, for the success of the colonel's mission which they affirmed with all their heart. Curtain.

The second act took place in the same hotel, several days later. The first prisoner was brought to Lelong in his office. The papers found on him proved that he was a liaison agent for a very important maquis leader. Interrogation followed. Well... At least so it was called. The man did not talk. Nothing doing. Lelong became angry.

"You are going to tell me where the command post of your leader is, otherwise..."

The prisoner started laughing, leaving the policemen dumbfounded.

"Our leader? I can't tell you where he is now. But I know where he was a few days ago."

"Ah! it's finally coming out! Good! Where was he?"

"Right here!"

"Here? What?"

"Here. He was even sitting in your armchair..."

Well, everything had turned out for the best in the end. However, old unknown Annecy comrades! You should never have put yourself in a position where you were so close to a living gendarme. You could probably answer that Bardin should have had a well-forged ration card and then add that the now dead gendarme had provided you with an excellent joke which will make you laugh as long as you live - that is, if you are still alive. Yes! True! It was very important to laugh. Much more important than those who had an easier life will ever believe.

But things could have turned out very badly, and you had been notified, dammit!

4. London and Algiers were able to follow closely, the first battles of the Resistance, thanks to the secret Vichy memos, reports and orders. This enabled them to arrange for support of threatened patriots and provide it on time. On the other hand, and most important, the Interallied Headquarters was placed in a position to estimate what potential contribution the Resistance could make to the landing operations, and thus was able to base its decisions on more solid foundations.

Let us take for example, the combat operations of February and March 1944.

Document No. 523 from Eleuthere, "titled," The Haute-Savoie Operations as seen from Vichy" was an official document, "borrowed" from the Ministry of Interior. Here are a few extracts.

"...The government authority (in Haute-Savoie) remains in name only. Ninety per cent of the Savoyards were supporting the maquis, and, if the German occupation forces had suddenly disappeared twelve hours would have been enough for illegal authorities to take over the regional government and the various other public services, and control the whole department..."

It was too bad Vichy was not as good a prophet on the European level.

"...The arrival of the police forces brought about a state of overt war.

"The maquis includes:

1. The secret Army, composed of officers and non-commissioned officers of the glorious 27th B.C.A. who are leading one thousand young compulsory work-dodgers.
2. The Communist F.T.P.'s, (communist guerrilla organization) grouped in ten-man squads, bands (2 to 5 squads), companies, and battalions. A total of 1,000

men... The United Resistance Movements are trying to reunite these two groups..."

Even though they numbered several thousand men at that time, the Haute-Savoie maquis made as much noise as an entire army.

"There was some disagreements between the F.T.P.'s and the Secret Army. Before the Repression, the Secret Army had publicly executed a few F.T.P.'s guilty of banditry and terroristic acts. Should the German troops have to retreat when the evolution of the relations between the two organizations would lead the Secret Army to fight the Germans while the Red commissars of the F.T.P. would take over the functions of civilian authority over the area. The repressive action seems to have brought about a defensive alliance between the Secret Army and the F.T.P."

This was followed by detailed information concerning the order of battle, the dispositions and the means of Lelong. It was evident that, in the mind of a good infantry sergeant, Lelong would need the genius of Napoleon in the Italian campaign to be able to handle this operation by himself.

A second document contained this terrible confession:

"...The Secret Army has taken position in an easily protected rectangle, the Glieres plateau limited by the towns of Thorres, Saint-Philippe - de - Rumilly,

Petit-Bernard, Entremont, Saint -Jean-de-Sixt, and Thones. A request has been sent to the German authorities to obtain the release of several artillery batteries and a number of planes from the Armistice Army in order to destroy this stronghold..."

It was easy to forecast and we now know how the Germans replied to this request. On March 12, they began bombing the plateau. Their accomplices reported:

"...The assault proves difficult because of the technical qualities of the enemy leaders who were professional soldiers, the rough terrain, and the few narrow approaches leading to the stronghold. The Secret Army in an offensive action, has captured fifty policemen and killed a chief of the Mobile Republic Guard."

"...A Communist battalion commander, about 40 years old, captured and interrogated for several hours, assaulted his interrogators, so that he would be shot and not have to speak..."

There is something deeply touching and disturbing in this part of the report. We are familiar with this kind of language. The Vichy originators of this report respected too much the courage of the opponent for them not to be brave themselves. Was not this waste of living strength a startling stupidity? It could almost make one cry. Were we

going back to the vacuum of ancient Gaule after so many centuries of unity which consolidated our strength and our greatness, and while individually, we had not degenerated.

A little later, we were able to read this useful and disillusioned synthesis:

"Tension is still very great and will probably last several months. The situation of the police forces is not very good and the action is difficult because of a shortage of weapons. Out of the 100,000 policemen stationed throughout the nation, only 12,000 are adequately armed. In addition to two regiments of curl guards amounting to 3,000 men, a few Militia units and sections of the Mobile Republican Guard from the southern zone...

All available forces have been sent to Haute-Savoie. They will have to remain there a long time, and, yet, they are already required somewhere else. Some Maquis units of similar size can be found in the Cote d'Or (Montbard, Les Launes, Alesia), in Correze and Dordogne. Some insurgent headquarters are installed in big cities, especially in Lyon where the civilian police seems unable to track them down.

Whenever the Germans will have to retreat, all the vital points of the country will be occupied by the



instantaneous arrival of the maquis in the cities,  
an activity which most Frenchmen consider as the  
highest mark of patriotism."

So Vichy was now tolling its own bell.

5. Another mission of Frantz was to observe the "Rue Lauriston gang," including Chamberlin-Laffont, Bonny and associates. The first items of information he brought, especially the special use made of the basement refrigerators, were met with a certain amount of disbelief. But soon his credibility was established. A few days before his police career came to a brutal end, Frantz made the following report on May 4, 1944 (document: "Political Intelligence No. 529" from Eleuthere, transmitted to London under record of dispatch dated May 13, 1944).

"A special police section has just been formed to  
"direct" all "law and order services" in case of an  
Allied landing. It is headed by Bonny, Malbiaut, and  
Henry Lafont. They expect to recruit 5,000 natives  
from North Africa at a tremendous price... The men of  
good will who have nothing to do are reminded that  
Bonny still lives at Boulevard Gouvion-Saint-Cyr, Paris,  
XVII."

But the Eleuthere relations within the repression service, which  
had expanded both in nature and magnitude, threatened, on this May 4,  
1944, to turn into tragedy.

IV

ATTEMPT TO RECRUIT AN IMPORTANT DOUBLE-AGENT  
ITS SLOW STARTING PROCESS

One day during the 1943 - 1944 winter, Frantz arrived at his bi-weekly rendezvous with Bardin, much more nervous than usual.

"Detmar asked me how you were," he said.

"What was the occasion?" grunted Bardin.

"He just told me point blank: 'How is Bardin?'"

"And, of course taken off-balance, you nicely replied, just like an idiot: 'Not bad, thank you.'"

"Not at all!" protested Daniel. "I am not a kid. I answered, 'I don't know... He must be in Africa or in Italy:' At that, Detmar sneered unpleasantly and said, He is in Paris. And one of these days he will end up in the clink if he keeps on playing like a... If you can get in touch with him, give him this advice. Tell him I said to get the h... out of there.' By the way, sir, contrary to what I feared at first, Detmar does not seem to believe that we are in close contact."

Bardin pondered a while.

"All right. But what's his game?"

Frantz seemed absolutely positive.

"He is sincere. He is warning you. He also told me, 'I would be very sorry if anything happened to him, especially since I would not be able to help him out. He has really put himself in a bad spot.' You know, sir, he means it."

"Not a chance!" muttered Bardin. "Beware old chap!"

"No sir, he really likes you."

Somewhat offended, Bardin denied it. They argued over it.

"I don't know why, but you amaze him," replied Frantz, rudely.

"He calls you a 'Loyal adversary,' 'A guy who compels respect,'

'A man with guts and brain.'"

Deep inside, Bardin knew very well how Detmar had acquired such a neutrality complex toward him. It was not due to deep-rooted causes as Frantz believed. It was only superficial just like everything about Detmar. But the result was the same. It just happened by accident. Bardin had peculiarities which alienated many potential friends. He gave the impression of believing in an intellectual superiority which half a dozen friends granted him and, on the other hand, of completely ignoring the opinion of others. He was sharp, sarcastic, and sometimes ferociously ironic. If he was deeply involved in a discussion, he crushed his opponent, whenever he could. Only when the interest of the service was involved did he stop being insolent. His relations with Detmar had only one aim: the infiltration of his organization. For this purpose, he was always careful to spare the hypersensitivity of the chief of the Anti-National Activities Repression Service. During their few conversations, he listened to him to the end (which was a torture), appeared to weigh the policeman's arguments, refuted them tactfully and always without sarcasm. Sometimes he even approved them seriously. Detmar, who knew

the terrible reputation of arrogance of the officer, was touched and flattered. That was all. But for Detmar, vanity was a drive as powerful as ambition is for others. Frantz was right in his conclusions.

"O.K., said Bardin. "Let's assume you're right. Do you really believe that he wants to warn me of a specific danger? Have the Krauts talked to him about me?"

"I think he would have told me!"

"How does he know I am in Paris? Who told him?"

"I didn't dare ask him. But you have told me that you normally run across four or five persons who know you every day."

It was true. Bardin had lived too long in Paris. He subjected himself to such a security rule in all his movements (he walked 20-miles each day to avoid using the subway) that, usually, out of an average of five persons who knew him, two did not see him at all. He had changed his appearance enough so that a third one, if absent-minded, would not recognize him; but there were two remaining who stopped him or made a friendly sign toward him. This was still too much.

"O.K. Well then! Nothing has changed my dear Daniel!"

Bardin related this conversation to Hubert de La Garde, who did not seem to pay much attention to it.

But several days later, unexpectedly, Lagarde asked him point-blank, "What did you decide to do concerning Detmar? Are you going to see him

or not?"

Bardin was startled.

"I never said I intended to see him!"

"No, but that's what you had in mind when you said, 'I really believe he won't turn me in.'"

"I said that?"

Lagarde smiled. Bardin frowned.

"First," he continued, "I am scared. Second, the question is, what purpose would it serve since we already have an 'eye' in his shop?"

"Actually, that's the only problem. Because your fear is just like the coyness of an old cunning tart. You're not scared."

"Yes, I am. I can't explain it to you. It is due to an old movie, The Mysteries of Chicago, or something like that, where someone called Bancroft would continually parley with gangsters. It was terrifying. Just to think about it gives me the shivers."

Dear old Hubert, who never laughed, and who did not even know how. Can one understand that 15-minutes of icy cold, out-of-place, and incoherent jokes could conceal the most serious thoughts and could help maintain the mental equilibrium of the two friends?

"No," Hubert retorted. "It's because of your readings. You must have read somewhere that the brave men confess their cowardice more easily than the others. For the last month or two, you have stopped your bravado and are continuously trembling. Are you going to go or not?"

"What do you think?"

"You should go. Your Frantz is O.K., but his functions are only that of a subordinate and he has lost his boss' confidence. Detmar is one of the 'wheels' of the collaborating police. If he is from the Pucheu clan, as you think, maybe one day he will be fighting against Bousquet, Darnand and the others. Who knows what will happen in this basket of crabs? But, and this is important, didn't you tell me that every Saturday Detmar usually has lunch with Blomelburg, the number two man of the Gestapo in France?"

"Yes. He would make a terrific double-agent."

"I don't have to tell you. Can you contact him outside?"

"He moves about only by car, as you can guess."

"Too bad. In this case, we'll have two comrades in a car waiting in front of the post office at the corner of Boulevard Malesherbes and two others on foot right at the corner of Rue Vezelay."

"When?"

"When you go see Detmar, 69 Rue de Monceau."

"You think of everything," grumbled Bardin, "But why such a deployment of forces?"

"First of all," exclaimed Lagarde, satisfied with himself, "to give you a little bit of courage. But also to keep an eye on the cars coming out of No. 69 after whatever time you go in. The only trouble is the cops standing only a few feet away, in front of the Ministry of the Interior at No. 61."

"I'll go," said Bardin, "But keep your men. Someone might spot them and it would spoil everything."

Now that he had won, Lagarde became suddenly very serious and cautious. He almost started raising objections about the visit.

"I think it's all right," he finally said, "I have thought a lot about it. We are in 1943, aren't we? and the war..."

"...is about won, and everyone knows it. It does not seem like it yet, but we are the victors. We can allow ourselves a few capers. O.K?"

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\*   \*

The second floor of No 69 Rue de Monceau sheltered a secret, invisible, and silent administration. It was completely different, on the third floor landing, the visitor, having filled in the required form, was told to sit down on a bench against the wall. He sat there under the cross-fire of the dark looks of two men armed with submachine guns, in a first class gangster style. It was like a small shooting gallery with one living target.

God only knows that Mr. Bonnet-Bardin did not deserve such flattering attention. The glasses he wore for far-sightedness took away the usual boldness of his bearing. He looked shabby. From his transformation from Bardin into Bonnet, he retained modesty in his clothing and a reassuring physical humility. In short, he had such a bored and

sly look that it should have made him pass for an informer in this house. Not to be recognized as one offended him, as it would have offended an unknown and misunderstood actor.

A uniformed clerk, his cap stuck on the back of his head and his behind glued to his chair, reigned over the waiting-room. He had placed Bardin's form under his elbow and moved his cigarette butt to the corner of his mouth to spit out, "the boss is busy. Wait here."

Bardin had replied, "Thank you sir; thank you very much. I am in no hurry."

This was a consummate lie. He wanted to be out of there fast. He was really scared. There had been too much talk about it! But, above all, he was feeling completely disgusted about himself, the situation, everything, which was translated into peculiar, absurd and nostalgic mirages. Reminiscences of the best hours of his military life loomed suddenly. Who is that idiot who said, "A happy remembrance is the best remedy in time of stress." This is all wrong. It leaves you even more bitter and sad.

Remembrance! The departure for the attack early, in the brisk and fresh Moroccan mornings. The first bullets making a "Tak-k, Tak-ko" noise and the haze curtain rising on adventure. The high, naked and stormy peaks on which he would climb, full of expectancy, to find only a pile of still warm and empty shells left by the bastards who had missed you. Good old General Dufieux saying one day, "Bardin,



I know that this terrain is hell, but I do hope that the ragamuffins who gesticulated in front of your tanks were not native guides on duty."

And the dry reply, "General, these men you saw up there were my tank leaders and myself. We don't let anybody else open our way, even though you have said that we are not 18th century cavalry commanders. And anyway the tanks are dirty. I am sorry."

What a pleasure it was to have the last word with a superior! But it was not fair to have been that impertinent with General Dufieux, the best "old man" in the army. Good God! It would be necessary to add several chapters about "military obligations" to the French Army Manual written before the revolution by Mr. de Vigny! In those days, they knew all about "grandeur." Unquestionably... The last word... But as far as obligations were concerned, they did not know a thing. In 1815, to end one's career as a captain was considered a catastrophe! They did not know that later, an entire generation of military men would be quite happy with attaining this rank and would not give a damn about becoming general. General of what? Was the military career in France returning to this shameful masquerade?

Hold it! Steady! Avoid all thoughts! For nowadays, each time you start to think, everything goes wrong. Result: Confusion--chaos... depression.

Half an hour went by. Bardin was now taking an interest in the comings and goings on the third floor landing. Thanks to his

conversations with Frantz, he could identify the Anti-National Activities Repression Service personnel. The one with the meridional features, dark, but livid and sickly looking, was Larrieu, who was responsible for the death of at least ten men in Poitiers. As far as physical appearance, Bardin liked him better than the chubby and red-haired Fourcade. Nothing is more disgusting than a cruel fat man. But to see a girl in there was quite intolerable. All the more so since she was a good looking kid, healthy and gay, full of laughter, exactly the type with whom to spend a Sunday afternoon at Robinson. Bardin adored women. Consequently, he was rather unconcerned, indulgent and skeptical towards their intellectual and political views. He knew well where they came from. Not from their head. He found himself wondering who would be the best qualified among the comrades of the network to bring her to our side; this poor little lamb. It would take both a "sweet talker" and a well-built fellow for the job. But she had just married one of the hirelings of the Anti-National Activities Repression Service. Too bad! It was too late, or perhaps too soon!

These thoughts were interrupted at the precise moment when they were taking on a frivolous and pleasant turn, by a man coming out of the chief's office. The receptionist went in and came out ten seconds later. He suddenly became polite with Bardin. Detmar had probably reacted as expected when he read on the introduction card: "Major Bardin." The latter had thought that it would be quite original and

would show a decisive, self-assurance if he were to introduce himself under his old and real name. It pleased him. The clerk undoubtedly had identified him now, but too bad!

"Come in, sir."

Everything was fine. Bardin was not afraid anymore. Not even butterflies. In ten seconds, it was certainly impossible for Detmar to take any hostile measures. But Bardin's sudden calm was by no means reasoned or forced. It was a relief, a release of tension brought about by the action itself. When he first looked at Detmar, Bardin even felt that he had completely regained his self-confidence. Why? He couldn't tell. It was instinctive.

The chief of the Anti-National Activities Respression Service was standing behind his desk, embarrassed, uneasy, visibly stupefied and undoubtedly without any immediate bad intention. He was the one who lacked assurance. Very funny!

"Hello, Mr. Detmar."

The clerk left and closed the door.

"Are you out of your mind?" shouted Detmar.

"Why?"

"Because, during the past month, two persons have informed me that you were "wandering" in Paris."

"Informers?"

"Not at all. But some will find out, and others possibly know already. I told this to Frantz. Didn't he warn you?"

"No. I don't see him any more. Besides, what risk am I running? I am--how should I say--retired from business..."

"Tell that to your mother!"

Detmar would never believe him. He shouldn't go too far. He smiled to belie his words and erase his too obvious ruse. Careful! One blunder already!

"Moreover," Detmar said, isn't it true that you have actually a German death sentence hanging over your head? so..."

"You well know what I did in Vichy..."

"I am not talking about Vichy but about what happened in Marseille..."

"That was a typical case of miscarriage of justice!"

"I was right! You are completely crazy! In order to have a miscarriage of justice, you need normal justice. How can you talk about judicial error at a time like this!"

"No, Mr. Detmar. No. You are the one who is crazy. As far as I am concerned, I have one chance out of two to hold on until the end. But you...you won't be able to save your neck after it's over. You know it perfectly well."

Now it was Detmar's turn to question.

"Why?"

"Because the Germans have lost the war, because Vichy will be crushed, and because you are too smart not to know it."

This was probably too fast, too direct and too brutal an approach. But one word brought on another. Actually, everything was going just

fine. Detmar, frozen until then, was now relaxed.

"By the way, I didn't even shake your hand nor did I congratulate you about your promotion. Please sit down. But, should you really be congratulated? major! With ideas, such as yours you would be a general if you had left. Well! no one can say if you are benefiting from your ideas, major."

Bardin's heart started beating faster. He felt he had won. Why? Because of a very small but significant detail. Mentioned after three years have passed, it seems ridiculous. Never had Detmar had the courtesy, a rule between casual acquaintances, of addressing him by his rank. He probably did not know that the "Mon" in front of rank designations was only an abbreviation of "Monsieur." He undoubtedly thought that it was a subordinate's way of address and felt it would lower him to use it. Therefore the fact that he was using it today meant that he instinctively saw in Bardin a forerunner of the victors.

Retrospectively, it does not make any sense. But, at that moment it encouraged Bardin to say modestly, "I really can't complain. I heard that I made lieutenant colonel. But I have not received the official notification yet. The 'Journal Officiel' is late, you understand."

A characteristic usurpation of rank. But it was necessary that he looked important.

"You are not doing too bad for a man retired from business!"

"Oh! You know I was kidding. You know me."

"Sure! And I won't ask you: Gaullist Secret Army? Army Resistance Organization? Franc-Tireur Partisan?" (1)

"Good. If you asked me, it would give me the impression that you were questioning me professionally, and that would disturb me."

They both laughed. The ice was finally broken. Everything was fine.

"Yes, Mr. Detmar, the Germans have lost the war..."

Bardin then started to prove this in a friendly manner and by a very clever argument he had prepared with Legarde. It was not necessary. Detmar was convinced. Bardin was sure hoping for it. The only reason why he had dared come there was that no more than one out of a thousand Frenchmen still believed in the German victory. Still, Detmar could have been that one; the one who still wanted to believe, because he had nothing to hope for. In any case, Detmar wanted to talk some more. He had just phoned to cancel an appointment. Bardin breathed a little.

"Interesting," said Detmar, But there is one possibility you seem to forget, and that is a separate peace. The Russian threat is such that..."

Again that well known, but already obsolete tune, which was the great hope of Vichy.

"What would happen to us in all this? Who would lead France? Have you ever asked yourself that question?"

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(1) Franc-Tireur Partisan (FTP), Left-wing guerrilla organization.

"It's pointless."

Bardin became as mute as a fish. They had now reached a subject which he had expected to bring up only at a second interview, at which time he had planned to find out what ideas and what leader he should bring up in order to get something out of Detmar, or if it was enough to promise him personal safety. Detmar rambled on confusedly. He was not at home when discussing abstract ideas. His small, narrow tough-looking and stubborn head, towering over his tall, thin and powerful body really made him appear as a magnificent man of action. But he wore glasses. Thick, egg-head glasses. This was going to ruin him.

Nevertheless, Bardin continued to listen with the same interest which had won him Detmar's good-will. On that day his benevolence was not calculated. Though Detmar's remarks were all desultory, they gave him away, thought the French officer. Not very complicated that Detmar. He was like one of those people who are driven to extremes by an hypertrophied evangelical virtue or a mortal sin. With him it was pride. It explained everything. Not only his faults, but also his qualities; his courage for example. Even his political ideas. He had a natural, almost compulsive tendency to exercise authority, to praise the use of force and to look down on his fellowmen.

His wild hatred for communism was not natural. He readily used the word "social" while hitting the table with his fist. He would have made a good "People's Commissar" during the great era. But the practice

of his profession had transformed his passion into a second nature. When he spoke the word "commies" he looked like he was vomiting, and the "tricolor masquerade" made him yell like a pig.

All of this had to be taken into account. Bardin got up.

"Would you mind if I came back to see you? I am deeply interested by what you say. I would like to do something for you..."

Detmar frowned. The authoritative tone in this hunted man's voice disconcerted him more than it irritated him. He stiffened.

"Why should I mind? I serve only one man; Marshal Petain. As far as I know, he is not the one who sentenced you."

"No. His way would be to repudiate me. If you can give me the name of only one of his subordinates for whom he stood up in the course of his long career...well, you've got a free meal in the restaurant of your choice."

Outside, Bardin breathed cheerfully and forgot to respect the military rule: "See before being Seen," which he had carried over to his walks in Paris. Was this venture going to be a success? Perhaps!

It was strange that Detmar had not asked, "To what do I owe your visit?" He must now have been asking himself that question, without finding an answer. Funny! as they said at the Anti-National Activities Repression Service.

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Ten days later, there was a second meeting. Bardin started with



a few sneaky perliminaries.

"...Another restoration. Under whose leadership? I don't know. It's not any of my business. But what I know is that France will need all her men and on that day it won't be the time to get shot, jailed or exiled. Let's not forget about that!"

"I will never run away," replied Detmar. "I will not hide. I don't have to repudiate what I am doing. If they come to arrest me, I will defend myself, weapons in hand."

He was to keep his word, except for the last detail.

"This is stupid. Help us, and I promise you that..."

This was one of the occasions when Bardin was not equal to his mission. His leaders had told him, "Yes, you can promise him the protection of Algiers and London."

Bardin had sneered, "And Moscow's also, perhaps?"

Everyone had a good laugh. Actually, the question had been conscientiously asked through the chain of command. It was unbelievable that the reply had come back so fast.

"Of course! Go right ahead!"

This mysterious and anonymous chain had operated almost only one-way for the past few years.

It became routine. If on the next day one of Bardin's good agents were to ask, "Can I promise the moon to Bousquet if I bring him to our side?" Bardin's answer would be, "Naturally!" and he would afterwards consult his superiors only out of a deep-rooted sense of discipline.

It would be easy for him. He did not know Bousquet. He had never seen him. Nor had he ever seen the famous mandarin of the game of conscience. Does everybody know this questionable society game? Well, you ask your friends, "If all you had to do was to push a button in order to cause the painless death, at the other end of the world, of a contemptible, centenarian mandarin who is a total stranger to you, but who has bequeathed you a billion francs, - and furthermore, if you were absolutely certain that no one could see you press the button, would you do it?" You will always find a few hypocrites who will answer, "Never."

Yes. It was a self-defense reaction. Too many of our comrades were dying every day. We could not defend them by being honorable with an enemy who had no honor. Theoretically, Bardin had long forgotten these prejudices of the victor. Incidentally, was it of the victor or of the vanquished? He forbade his men to have such prejudices. An actual fact, he would not even think about them himself, if it was only a question of giving an order--or pushing a button.

But there he was, face to face with Detmar! Looking in each other's eyes, as they say. Bardin well knew that all the promises he made would drift away with the tide. Detmar was going to die, swiftly and surely. As sure as done. So, it was hard for Bardin to lie. In vain, he said to himself, "Dangerous weakness," "sinister sucker," and many other things impossible to repeat. All he could utter was, "I promise you that I will defend you."

"With whom?"

"This is the same as asking me the name of the organization I belong to."

"Isn't it the least you can do?"

"No. But I'll answer you anyway. You can take my word for everything I say."

Actually, this devious answer was close to the truth. Eleuthere was a network of the London based BCRA (1). But Bardin also belonged to the G-2 section of the French Army Resistance Organization, which was linked with Algiers at that time. Lagarde, who was hand in glove with Bardin, was the G-2 of the French Forces of the Interior Headquarters which was directing all the resistance in France, Guerrilla and Partisan Forces alike. Bardin suddenly realized that he was even more rational in his behavior than he had ever thought. He was so apolitical, that he was a little bit of everything. What a joke!

"Anyway, I don't care," said Detmar, I am not asking for anything. What do you expect of me?"

"To save endangered patriots."

"I'll do it for nothing. I would do anything for Giraud; nothing for de Gaulle, and everything against the 'commies.'"

We were to see later. For the time being, Bardin strengthened the position he had reached.

O.K. Could you find out for us the whereabouts of Magda Fontanges

(1) Bureau Central de Renseignements et d'Action (Central Office of Intelligence and Action). A purely French organization controlled by General de Gaulle. Translator's note.

who left her Boulevard X. residence, and could you tell us if the people on this list right here, are German agents?"

All of this was nothing but a test of Detmar's good faith. Through Fontanges' nurse who lived in the Seine et Marne department, we were able to arrest the fugitive spy. The list given to Detmar included only well-known spies, except for two men who were just under suspicion: a ragman from the slums, somewhat of a hobo, and his son-in-law, a former policeman who had been fired some time before. Fontanges and the latter two had offered dubious services to Colonel Zarapoff, the military leader of the "Liberation-Nord" organization. Moreover, it might be a good thing if the corpses of a few German agents were to lay between Bardin and Detmar. For example, those of the ragman and his son-in-law, particularly if their death had been the result of Detmar's actual fingering. There is nothing better than a few skeletons in the closet to insure certain friendships.

The first reaction was good. Even excellent. Ten days later, Detmar confirmed all the informations of Eleuthere. He backed them up with absolute proof. So-and-so was a lawyer having contacts with the Resistance who had made a trip to Spain, on a Gestapo mission from such and such a date. Another was a naval reporter with an assumed noble name who was being paid in such and such a way not only by the Germany but also by Japan, something we didn't know. The hobo-ragman and his son-in-law were, indeed, agents-provocateurs. Colonel Zarapoff would gain a few months of life and action out of this. Alas! only a few months. But undoubtedly "Liberation Nord" escaped a complete slaughter.

"You don't mind if we liquidate all these people, do you?"  
questioned Bardin.

"No," answered Detmar.

"Splendid!"

Bardin was now regularly visiting Rue de Monceau three times a week. Detmar punctually answered the intelligence request. Sometimes he even took the initiative; for example, concerning Frenay of the newspaper, Combat and concerning General R., commanding the French Army Resistance Organization. He disclosed that the Germans knew about General R.'s connections with the Secret Army. Known also to the Germans were some of the talks which took place in Lyon early in 1943, between General Frere, General R. and the representatives of the various movements. Detmar proved it with a document which could lead to the source of the "leak." He gave warnings concerning the planned wind-up of all general and superior officers of the former Armistice Army, but it was too vague to persuade all concerned to go completely underground.

It was impossible to make him mention Pucheu's name. And Bardin did not force him to do so. He did not think it was important anymore. He knew that Pucheu, under the alias of Pourrien. (In French: "For Nothing" and the future was to give its meaning a prophetic sense of ferocious irony), had arrived in Cassablanca from Spain in May 1943, and had drowned in the African political stream and now was probably under house-arrest somewhere in the south. He thought that the last current of Vichy dissidence and its unfortunate attempt to establish ties with Algiers would now be of interest only to the historians. No

premonition warned him that Pucheu's dead body was going to wreck the big project he was slowly building in his mind, and that it would lead him very close to his own destruction.

V

ATTEMPT TO RECRUIT AN IMPORTANT DOUBLE AGENT  
FAILURE AND CAUSES

Within a short time, all the positions Bardin had consolidated on Rue de Monceau, either on his own or through Daniel Frantz, were going to be lost during one of these crises without killing, without shooting, almost without fuss, with only soft-spoken conversations, purely mental excitement, and only nervous efforts--but the slightest slip, a wrong word, an insignificant and humanly unavoidable mishap would start one of these terrifying dramas which caused the end of so many of our comrades and the end of so many of our organizations.

Bardin had decided on January 1, 1944, as the deadline for the completion of his main goal: to convince Detmar of "doubling" the Germans. But on January 15th, nothing was accomplished yet. In the course of his last meetings with the policeman, Bardin had felt his way, had "beaten around the bush," but each time, he gave up, put it off, and evaded the issue. He gave his reasons to Lagarde who reproached him for it and pressed him to go on.

Lagarde was right. Chapter IV of this book will show to the reader that a highly and well placed double agent can accomplish more

than one thousand good ordinary agents. Detmar would be the ideal and unhopd for double agent. His repression service had just been reorganized and expanded so as to better inform the Germans. This was his job. Every Saturday he had lunch with Blomelburg, Oberg's brain, who had offered a car as long as a city block to the Anti-National Activities Repression Service Chief. In France, there was not ten individuals more desirable than Detmar to be used as double agents. The confidence the Germans placed in him would have made him more precious in this role than many higher level collaborators'. This even included Laval, because the Germans were a little suspicious of their Auvergnat.

"What are you waiting for, buddy?" said Lagarde.

Bardin found it difficult to explain. It was hard to define, due to some kind of timidity, restraint, and discomfort caused by a stiffening of Detmar's attitude.

"It's only your impression," mumbled Lagarde. "Nothing tangible."

"Yes, there is something, protested Bardin," He always answered all my questions; but now, he no longer tells me anything on his own initiative. Only through Frantz did we learn that they were planning to attack the Nivernais maquis. I pointed out to him acts of excessive violence by his repression service. And instead of getting milder, it is spreading and worsening.

"Nonsense! You are losing your guts! And it's quite annoying. We had requested a seat on a plane for London, for either you or I, in order to have Detmar accepted as a double agent and to bring back to him

his first package of "Spielmaterial." They are going to think that we are "screwballs" just like the others.

Deeply stung by this remark, Bardin promised to try again at the first opportunity, although, as he strongly stated, it was against his better judgment. Immediately afterwards, Lagarde felt like backing down, conscience stricken, something which happened every time he succeeded in convincing his friend to do something he was against.

"You could go at it progressively. After all, there are several ways of handling a double agent, or rather there are several categories of double agents. Starting with the unconscious one to whom false information is fed and who will pass it on to the intended target..."

Bardin interrupted Lagarde.

"In such a case, who is the real double agent? It is perhaps regrettable but a counterintelligence officer does not operate himself without an irremediable loss of prestige extending to the entire service. This type of job is really too equivocal. The more a trade is rightly or wrongly discredited, the more its leaders must be differentiated from the actual performers, and stand far away beyond the splashes. The Monarch used to choose his police chiefs within the traditional aristocracy. They were among the greatest civil servants. It was also a practice in Imperial Germany: 'Intelligence work requires high-class people.' Great Britain recruit for Scotland Yard at Oxford and Cambridge. And our own remarkable counterintelligence service of the



Third Republic gladly allowed the Criminal Investigation Bureau to handle any repression."

"I never thought about it, but you are right," admitted Lagarde, "But then, what do you suggest?"

"The only thing that an officer can do in this job. Go bluntly at it with a straight and clear proposal, letting both parties know where they stand. Besides, if there is but one chance to succeed, that is it. Detmar is too experienced to play jumping-jack without being the wiser. Furthermore, he still clings to the idea that he is the prominent representative of a still-existent regime. I bet you--and its an important nuance--that he does not address Blommelburg by calling him "Herr Oberst" anymore than he calls me "colonel." This way he places himself on an equal footing with him. He negotiates as between powers and carries out a political police fact. Maybe he would feel lowered if he was "giving tips."

"In this case, your direct proposal would fail as well."

"My God!" sighed Bardin, "That's what I really believe. Otherwise, I would have asked him long ago. But you are right. It must come to an end. What risk am I running? To see him angered at me and to lose him as an "honorable correspondent."

"Yes, of course. Does he know where you live?"

"No. But he can find out in 24-hours. However, we have not reached that point yet."

"No," said Lagarde, "No, of course not."

To go at it straight forward was an easy thing to say. Yet for the last ten minutes, Bardin and Detmar had been talking about trivial matters in the anteroom of the Rue de Monceau office, and the officer could not bring himself to take the first step beyond the point of no return. Indeed, after the first word was uttered, it would be impossible to turn back, to stop; still it had to be done. Straightforwardly! Bardin took a deep breath and--almost unconsciously--approached the question indirectly.

"By the way, Mr. Detmar, if some day you were to receive certain information leading you to search a particular place--if you were to "find" some documents there which would somehow get to the Germans afterwards--and if later these documents were to reveal themselves partially false (I repeat, partially), then the Germans could not blame you for it. You would be in no way responsible."

Detmar had a shoulder motion, perhaps not quite a jump, but surely more than a start.

"Do you really think that I give information to the Germans?"

"No. But it can be a very respectable job. All depends on the information you give them."

"Whatever it is, it would still disgust me," replied Detmar abruptly.

It was exactly what Bardin had feared. God only knows in what unsuspected corners one's points of honor could hide. Detmar turned French people over to the Germans, but to do the same with papers made him blush with shame. He was willing to help his fellow patriots

struggling against the invader, but only in a certain way, and up to a certain point. And not all patriots. He intended to choose them. He played both sides at the same time, to serve political ends as well as personnel interest, but not in all cases or in all circumstances. What about today? Today he had answered too spontaneously to have made any profound calculation. It was really a point of honor. He was as touchy as he was crooked. There was nothing left to do but to change the subject and to later think over the consequences of this obvious failure. Both men parted coldly, setting their next meeting for three weeks later, instead of the usual ten days, at Detmar's request.

For the first time, Detmar missed the scheduled rendezvous. He had left for Annecy with about 50 men. He had not said a word to Bardin about this project, nor has he given any implications of it. Frantz was the one who gave the warning concerning this operation in Haute Savoie. It was obvious that Detmar was avoiding Bardin and was suspicious of him.

Why? Bardin and Lagarde could not find any logical explanation to this sudden change. Neither could they foresee any alarming consequences. They decided to wait and see. In any case, such a course of action was imposed by the circumstances. In February and March 1944, Detmar made only brief and unexpected trips to Paris. Bardin knew about them from Frantz, but he could not show up at Rue de Monceau during each one of Detmar's fleeting appearances, without revealing that he had an "eye" in the place. However he tried twice. The first time, Detmar had already left. The second time, the clerk returned with Detmar's apologies. He

was in conference with his superiors. Hum...

Lagarde and Bardin, absorbed with other tasks and other worries, forgot about their disappointment. In March, the Pucheu trial opened in Algiers. I know little about the case and have other things to do than to extract and study the court files. I have no opinion as to how severe the sentence should have been. But, objectively, it is a fact that in 1944, Vichy was no longer recruiting members and that it was not necessary to discourage the collaborationists. Another fact was that Vichy noisily and cleverly exploited the execution of its former Minister in order to stop the desperate flight of its followers gifted with the well known instinct of rats on a sinking ship, by crying out to them, "Too late!", and thus holding them back. One must admit that it was partially successful. My total ignorance of the whole question and the accusation of opportunism which will undoubtedly be thrown at me, cannot deter me from having a categorical opinion on the subject. It was certainly the opinion of my comrades then at grips with the difficulties of the domestic struggle, and for whom the output, the result--in short, the liberation--prevailed over ideological principles. The Pucheu trial should have been delayed until a later time. Whatever can be revealed to me, even if Pucheu was another Himler-would not make me change my mind.

The Eleuthere net alone lost several new and precious intelligence sources; witnessed the sudden closing of doors which had just partly opened on military secrets; and felt the difficult and dangerous stability of its security jeopardized.

Bardin said to Legarde one day, "I wonder if the prosecution against Pucheu does not explain Detmar's attitude."

"I have thought about it," answered Lagarde, "But I am certain it doesn't. Detmar was still helping you after Pucheu was under arrest in the south. When he 'dropped' you, the situation had not changed, and nobody was talking about a trial."

"He could have had 'tips' we did not have."

"Not a chance!"

The two men forgot about Pucheu and Detmar.

In March 1944, all that remained at 69 Rue de Monceau were three or four sleepy clerks and a busy one; Frantz, who was feverishly copying the files of the Anti-National Activities Repression Service in order to complete those of the Eleuthere net. He was also watching out for the reports from Haute Savoie in order to intercept them.

At the same time, the activity of the Eleuthere Counterintelligence Section was almost completely engrossed in a detailed census and a survey of all the houses occupied by the Germans and their friends in Paris, while their comrades in the intelligence service were concerning themselves with the defensive works within the capital: the block-houses, the fire plans, etc. This mission had been ordered by the French Army Resistance Organization which had emphasized its importance without explaining why. It was not necessary. Obviously, it was aimed at neutralizing the whole German garrison in one move on the insurrection day. Lagarde had an idea.

"You should try to contact Detmar again," he said to Bardin.

"The national uprising might bring about belated double agent vocations. Detmar could, for example, notify us on the hour and the place of some important Gestapo council, lure a few big wheels into an ambush, or even...well the possibilities are unlimited. How do you feel about it?"

"Great! I think it's tremendous," answered Bardin.

Lagarde was carried away.

"Can you see us rousing Oberg in his bed one of these mornings. If I were you I would 'feel-out' Detmar as soon as he returns. I would whisper in his ears that the time for the settling of accounts is nearing and that his positive accomplishments are very little."

Bardin lived in the apartment of the charming Mejane, who, before the war had assumed the terrifying responsibility of handling the love-lorn letters of the late magazine Marie-Claire. She left in 1940. Not a single soul, even when in deep trouble, called her any longer in 1944. Bardin gave the telephone number to only three friends, including Frantz. Furthermore they were to use it only for important and urgent matters.

On a morning of April 1944, the telephone rang for the first time in two months. Bardin dashed to the phone and picked up the receiver. It was Frantz' voice.

"Is this you? Would you come and have a drink with me?"

"O.K."

"We'll meet at the Villiers metro station."

"I am leaving right away."

It was eleven o'clock. Bardin had to give up going to a meeting with a correspondent which he could not notify. That was extremely unfortunate. But Frantz did not abuse the telephone. He had used it only twice in a year, and every time it had been for a good reason. Bardin rushed to the Villier subway station, trying in vain to think about well-known, well-studied and well-established troubles.

Eleven twenty. Frantz was pacing along Boulevard de Courcelles. He seemed nervous.

"Big trouble?" asked Bardin.

"On the contrary. A real stroke of luck!"

"You should have tried to let me know about it right away over the telephone! I was really worried."

"Does a National Movement of War Prisoners and Deported (M.N.P.G.D.) exist in the Resistance?"

"Yes; and in importance, it comes right after the large well-known Movements."

"Who is the leader?"

"For Pete's sake, what's the matter?"

"Well, they have been infiltrated to the core and completely sold out. I have the proofs with me."

A counterintelligence agent has always a perspective of his own. For him, when the underground fighters are discovered, the "staggering blow" becomes a "stroke of luck" if the denunciation is intercepted.

Before passing judgment on such a peculiar way of thinking, let us remember the miracles that have occurred in the army, thanks to esprit de corps.

The two friends sat down at a corner table in a small cafe at the Prosper-Goubaux Square.

"We don't have much time to act, major."

"Well, tell me the facts in a few words."

"Police inspector C. (1) came to the Anti-National Activities Repression Service at 10 o'clock to deliver a report concerning the M.N.P.G.D. which he had been able to infiltrate. Since all the chiefs were absent, he handed his report to O., one of the two Resistance sympathizers I told you about. O. gave me the report so I could give the alarm. But I must give it back to him no later than 12-noon, because he has strict orders in such cases. A document of this nature must be carried before lunch to a certain X. de V. who belongs to Darnand's staff.

A voluminous roll of papers was trembling on Frantz' lap.

"I hope it's not a plant," said he.

"What gave you such an idea," Bardin asked, surprised.

"That ape C. has an ugly mug."

"Well!"

"On several occasions, during the last three months, the other Resistance sympathizer in the Anti-National Activities Repression Service, L. has been advising me to be more cautious because my

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(1) Since this man has not yet been tried, I will give only the initial of his last name.



activities were suspect to the other guys in the office."

"You have nothing to worry about from within the Anti-National Activities Repression Service."

"Why?"

"Because I have something on Detmar."

"Aren't you a little too optimistic?"

Bardin smiled, reassuring. Frantz shook his head.

"Major, Detmar may be one of your agents, but he would never forgive me to be one also."

"What do you know!" exclaimed Bardin, pleased with his disciple.

"You did understand that! You are making progress, my son. Obviously Detmar deserves a Fuhrer's mentality. Give me the loot. And make sure anyway that you have not been followed."

As soon as Bardin glanced at the report, he too showed signs of feverish agitation and nervous shivering. There were more than eighty handwritten pages, almost illegible, with no paragraphs and no titles to lead to the interesting parts. The first two pages, full of "I" and "Me," were a Vichy article of faith. Only on the third page did the writer start telling, among a jumble of useless details, how he joined the National Movement of War Prisoners and Deported. Several hours would be needed to decipher all that mess. It was 11:30. Still everything had to be read. Leafing through other pages with a trembling finger, Bardin discovered names, addresses, and actual facts.

"S..." he said, "I 'm going to keep it until tonight. To hell with it!"

"Impossible," protested Frantz.

"Son, this is serious. It so happens that I know at least the name of the leader of the M.N.P.G.D., Michel de C. and he is mentioned in here on every other page."

"O.K.," said Frantz, "You are the boss. But in this case, you better keep this garbage forever because I will not be able to return to Rue de Monceau if this document does not reach Darnand's office by noon. This, by the way, is quite all right with me!"

Bardin hesitated. He could not rely enough on Detmar to lose a good observer within the Anti-National Activities Repression Service. In such conditions, Frantz' disappearance, would endanger all his family, especially his brother, chief of the forged papers lab. in the southern zone, who was still living under his real name in Lyon, and who was so unconscious of dangers that he would probably refuse to go into hiding.

Bardin swore under his breath. This wasn't the time to analyze, to weigh the pros and cons and to foresee the future. It was 11:40. He had to make a decision right away. The major looked at the report which seemed so huge to him.

"I'll be through with it by noon. If not, you'll take the first train to Sologne where we are going to start organizing a few maquis. They do not accept people for England or Africa anymore."

"All right," said Frantz. "But it would be better to..."

"Shut up!"

Bardin got up, walked across the room, and locked himself in the toilets, determined to stay there until he was through, or until a

rescue-squad forced him out. Fortunately, it was light enough in there to be able to read despite the lack of lights. The first minutes were disappointing. 11:45. Bardin still had not found anything useful. He became nervous. He felt dizzy, his ears were buzzing, his heart beat faster and he felt sick to his stomach. It was strange, but he was more shaken than if he had been faced by some personal danger. He swore then felt better. He read diagonally, picking up names and addresses, grasping at the main facts. He thought!" After all, if I can't finish it now, it will only cause another family to go completely underground. Wait a minute! Not only one. Two. S....!

Bardin had forgotten that his own parents were hiding at Frantz' mother's home. They were 75 years old but it wouldn't stop the Germans from arresting them as hostages. S....!

11:55. Knock.

"Shut up! I am sick."

He was talking to an impatient and furious customer.

Noon. Knock.

"I am telling you I am sick, dammit!"

"Well, it does not stop you from barking." grunted the other guy.

Ten past noon. Bardin came out and walked across the dining-room in an atmosphere of chilling reprobation. From now on, he promised himself to be more indulgent with people who were too long in the toilets and to be less grudge-bearing toward the teachers of his school years.

The training he gained in handling papers while preparing his exams was at least useful for once in his life. He had "sifted" the document thoroughly.

A small incident but an affair with big consequences. It was a pure treason, well done by a clever man. The policeman C., stationed in Vichy, had penetrated the M.N.P.G.D. under the cover of a captive friend who had vouched for him. Probably, in the beginning, C. did not intend to betray the movement; he expressed his adoration for the marshal too violently. In any case, he had drawn important sums of money from the National Movement of War Prisoners and Deport, to organize an intelligence service which he was now heading. Little by little, he had gained the confidence of the patriots. After a while, all "compartmentalizations" were open to him, and there were no cut-outs between him and the head of the network. He knew its leaders Michel de C., supposedly related to General de Gaulle; his assistants, D., V., and others; the places where the meetings were held, including the most secret one (Rue de Turbigo in Paris, if Bardin's memory was exact); the forged documents lab; the cells for the Paris area and the center of France; the goals and the achievements of the network. - Actually, he knew everything, everything indeed. And he was turning all this information over to the Anti-National Activities Repression Service pell-mell, in the form of personal statements which revealed his cunningness, his stupidity, his venality, his depravity, and his burning desire to be promoted to commissioner. Why not him, after so many others?

It was obvious that the National Movement of War Prisoners and Deported was finished unless an ultimate compartmentalization remained. But Bardin did not think so. However, there was still time to save the men. About 30 names and corresponding addresses were mentioned by C. These were the main leaders. They would warn the others.

Bardin walked (or rather jogged along) a few paces with Frantz towards Rue de Monceau. The young man opened his mouth, taking up the conversation where he had been stopped earlier.

"It would be better to spread the suspicion among others than O. and myself, since we are the only ones who handled the document. I hope there will be a few guys in the office. When I go in, I'll shout, 'splendid! tremendous! that's what I call work' and hand the document to them. It will be enough that they just glimpse at it to be as involved as O. and I, should this thing 'kick back'."

"In the next war, you'll be all right, son. Go back there and be cheerful and smile!"

At 1 PM Bardin was writing brief individual warnings which the Parisian patriots would receive in the afternoon and which would reach the people in the provinces the next day, most of them in the Vichy-Clermont area. Lagarde was reading them over his shoulders.

"You forgot to tell them who denounced them."

"I did not forget," replied Bardin. "I am concealing it. Should C. get killed, my friend, Frantz could be shot in retaliation."

"You are always dramatizing."

"No Hubert. Don't forget, this is the Anti-National Activities Repression Service. Frantz is already a suspect to them. He handled the document and..."

"Well, then, you only have to specify "Don't do anything to C... until further orders."

"And he'll be dead within 24 hours. You still believe you are in a light infantry battalion."

"Hum...but it's going to be dangerous then. Our comrades from the M.N.P.G.D. are going to continue dealing with C."

"I know."

"Furthermore, if Frantz you and I don't live through this war, your C. may end up as Police Commissioner of the Liberation regime."

"O. K. That's why it is not completely useless to have a few central organizations: National Committee of the Resistance, Military Organization Committee, etc... and that you're a member of them. They will always find a way to get out of troubles without any harm. So study with the Bureau for the Infiltration of Public Administrations the necessary measures to neutralize C. discreetly."

There was a silence. Then!

"G.. dammit! Just to think that it could happen!"

"What?"

"That such bastards as C. could become considered as a great resistance fighter!"

Therefore, C.'s name was not given right away to the patriots he

had betrayed. Several days later Lagarde received a very reassuring report. It seemed that everybody had received the warning in time. Michel de C. was supposed to have left for London by plane. There had been no arrest except that of two followers from Auvergne (and that information had yet to be confirmed). The police was supposed to have discovered the warning note in their pocket, which would be an inexcusable mistake on our men's part. But it was probably a false rumor. We shall see in the next chapter how, in 1944, the Eleuthere net used to obtain without too much delay the German police reports of the Stulpnagel headquarters. These analytical and apologetic reports complacently listed all the arrests. They gave their big boss everything, to the last detail. He must have had some time to waste. Lagarde and Bardin examined these reports. All they could find concerning the National Movement of War Prisoners and Deported was the following:

29 April, Paris.

"Rue Montmartre. Forged Papers Center of the Organization, 'Movement of War Prisoners': uncovered."

No arrests were mentioned. Fine. It was a successfully completed action for the Movement. But for Eleuthere, it was just the beginning.

Meanwhile, Detmar returned to Paris to stay indefinitely. He had a long interview with C. who had come from Vichy. Immediately after the informer's departure, he called O. in his office. Stiff, cold,

certainly more dangerous than if he had been angry, he told him, "The guys from the National Movement of War Prisoners and Deported were warned and took cover. The leak came from this office. You and Frantz were the only ones to know. What have you to say in your defense?"

O. protested. C. himself could have made a mistake, he could have been suspected by his comrades of the Movement. They could have been informed through another source. Maybe Darnand's office...

"I have no time to lose!" interrupted Detmar sharply. "I know what I am saying. The leak came from here."

"Then," said O., "I don't know. I am not the one. Let's see. Who saw the file? Frantz did, yes. And M."

Detmar flinched. M. was a conceited imbecile, whom he trusted fully.

"Then there was X. too," continued O., "And Y. I believe that's all. Hum. no...there is also Z..."

"Thank you," said Detmar, who, after a start of surprise, had regained the face of an impenetrable and chillingly cruel judge.

O. became scared. So did Frantz whom Detmar did not call in his office. Obviously he was making an investigation. Bardin was worried. His joke about Detmar having a Fuhrer's mentality wasn't quite untrue. Detmar displayed the morbid symptoms of self-overestimation and of mistrust toward those around him which characterized the small paranoiac corporal. Such a man wants to be a demi-god to his subordinates, and



can be driven to any extreme when he feels flouted by one of them. Freedom, and the lives of others had little meaning for the Anti-National Activities Repression Service.

Bardin met Frantz every evening. The young man had to stick it out. This meant not only that he had to stay put, but also that he had to appear as unruffled, gay and inconspicuous as usual. The two men spent a week-end together in the country, in Sologne, to prepare their possible retreat. They poached for relaxation.

When he returned to Rue de Monceau on Monday morning, Frantz found his desk and drawers forced open and his papers in disarray. Detmar called him in.

"I am firing you. You have 15 minutes to leave this office."

"But..."

"Shut up!"

Frantz should have demanded an explanation. But Detmar's face was so distorted and convulsed with rage that Daniel did not dare. He was scared and not without justification. He had been too long in this organization to believe that it was all over and that he could get away with so little damage. He knew that they had adopted the disconcerting habits of the German police. They made their arrests on door-steps. They gave beatings in the stairways. They even...well, one should not think, as Bardin would say.

Under the close surveillance of the two armed men from the waiting-room Frantz gathered his personal belongings, walked toward the landing and started going down a few steps. Fifteen more seconds and he would

be in the street. Freedom, the big wide world would start at the first street corner.

"Hey Frantz!"

The young man's blood ran cold. He turned around. Inspector Herbert Bontoux was calling him. The old routine. Frantz went back up. Bontoux's face was frozen.

"Say! The boss asked me to tell you that if anything should happen to a certain guy you know, you and your brother will be shot."

"I don't understand," said Frantz.

"Neither do I. That's all."

Bontoux turned and walked away. Whew! Bardin had been well inspired to spare C. temporarily. If C. had been killed, Frantz would already have been dead for a few minutes. And if two members of the National Movement of War Prisoners and Deported had been arrested carrying the warning notice, and if this notice had mentioned C.'s name, Frantz would have been dead for several days.

He rushed downstairs. As in the final act of a play in which the writer does not refrain from melodrama, on the second-floor landing Frantz met Bardin who was walking upstairs with a frown on his brows and an absent look behind his thick glasses. The armed men stood watching over the handrail. To hell with it!

"Good morning, sir," said Frantz.

"Morning."

"I just got thrown out. Be careful," whispered the young man rapidly.

"Good. It's better than to be thrown in the clink. Go to the duck pond."

Bardin gestured discreetly to Frantz, and went his way grumbling aloud, "Already you have finished your day's work? Nice job you have!"

He always pretended to treat Frantz as a scamp when he met him at Rue de Monceau. The livid face of his young friend had given him quite a turn. What was going on? Was he arriving too late. He had come that morning to try to get Detmar under control again in accordance with Lagarde's plan. Was the project surpassed by current events?

Worried to death and extremely nervous Bardin entered Detmar's office.

"I just fired Frantz."

Bardin burst out laughing.

"I am not a bit surprised. He is a good-for-nothing. I always told you so."

"But I almost had him arrested."

"Ah! Something serious?"

Only now did Bardin feign to notice the withdrawn, mean and hostile attitude of Detmar who had remained standing. The officer settled down comfortably in an armchair. He became serious.

"What is it all about?"

"A bunch of 'screw-balls' from the Resistance who were making troubles. I am convinced that Daniel warned them of a denunciation."

"In that case, Detmar (it was the first time Bardin called him by his last name), Frantz saved you the trouble of passing the tip on to me. Because it's what you would have done, isn't it?"

A few seconds of silence followed. Detmar, who had shown signs of nervousness in the beginning of the conversation, suddenly calmed down.

"I would not have bothered these people," he said.

"Then, it is only a small incident. I don't understand why you seem to attach so much importance to it. Furthermore, you gained something out of it. You are now rid of Frantz who is as lazy as a three-toed sloth."

"I am not through with him yet. I don't like people to make a fool of me. I hold both he and his brother responsible for anything which could happen to my contact."

C. might not get very far. All this could end up badly. Bardin decided to take a strong position. This matter had to be settled, filed and buried before his departure from this office.

"Listen Detmar, you and I are not the kind of group leaders who can take the law into our own hands. Frantz' family and mine are friends. His mother is like a sister to me. I don't want anything to happen to him or his brother even though it could be proved that he has been indiscreet. I insist on it."

"Does he work for you, by any chance?"

For a fleeting moment, Bardin was in such a state of excitement that he felt the bellicose and crazy impulse to say, "What of it?" But an obscure instinct stopped him. With a cheerless voice, he uttered the long prepared reply to this expected question.

"No, he is too stupid." But a vindictive impulse pushed him to add, "I only have intelligent and important people working for me..."

He let a moment go by, then casually continued, "You, for example."

The two men glared at each other during the many interminable seconds of a heavy silence. Detmar had his hands in his pockets and one could see the bulge they made. His fists were clenched. Fugitive and strange thoughts crossed Bardin's mind. They were less ideas than formulas and words. I leave them to psychoanalyst amateurs to explain. For example: "Army of Italy - Very far. - Strained to the maximum. - Too strong. - How was the tone of my voice? - Moderately categorical."

"I should say something now," he thought. But about what? Bardin felt the urge to stop there for the day and postpone "sine die," the ultimatum (there is no other word for it), which, in full agreement with Lagarde, he had come to present. It obviously was not the right time.

He got up. But suddenly he could see Lagarde sneering at him, with pursed lips. He could hear him say "chicken." He sat down again, filled more with anger than with courage, but still in control of himself.

"Today is a wrong day to tell each other off. So let's not argue if you don't mind; but instead, let's speak completely freely. As far as I am concerned, I can say it to you in a few words. You don't give me a damn thing anymore. You didn't inform me about the Savoie operations. Your people have been accused of having used much brutality there..."

"It's absolutely false. The most they did was "beat up" a few "commies."

"These are fighting Frenchmen."

"Against you, my poor man! What they are really up to is to get rid of their political opponents, to plunder, to extort, and to prepare their revolution."

"When you say 'poor man,' I know that you really mean 'stupid.' Our apolitical position might not be as over-simplified and blind as you think. It is rational, voluntary, and it even requires a lot of courage. I know just as well as you the doctrine of the Third International concerning national defense. I know that the party has not deviated from it since the Congress of Tours. It was anti-militarist until 1935, because France was a so-called capitalist country. It was even traitorous during the fighting in the Morrocan Rif, because this was what they called an emancipation war. It was "war-all the way" at the time of the Franco-Russian treaty because France was an ally. It was defeatist immediately after the signature of the Germano-Russian treaty. Finally, after May 21, 1942, it was again patriotic because..."

"So? "

"So? So, if you 'catch' Thorez one of these days (which I doubt) I will not intercede in his favor. For all I care you can roast his feet if you wish. But please leave alone all the little guys who are fighting on our side. Even when they were screaming against the 'd...army' I could not be mad at them very long. This is because I

have the practical and actual experience of a man from the ranks which is much superior to yours. Look at my left hand. Do you see this scar? It was made by the bullet of a Rif Communist."

"You seem to bear no ill feeling."

"Yes...I do. Sometimes. But not always. Back in 1926, in Morocco, I took as a driver for my tank; a guy who was supposed to be a revolutionary propagandist. During his first mission, that little bastard sabotaged my 37-mm gun which obliged me to take a few risks, and caused this wound on my hand. Fortunately for me, it was only a flesh wound."

"What happened after?"

"Then, I bashed his face in with the other hand instead of having him court-martialed. This happened on May 24, while we were attacking the Doukken plateau. Nobody found out about it. On July 14, on top of the Tastert Mountain, in the area of Taza, he saved my life. Everybody found out about that. In September, he refused to return to Meknes with the guys who were to be demobilized soon, preferring to remain with me and participate voluntarily in the attacks of Arbala and Bou-Atas in the Middle-Atlas."

"What does that prove?"

"Nothing. Everything. At least, there is always something that remains when one has fought for his own country. You surely know that one gets more attached to people whom one helps unilaterally, and also to the causes one serves voluntarily and completely."

Detmar did not protest. He said, "They could screw you..."

"Perhaps. Especially if you and others, let yourselves be compromised by Vichy. If you give the impression that you are only defending material or class interests, or some international cause, as they are doing. In which case, individuals like myself will not see any difference between them and you. And that would be terrible, Detmar. We must save all those who fight the enemy, and our enemy is the occupation force. Truths are pouring in on you, so get your red umbrella ready!"

Again, a moment of silence, during which Bardin was surprised to find himself breathing so hard and so fast. Detmar was blowing like a grampus. Was he affected? Was he off balance? Bardin attacked.

"I am very, very busy! In high places I am being reprimanded for your carelessness, and your service is considered one of the worst. I am reaching the point where I am wondering if I can still keep my promise to defend you."

"I don't care."

"I believe you. You are not a coward. But I care."

Detmar started suddenly to gesticulate again. Pacing around his office back and forth he violently declared, "After what General Giraud did for Pucheu, whom he had called to Africa, I have no illusions as to what I can expect from Lt. Colonel Bardin, who only told me, 'I will



defend you.'"

Bardin, caught off guard, forgot to protest.

"As a matter of fact, that's the way you got me," continued Detmar. "If you had said 'I will save you,' I would have laughed in your face. I would have taken you for a dirty liar, and would have ordered you to stay out of my way."

Bardin knew it was true. At least it was a truth that Detmar had built up himself and which had become real--which amounts to the same thing. Yet, the officer had blamed himself for not having tried to bluff more than he had. Now, amazed, he listened to the disclosure of a succession of his own errors, in dealing with Detmar. He had been so sure to treat him in the best psychological manner. If he ever made some progress from the beginning, it was only due to sheer luck. He had not understood Detmar at all.

First, he had to hide his surprise. The policeman (let's not forget that he was giving himself away through emotion and anger) uttered that enormous word, the zenith of Vichy propaganda.

"Among patriots like us," he continued, "...and among individuals of our social class, we must put ourselves above differences of ideas and passions, and we must talk. You were on one side, and I was on the other; but you had my personal trust. You would have betrayed such a trust by hiring Frantz behind my back. You did not..."

Bardin thought there was an interrogative tone in the voice. There was no doubt. It was a question.

"I don't have to repeat myself," declared Bardin.

"O.K. But don't think that I can get in trouble with Vichy because of the information I might have given you. Do you know anyone either in London or in Algiers who would believe my word against yours? Well! Here on this side...."

Bardin started to have a cold sweat. In his first bellicose impulse, he had almost admitted brutally his relations with Frantz. This would have been a declaration of war.

"...When I hear your talk about 'commies,' I understand everything about you and your de Gaulle who is turning our country over to the riff-raff. I am not surprised any more that you assassinated Pucheu."

Pucheu again. There was the problem. This name, which Bardin never wanted to mention had become Detmar's war cry. It made him wild. His small eyes were shining hatefully behind his thick glasses. The same type of glasses that Pucheu wore. Pucheu was the reason for everything. Bardin felt inside him the slight tremor of intuitive discoveries. Unbeknown to him, his dealings with Detmar had certainly always depended on the police of the Pucheu clan. It was not to the Resistance, but to the man who claimed to be for Algiers rather than London (this was found out after a thorough investigation) that Detmar had rendered his services. Pucheu had hoped at the time to play a role in Algiers. When Gaullism had won in Africa, Bardin became an adversary. His efforts in trying to stir ideas, to call upon the reason and

the heart of the policeman, and to convince and move him had been useless. His pretension of leading the game had been ridiculous. He never had the smallest influence, the smallest part in the evolution of his relations with Detmar. They were entirely determined by the fate of the Algerian political game.

But...to think of it, now that Pucheu had been shot, Bardin did not interest Detmar anymore. Yes, he did. As a hostage!

Suddenly Bardin felt incredibly alone, weak, defenseless. He felt an undefined, light but lasting tingling in his loins. It was moving toward the small of his back. Today it would have been necessary to have comrades in front of the Boulevard Malesherbes post office and around the corner of Rue Vezelay. Indeed, it was always at the wrong time that one thought about being careful.

What started to reassure Bardin was the fact that Detmar kept on vociferating and spitting his anger. He spoke to much. The officer regained his self-control. He had one trump left, perhaps even two. His personality was one Detmar always said: "Between men of our social standing...." Good! Things were not so dark. As long as Bardin was in the mood for a joke, everything was O.K. Besides, he was the victor wasn't he? He suddenly remembered a German officer he had captured in June 1940. Humiliating recollection: his inferiority complex when facing the disdainful prisoner.

"My dear friend," said Bardin, "we are living in an era which is fascinating for personalities such as yours and mine. Fascinating..."

Bardin never wished so hard to have yet to be born!

"...providing that we can say later what Sieyes answered when asked what he had done during the Revolution. 'I lived.' But you are wasting too much time with me. I'll be short. Honestly, it is my duty to tell you: My dear friend, I will not be able to intercede in your behalf later, unless you render in the very near future, some tremendous service to the Resistance..."

"What Resistance, by thunder!..."

"There is only one. And now, this service would have to be something big. I don't know,...something like...liberating all the prisoners of the Fresnes prison...getting rid of the Gestapo...its up to you to decide, my dear friend."

Bardin thought that he must stop saying "my dear friend" every few words. There is nothing more suspicious than a man who suddenly addresses another in such a manner several times in a row.

"It's all over," said Detmar. "Your friends have built a wall between us."

"Think it over anyway. Do you want me to come back and see you at the beginning of June?"

Come back? That was another problem! Yes indeed!

"No."

"Very well. Adieu."

In the alleys of Park Monceau, always swarming with adorable and playful little brats, Bardin breathed deeply. He kicked a kid's ball, to the great indignation of the liliputian players. Young Daniel, who

had recovered his natural complexion, welcomed him with a smile, near the pond.

"O. caught up with me in the street. He promised to 'tip' me as long as he will stay in the place."

"That's very good. You are all right my son. Give me his personal address and take the first train for Sologne; I don't want to see you any more until the Liberation."

Bardin felt that he needed to have a talk with Lagarde. At that hour of the day, Mr. Sebastiani-Lagarde was probably at the Hotel des Ventes (Auction-Palace) where now days he spent most of his time.

If Captain Count Hubert de Lagarde had earned his living in the antique business, he would have ruined himself, like any good soldier. But Mr. Sebastiani was only using that trade for a cover. Therefore he was successful. That's life for you. Success had come to "Chez Swan" zooming, overwhelming. No more haggling over the price for some second-rate deal. Now, Swan's customers included all the Paris neo-capitalists, these champions of the black market, stars of all collaborationists, Fritz from the Gestapo or from the occupation forces, all of whom were at a loss about investing their newly acquired fortunes and were searching for so-called real investments. Sometimes, a distinguished Frenchman entered also. But it was then to sell...discreetly...quietly. He was well received. He left happy. A few of our readers will perhaps remember seeing Mr. Sebastiani, who worked at

49 Rue de Cambon, in a shop bearing the nostalgic sign of "Chez Swan." Mr. Sebastiani, a head "a la Clouet" perched on top of a long and lean body, always bending under a heavy load of thoughts and worries (perhaps also because of a premonition); a man with the courtesy of the well-bred, but always rushing, always absent-minded and so unbusinesslike.

Such an incongruous medley of customers presented a danger. But they could no longer manage without the basement of the shop where they kept the records, where they had their photo-lab, and the sleeping quarters for the liaison agents and the sub-net leaders passing through. The sleeping quarters looked like a museum. One slept in a Duchess Du Barry canopy bed (a reproduction) and when the place was overcrowded, the youngest could lay as best he could in the Marie-Antoinette sleigh (it was authentic but nobody believed it).

The least important drawback caused by Swan's success was that the shop was emptied in a few days. It had to be restocked. That was the reason why Mr. Sebastiani spent most of his time at the Hotel Drouot(1) where he finally decided to hold most of his underground meetings, for the place revealed itself discreet and safe. Bardin found him there, in a room where people were fighting over a Louis XV chest of drawers with such ruthlessness that it would give one doubts as to the efficiency and objectives of the Anti-Jew Crusade. He whispered what had happened into Lagarde's ear, while the auction

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(1) A large Auction-Palace in Paris.

cross-fire crackled around them.

"...In short, in this undertaking I walked like a blind man, from the first to the last step."

"Does it surprise you?" said Lagarde. "You were doing counter-intelligence work without an army, without a police force, without money and without information as to the situation. In addition, your liberty and freedom of action were only precarious and temporary. 60,000!"

"60,000 what? Ah, on the chest of drawers! You could listen to me, you damn second-hand dealer."

"I am listening. What surprises me is that you got away. I can confess it now. I always thought that this affair would end up badly for you. Sorry I didn't tell you before. You know I never pay any attention to premonitions as far as my safety is concerned. 70,000!"

Mr. Sebastiani had eyes only for the chest of drawers. But in no way did this fact prevent Lagarde from thinking about the Eleuthere missions.

"We'll try to link up with O. But you're not going to do it. Detmar is convinced that Frantz was working for you. You are the only one he knows in the Resistance. He is going to hold you responsible for what happened to his Pucheu. It already looks like your goose is cooked. It's starting to smell. Tonight you get the hell out... 85,000!"

"No. There is no danger."

"Dammit!" exclaimed Lagarde. "You are really a pain in the neck

with your Resistance stories."

"What's the matter?"

"You made me unconsciously bid twice as much as this chest of drawers is worth. Now this time, it's really mine."

Some eight or ten days later, on May 21, 1944, Bardin barely escaped getting arrested at his home. Lagarde always remained convinced that the operation was instigated by the Anti-National Activities Repression Service. Bardin never thought so. He was right, for it was formally confirmed two years later.

Our story stops here, abruptly. We are not dealing with a novel for which we can choose our own ending. Often this is the only difference with real-life stories.

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What I want to show is that the role and the handling of an ordinary counterintelligence agent, which is the elementary task of the trade, presented considerable difficulties and dangers during the enemy occupation. As far as recruiting important double agents, without whom counterintelligence could not work efficiently, it was the same as if we were throwing ourselves in a game of chance while in a state of semi-consciousness. Sometimes, the game was over before we realized that we had risked everything on a single play.

In France, from 1940 to 1944, intrigues, by the hundred, most



of them more complex, more deadly, and more effective than ours, were being hatched, brought to a head and unravelled each day. How is it possible to grasp the overall significance, the swarming activity of this intense secret life? The Frantz could be found by the thousands and the Bardins by the hundreds, all of them precariously watching over tens of thousands of patriots, and trying to protect the birth of a true insurrectional army. For one Frantz and one Bardin who survived, how many are dead? To find out, it would be necessary to check the enemy files, inside his counterintelligence achieves.

It just happens that we can do just that. For several months in 1944, the Eleuthere net was able to obtain both the German counter-intelligence and the Vichy police documents through sources similar to those mentioned above. Thus, we could discover everything the enemy knew about us, without losing any valuable time. We are now going to change place with the enemy and borrow his shoes for one month.

CHAPTER III

ONE MONTH OF FRENCH RESISTANCE (MARCH 1944)

AS REPORTED BY GERMAN COUNTERINTELLIGENCE

I

SITUATION IN FRANCE IN 1944  
AS SEEN BY THE GESTAPO

"Gentlemen," said S.S. Colonel Bickler, "The essential point of this course, the main idea which must be present at all times in your professional and personal life, is the following: 99% of the French population is openly or secretly hostile to us. The French people hate the Germans. They will never forgive us for having treated them in such a kindly manner for the past four years."

A murmur of indignation rose from the audience which included 70 desk officers from the Section VI of the "Main Office of the Reich Security" and 6 members of the foreign services. The most "Franzosenfresser," those who spat on every thing that was French, gritted their teeth. The others just nodded approval. The Gestapo discipline would have been enough to insure such a unanimity in the reprobation of the unjustified French attitude. But it was reinforced in this case, by a deep and general conviction. If the 77 men gathered here did not understand France, who could ever? For a long time, this had been their job.

The Reichssicherheitshauptamt, literally "Main Security Office of the Reich," was the holiest element of the Gestapo in France. The mission of

its most secret section, the Abteilung VI was to "furnish to the Reich government all the elements it needed to be able to improve the situation in France." This was the definition of the mission as given by S.S. Colonel Doktor Knochen at the beginning of the course. This definition was typically German; undefined, if we may say, vague enough to be applicable to any situation. Doktor Knochen had been more precise about the particular measures to be applied. He had added, "This includes: 1. The infiltration of V-agents (undercover agents) in the Feldkommandaturen (Field Occupation Headquarters) to eliminate worthless individuals; and, in the Wehrmacht, the Todt Organization, and the Gestapo Special Groups, to root out the pessimists and the defeatists. 2.. The introduction of French V - double - agents, not only within the French Resistance and the Communist Party, but also in the government; with the Jewish organization, the Freemasonry; the clergy; the public administration; the economy; the professional association; and the peasant and youth Movements, etc."

He had really added "Etc," to be sure of not forgetting anyone. National French unity, this sacred union which we had been unable to accomplish for the first time in our contemporary history, this German had achieved in his point of view as Gestapo chief.

The Section VI, a political superpolice, had a monopoly in recruiting French double agents and German stoolies. Colonel Bickler was virtually its commanding officer. The 70 desk officers (Referenten) and the 6 foreign service members had gathered there to survey the situation in

France. They were not only trusted members of the party and S.S. dignitaries, but they were also specialists (Fachleute). Their specialty was to rule France through the use of intermediaries. One could find among them protagonists of the pre-war Franco-German associations, important journalists, businessmen, former consular agents, big firms representatives, and numerous students and graduates of our universities, who in 1939 had pretended to be Francophile, supposedly persecuted by Hitler, and who, when we had said a few sympathetic words to them had always answered bending over us in addressing our belly-buttons. Now they were taking their revenge by delivering us to their Abteilung IV colleagues the Repression Section so that it would be our turn to bow our heads.

They knew everyone in France, down to the lowest, hard-working reporter, the smallest businessman in trouble, the embittered penny-a-liner who would go as far as to publish the diary of his own slut-tish mother to sell more than 4,000 copies, the crooked small town politician, the corrupt civil servant, the so-called lady of the world selling her services, and the failure who had become a bartender. They had lived with us for so long, knowing fully well what they were after. We were to read, with the unavoidable feeling of admiration for a job quickly and efficiently done, the "Otto List" which was published by the Propaganda Section during the first days of the occupation bearing the signature of one of their French puppets. It was a small book listing all the literary works which the French people were forbidden to read. No subject was forgotten and nobody omitted. It started with

Adolph Hitler, himself, for his "Mein Kampf", and went down to the most obscure French novelist of Franco-German adventures, Pierre Nord. It was really too much honor.

"Gentlemen," resumed Colonel Bickler....

(But the ironic reader will undoubtedly raise the question, "Was the author listening under the table?" No. He was not there. But I have in front of me a list of the names of the desk officers attending this conference, as well as the minutes of the sessions. The Agence Immobiliere obtained this information by a particular means which cannot be revealed at this time. All the sentences which I put in the mouth of Germans were actually spoken by them, word for word, or are accurate summaries. Thank God, they made a few mistakes and I did not make any change. The reader will make the corrections themselves. Now they should be able to. They know enough about the play and the actors. Even the German names mentioned here are true.)

"...Gentlemen, I call your attention again to the other lessons you must remember from this course. S.S. Colonel Keller talked about the technical administrative procedures. I shall insist only on one point. The file of each of your agents must include, in addition to the already required information, typical pieces of correspondence showing the man's own writing style. The enemy has "turned around" to many of our V's, and we must use all means available to find the forged documents transmitted by these W's (let us repeat that "V" means "double agent" and "W" refers to a "turned around double-agent").

"S.S. Colonel Weizel talked in length about both the friendly and the enemy intelligence services; so I shall spend little time on them. The Japanese intelligence service in France is not important. The one to watch is the Italian intelligence service, which has established contacts with the French intelligence service. The neutral

intelligence services are nothing but disguised enemy intelligence services. The Swiss service in particular, is nothing but a branch of the British intelligence service (I.S.). The Catholic Church intelligence service, under the leadership of the Dominicans and the Jesuits, must never be underestimated. The British intelligence service has only a few representatives in France, but they have a lot of French agents at their disposal. All the active members of the Communist Party are used by the Russian intelligence service and we have not yet been able to arrest a single one of their net leaders. The American intelligence service is nil but is undoubtedly working under the wing of the French G-2. The Belgian intelligence service, M.O.D., is to be feared: its main office and its commander, D., are in Paris; it is exclusively controlled by the Belgians, but most of its agents are French. The Polish intelligence service is also well organized, but has less personnel. As of today, we have seen almost nothing of the Yugoslavian intelligence service.

"I kept our main enemy for the end. The French G-2 which was abolished publicly and with great noise at the Armistice, was reorganized as early as August 1941, under the cover of the B.M.A., an organization supposedly working against bolshevism. In reality, its only goal was to send agents into Germany under the disguise of laborers.

"Since this activity was discovered, it was forced to disband again in 1942. It was replaced by the military security service, which concealed its officers in the youth work camps and other vital projects. At the same time an active intelligence group was formed under the command of Captain Vauthier who has now fled to North Africa. Parallel to the military surveillance service was another intelligence organization stemming from the G-2 which was called the Agence Immobiliere. Apparently, this Agence Immobiliere has been organized in conjunction with the British intelligence service and it uses the same agents. We have captured an important part of the intelligence material from the French G-2.

"Each French Resistance group has its own intelligence service, but they have had little success until now. This is why the War Ministry, in close liaison with the I.S., has organized in France a resistance movement which is under the control of the I.S. and is called the "French Section." It is composed of Frenchmen under the command of British officers. Its sabotage and radio activities, its air-landings and parachute drops, in order to conduct guerrilla

warfare in case of a landing, have all been described to you earlier. You are well aware of its nine branches. The "French Section" maintains close relations with the Communist Party and supplies it with weapons. The section also keeps in touch with bourgeois resistance groups. They have 11 regular planes and 14 landing strips at their disposal.

"Colonel Noseck has told you that you were to keep close social contacts with the members of the collaborationist parties. He expects that you will prove the double-dealing of both the French Government and the regional Prefects, for most of them have sent secret reports to the French G-2. He wants you to infiltrate North Africa through the former colonists and the numerous Moslems residing in France and to make contacts with Frenchmen living in foreign countries (especially in Spain, Portugal, and Turkey) through their collaborating relatives.

"We must anticipate an Allied invasion. Therefore, a network of "hintergelassene Agenten" (stay-behinds) must be in position as soon as possible. It has to be composed of agents particularly reliable and undoubtedly still unknown to the enemy. The Germans who desire to remain in France after the final treaty has been signed, must prove from now on that they are capable of doing good intelligence work.

"S.S. Captain Gutekunst has recommended a close coordination with the propaganda staff." Captain de Kunze has dealt with the surveillance of the French administrative employees. The Milice collaborationists can be trained in the use of weapons but none of these weapons must remain in their possession. The POW organizations must be watched carefully since they are infiltrated by many chauvinistic elements. "Captain Alesh has explained to you the importance of the information gathered in Spain and in Portugal. Your agents must not only contact the Phalangists, but they must also find informers among the 300,000 Spanish Reds. Channels originating from the Basque National Party are leading to the British intelligence service, and we should infiltrate them. Captain zu Christian has shown you that the only way to find out the real intentions of the enemy is (1) to infiltrate his network. This is the reason why we are here. We must be successful in infiltrating the enemy.

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(1) Cf. part VI, chapter I "Counterintelligence and Conduct of the War."

"Because, gentlemen, all over France there blows a wind of madness which could end up in a 'manifestation of collective hysteria,' similar to what happened in the times of the 'St. Barthelemy Night' or the Great French Revolution. The compulsory deportation of Frenchmen to Germany leads even the most cowardly among them, slowly but surely, to a state of fury where he may be driven to accomplishing rash actions. In addition, we must remember that Vichy is the world's most unpopular government; a mixture of reactionary narrow-mindedness and of clericalism. Petain does not enjoy the public's confidence in the country in spite of what a few still believe. He is considered as an old rag by the majority of the population. Laval is in contradiction with himself. He is the most parliamentarian of all parliamentarians, but he is so convinced of his own importance that he cannot tolerate any rival. Our propaganda in France has been a complete failure. On the other hand, the enemy propaganda is becoming more and more effective because it is tailored to the French frame of mind. The authority of the government is disintegrating. People are refusing to obey. One of our immediate requirements is to make a detailed study of all the symptoms of the disease affecting the French Nation. France is the forward defense line of Western Europe. What is happening here is of great consequence on the evolution of our political and military situation. We must therefore, get to know the "French environment" in its most precise form. It is the elementary basis of any intelligence effort. You must understand this task without any preconceived opinion, put yourself in the shoes of the enemy while remaining the men that you are now, and make reports free of any undue optimism. Gentlemen, hail Hitler!"

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I will not weaken Colonel Bickler's extraordinarily lucid presentation with any comments.

I only deplore the fact that other foreigners, those who were our friends and allies, did not judge us with such objectivity and such psychological penetration. Yet they were in a position to observe us



more easily than the desk officers who informed Bickler. They only had to read us, listen to us, and watch us...and, naturally, to believe us a little bit too. Indeed it seems rather comical to note that a single copy of Bickler's report on Vichy would have been more useful to the White House than the entire Leahy mission. And Bickler... perhaps they might have believed him in Washington.

It is obvious that Bickler's information was good. We shall now summarize it briefly for the month of March 1944. It would have been more interesting to study what he received in April and May. But, through means which we cannot describe any more than the presence of the Agence Immobiliere at the "conference" of the desk officers, the Eleuthere net was successful in capturing the complete Gestapo reports for March, and thereafter was only able to obtain incomplete information.

As an introduction, a few words are in order.

The German documents seldom gave an overall view of the situation in France. It was not that the Germans did not see enough of what happened in France alas! to be able to figure out the rest and to assimilate it in a complete picture as Bickler had done. But Bickler was a brilliant exception. The numerous intelligence and police services--the Sicherheitspolizei (Security Police), the Sicherheitsdienst (Security Service), and Sections IV and VI of the Reichssicherheitshauptamt (Main Office of the Reich Security-Gestapo), the Abwehr (Army Intelligence Service), the Feldgendarmerie (Military Police), will remind the reader of a jungle and their inter-relations appears like a pitiless struggle for

life, in that same jungle. Each service possessed a margin of initiative going sometimes as far as virtual autonomy. They were all jealous of one another and were competing and fighting between themselves. In order to look good, each made the most at the expense of the others, and they all tried to supplant and destroy one another. The Abwehr led against the Gestapo a covert and ferocious battle which paved the way for the generals' plot on Hitler. In spite of 10 years of almost absolute authority, after a "night of the long knives" and other massacres and despite the enslavement of the staff and other feats, the Third Reich was still subject to the inner convulsions of a Germany which had remained amazingly medieval, feudal, epic and romantic. By their repercussions on the intelligence services, they hindered the centralization of intelligence.

There was more to it. Often two police services reported in a different manner and with a different interpretation, similar elementary facts. They did not even agree on the number of arrest in a given operation. Obviously, each service held back some information and kept its prisoners in order to exploit them for the services' own advantage.

And there was even more to it. It seemed, even at a level as high as the Supreme Military Headquarters in France, efforts of synthesis and complete accuracy were not required in counterintelligence reports. Those reports remained analytical and obscure; the ideas being lost in a list of facts both incomplete and endless. When we went back to the sources, the reports of the subordinate echelons, we could not understand why a certain incident had been reported to the commander while another more

important one was not even mentioned. One had the impression of an incoherent and intense life, of a seething state of ebullition. Once more the similarity with the life in a jungle became most evident.

Again, we thought, "If there had not been any traitors, our work would have really been a joyride."

I wrote in one of my novels, (1) which was fiction, but nevertheless included a few teaching points the following:

"To succeed at any cost in finding the leaders of the resistance organizations, the Gestapo connected together systematically and arbitrarily the most varied matters, made groundless confrontations, buried themselves in preconceived ideas, mixed the files, and ended up by mistaking the men, jumbling everything, and losing all trails. Afterwards, in order to get out of that mess, they usually condemned in mass and at random. The French people were somewhat astonished by this incoherence and did not realize (they really did not have the time to do so) that it was difficult for a German to believe that the smallest action could be spontaneous and carried out without an order from some higher authority.

And this helps us understand or rather it explains the savagery of these people. It was the savageness of a Colossus having the brain of a child. Unable to find the truth, to discover all the elements they were looking for, they resorted to torture in order to loosen tongues. Unable to assert themselves mentally, they resorted to physical slaughter."

But I think I have gotten carried away from my goal, which was simply to say that I was forced to cut down, then to reconstruct several German documents together, so that my description of March 1944 would not be one of these gigantic frescoes where the eyes could only be attracted by successive details. The documents discovered in our files were the following:

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(1) "A man has betrayed"

1. The March report of the Main Office of the Reich Security; the listing of "malicious" acts on railroad tracks; and the listing of air attacks (Eleuthere documents # 444, 448, and 447 transmitted to London under record of dispatch signed "D.U.R." on May 3, 1944, and to the French intelligence service on May 2nd).

2. The March report of the Stulpnagel headquarters, and an additional ulterior note of the Reichssicherheitshauptamt (Eleuthere documents # 496 and 480 transmitted to London under record of dispatch signed "D.U.R." on May 24, 1944, and to the French intelligence service on May 23rd).

Long extracts of these reports will be quoted and may overwhelm this chapter. I did it purposely for our resistance fighters who will find in them traces of missing comrades and recollections of their own adventures as seen from the German point of view. The enemy texts are set off by wider margins which will help the hurried reader to go through them rapidly. But I wish that a certain attention be given to them because, until the conclusion of this chapter, I will intervene only to correct the most obvious systematic or involuntary inaccuracies made by the Germans. I thought that as far as the rest is concerned, facts and numbers speak for themselves.

## II

### OPERATIONAL REPORT FOR MARCH 1944 HEADQUARTERS, GERMAN MILITARY COMMANDER IN FRANCE

According to the preliminary figures given by the

Sicherheitsdienst

Commander and by the Sicherheitspolizei, these two organizations performed during the month of March: 6,143 arrests,

of which 3,444 for Resistance Movement Activities;

1,035 for Communist or Marxist activities;

1,664 for activities against the Reich.

In addition, the French police arrested 844 individuals for the following reasons:

121 for activities in resistance movements;

477 for Communist activities;

246 for activities against the Reich.

Finally, 400 terrorists and Resistance members were killed and 153 were shot following Military Court sentences."

These figures are incomplete as it will be proven many times as we go further. They did not include the arrests made in the North of France, for this area was under another German Military Commander. None of the Agence Immobiliere members arrested in March were included in this detailed list. The countless round-ups which were going on everywhere in France (20,000 men arrested in Paris in March of whom 1,500 were held) and which were not all aimed at feeding the Compulsory Labor Service (S.T.O.), tracking down of Jews, and the "preventive" political arrests; all of these were not included. In March, the Lyon F.F.I. area alone had approximately 80 persons killed (current action report from this area for March, Eleuthere

document #491, transmitted to London on May 24, 1944, and Vichy report on the Haute-Savoie operations, Eleuthere document #523, transmitted to London on May 30).

As to the precentages of dead among these prisoners the German military commander was not at all interested. This was the extermination camp commanders' concern.

#### I. FRENCH RESISTANCE

An increased activity within the resistance movements is noted.

The "Unified Resistance Movements Committee" has joined the command committees of "Resistance" and "Defense of France."

This organization has the following mission:

1. Immediate action against occupation troops, with emphasis on attacks of all possible enemy targets, and preparation of the resistance on a national level;
2. Defense of the interests of France and the French Empire by means of the underground press;
3. On the basis of a just Constitution for all social classes, the rallying of all forces available for the benefit of the Fourth Republic.

According to other sources of information, it would seem that there are tangible differences of opinion between the national resistance groups and the Communists.

The national organizations maintain that the armed uprising should be prepared first, and then spring forward with or after the invasion, while the Communists want it to precede the landing. For this reason, we notice here and there, that in their preparation for the Allied landing, the national organizations are taking measures to prevent the Communists from taking power.

11. COUNTERINTELLIGENCE

1. In Bordeaux, Sicherheitsdienst V agents have infiltrated the intelligence service of the Algiers Inter-Allied Headquarters, and six persons were arrested.
2. Following arrests in the Correze area and in Marseille, the Sicherheitsdienst succeeded in infiltrating the French section of the I.S. in these two areas.

I wish to underline how vitally important it was for the Resistance to receive such information without delay; but I don't think it is necessary to explain it.

3. On March 21, a British officer was arrested in Paris along with his liaison agent, during an investigation directed against a London controlled organization. This officer was the War Office representative attached to the resistance movement.
4. In the "Aspirant" spy case, 10 persons were apprehended in Paris. Among them a French officer who can be considered as the secretary of the organizations' leader. During this

same operation, the number of arrests reached 69 in the Orleans area.

5. In the Roy case, 26 persons were arrested in Paris. Important equipment was seized. A printing shop where we found copies and proofs of the printing of the anti-German leaflets "New Organization of France" was closed down. The owner and his employees have been arrested.

6. In the Mesnier case, six Frenchmen were arrested in Paris. They were working for the British intelligence service, and their mission was to take certain measures in connection with the invasion. Several leaders of the youth organizations are among them.

7. In Paris, five high officials from the National Broadcasting Company have been arrested on the grounds that they belonged to the Resistance. Their mission would have been to take over the broadcasting service on D-day, during the transmitting, and to put it at the allies disposal.

8. On March 9, in the Marquis spy case, 10 persons were arrested and an important amount of resistance equipment was seized in Paris on March 6 (?).

9. In Paris, on March 9, in the Hannibal resistance case, 24 persons were arrested, and 800 leaflets and 3 pistols were seized.



10. In Alfortville (Seine department), 25 members of the Communist Youth Organization who had joined a Red Cross section were arrested.
11. In Nancy, two employees of the Military Building Maintenance Service were charged with espionage.
12. We have been able to infiltrate an important POW escape organization in the Nancy military zone. It is probably led by a resistance movement having its headquarters at the Ministry of the Colonies in Paris. Francois V., a former Nancy High School teacher, can be presumed as its leader. An investigation is going on. The French official authorities knew about this and closed their eyes.
13. On March 13, six Poles and three Russians suspected of Communist activities were arrested in several mining communities.
14. In Besancon, three leaders of "Combat," including a regional delegate, have been arrested.
15. In Troyes, both the liaison agent of the London based "Central office of Intelligence and Action" (BCRA) and the leader of the "National Front Movement" were arrested.
16. In Bar-sur-Seine, 14 persons belonging to the movements "Liberation" and "Those of the Liberation," were arrested.

17. In Troyes, on March 20, four members (including the leader) of Group IV of the Francs-Tireurs and Partisans Organization of the Aube area were captured.

18. In Epernay, a forged passport center was discovered; we seized 28 official stamps and seals and the mail of a resistance organization; 2 persons were arrested.

Those arrested were the brave Jean-Marie B., alias Canard, from the Eleuthere net, and his courageous young wife, who were arrested on March 17 in their Rue Saint-Remy workshop. Although Canard was odiously tortured during eight successive interrogations (as they called them), one lasting 12 hours, he did not speak, nor did his wife. The case did not go any further.

19. On March 10, In Chalons-sur-Marne, L., leader of the National Front Movement for both the Cote-d'Or and the Saone-et-Loire departments, and B., regional military commander for the same two departments, were arrested.

20. Four members of the Syrdey (?) terrorist group from the Cote-d'Or area were arrested, including a priest who had concealed 15 weapons containers in the church steeple. We found 16 other containers hidden in the attic of a Red Cross building. In that same operation, a total of 32 persons were arrested, and 32 terrorist attacks of various types were clarified.

21. In Orleans, the Loiret area leader of "Liberation,"

as well as three leaders and an important liaison agency between the "Liberation" headquarters and the Maquis organization was arrested.

22. In Maine-et-Loire, an operation against the "Resistance United Movements" enabled us to arrest other section leaders and members of "Liberation." We uncovered the political section, headed by a former Angers municipal councilman. Other leaders were captured, including the city hall employment director and the school registration secretary. The operation is still going on. Up to now, the number of arrests amounts approximately to 70. The arrests of Liberation liaison agents between the sub-areas M3 and M4, and of the Le Mans Presiding Judge helped us discover the M4 sub-area of the resistance movement. Ten persons were arrested, including a High School teacher who was the leader of the M4 sub-area, the leader for the Sarthe department, the M4 headquarters G-1, the teacher's assistant and six section leaders. Furthermore, a certain number of team leaders were arrested. We know the addresses of the Orne and Mayenne department leaders; they will be arrested very soon. The gathered information shows the "United Resistance Movements" are trying to unite all their forces to control all resistance troops. They are trying to send all their members into the large forests. In the Sarthe department,

the designated assembly areas are the Sille-le-Guillaume forest and the area between la Brete and la Suze. Their aim is to support the landing forces.

23. In Le Mans, the western area leader and four of his agents were arrested in the Ajax spy case. A large quantity of radio equipment and files were captured.

24. In Blois, 16 persons were arrested for Communist activities. Moreover, a civil servant and a Prefecture employee were arrested for organizing activities within the Patriotic Youth United Forces (?).

25. In Angers, we arrested the "Liberation" movement intelligence service chief of the Indre et Loire department.

26. In Bourges, in the "Fighting Forces" case, we have already arrested 39 persons including 9 military group leaders. We have uncovered connections between "Revenge," "Liberation," "Those of the Resistance," and the "National Front" movements.

27. In Malestroi (Morbihan department), arrest of Cavalry General A. who was hiding in the maternity center of a private clinic was made.

General A. was in close liaison with the Eleuthere net, and he had been of great help in its expansion in the Nantes area.

28. On March 11, in Saint-Nic (Finistere department) eight Communists, who were trying to demoralize members of the

11th East Unit of the Mitte Training Regiment, were arrested.

29. We have been able to establish that among the passengers of the fishing boat "Jouet-des-Flots" arrested in Plogoff (Finistere Department) on March 3, there was a French citizen named Emile B., born in Dunkerque on December 19, 1890, who, for the past four months, has been General de Gaulle's representative in France, as well as a French citizen named Brossolette, who belonged to the de Gaulle Committee, in London and who was de Gaulle's delegate.

30. In Rennes, in the Maurice spy case, through infiltration of the Giraud intelligence service, we have been able to arrest its Brittany leader and one liaison agent, and to seize two radio transmitters and one receiver as well as an important amount of equipment.

31. In Torigny-sur-Vire (Manche department) 16 members of the military and civil Organization, including the regional leader who is a major, and the local leader have been arrested. They were on stand-by at a number of local farms.

32. On April 16, in the Rouen area, after a long investigation, 50 members of a resistance group affiliated with the British intelligence service were captured, including a British captain who was the radio operator. Five transmitters and all the messages sent and received from London,

300 drums of a new type, 7 containers of various sizes, a few mortars with ammunition, and 9 "Tellerminen" German mines were seized.

33. In Le Havre, while arresting a high school teacher, an underground printing shop was discovered as well as some "information material" concerning the harbor fortifications. We have clarified several sabotage acts against important defense installations. An important stock of munitions was discovered under a building, and two leaders were arrested.

34. Arrest of 21 members of a resistance group who were spying on the German defensive works between the Seine and Orne rivers estuaries were made. Their cover was a construction firm which was, until then, considered as pro-German and had German contracts to fulfill.

35. In Limoges, chief engineer, H., alias Pigeon, a Jew, was arrested. He was the intelligence service chief of the United Resistance Movements. As chief engineer of the P.T.T. (French Post Office, Telegraph Telephone System), and had made a precise plan for the destruction of the P.T.T. communication system as well as placing agents in all the important centers.

In the same town, the terrorist Lauriere, perpetrator of five political murders and other criminal actions, and Grosheim, member of a terrorist organization, were killed

while trying to escape during their transfer to Paris.

36. A former captain, leader of Area VI of the Unified Resistance Movement, was arrested in Vichy. The investigation led to the conclusion that the attempts to reunite all the resistance movements have failed in the northern zone but have succeeded in the southern zone. The best organized area seems to be Clermont-Ferrand. It is headed by an executive committee composed of a representative from each of the following movements: "Combat," "Liberation," and "Francs-Tireurs." The committee is said to control the following services: Maquis military leadership and strength, intelligence, armaments, supply, radio system, immediate action, propaganda, and liaison with the labor unions. Concerning the air drops, it is believed that the area is in liaison with the C.O.P.A. (Landing and Air Drop Organization Center. (new name: S.A.P. Landing and Air Drop Service) leaders. The French general staff is scheduled to send two officers from London: a military delegate to take care of the air drops and a chief of military operations to prepare the D-Day insurrection. We have known about these organizations for a long time. The regional leader, who has been arrested, had already made contacts with the military delegate of Area VI.

Again in Vichy, five persons were arrested for Communist activities, including a secretary of the Strasbourg

University. In the same town, the technical chief of the Vichy transmitting station was arrested, and a "Mannerland" receiving set was seized.

37. In Clermont-Ferrand, arrests of six members of an intelligence and spy organization which is supposed to have at its disposal a forged paper workshop and a radio transmitting network were made. Also arrested were six other Frenchmen who had helped them.

38. In the Haute Loire department, 13 members of the Secret Army have been arrested, including the assistant department leader of the United Resistance Movements and a few district leaders. Active Communists were found among the prisoners.

39. In Saint-Etienne, during a French police raid, 46 members of a Communist youth group were arrested. Among them were 9 Poles and 7 Japanese.

40. In Montravert (Loire Department), the French gendarmerie arrested 42 members of a Communist youth organization.

41. Following General L.'s confession, we were able to arrest, in both the Deux-Sevres and the Vienne departments 32 members of the "Liberation" movement.

In the Charente Maritime area, arrests of nine members of a Remp (?) team, including four important officials were made.

43. In Bordeaux, we were able to arrest the intelligence



regional leader wanted in the Ajax case, together with his secretary and three agents. The regional leader committed suicide at the time of his arrest. During another operation, 60 persons were arrested, including the whole headquarters of a resistance movement (Biscoya case). In a suitcase, we found a report dated February 14, addressed to London, relating to the situation of the organization.

The subsequent exploitation of this "Biscoya" case brought to 104 the number of arrests made. Among these prisoners we have Colonel E., G-1 of the Military Area, who was at the same time the new military and civilian organization leader, and the F.F.I. (French Forces of the Interior) G-4 for the southwest of France. Five French gendarmes were also arrested in connection with this operation.

44. In Toulouse:

- The Seraphin organization regional leader was arrested with his radio operator, four liaison agents and one secretary. The radio files and one radio code were seized. Other arrests will follow very shortly.

Five persons, and thereafter 13 others, were arrested because they belonged to the radio center, "France Bouliste" (?).

- Seven Frenchmen and Dutchmen were arrested because they belonged to the "Peyrehorade," an E & E organization.

- In the "David" case we have been able to uncover 11 escape channels.

The Jew, L., leader of the Secret Army, and a French gendarme have been arrested.

45. In Montpellier, the local leader of the Secret Army has been arrested. In his house we found orders for the Sabotage of the telephone lines (yellow plan), for the railroad network (red plan), as well as instructions for the setting of roadblocks.

46. In Montelimar 10 members of a Communist cell have been arrested.

47. In the "Alliance" case, on March 7, a radio listening post able to pick up London, North Africa, and Moscow was discovered. It was exploiting the monitored information. The chief and two of his assistants were arrested. We seized three radios and a few loud-speakers and typewriters.

48. In Avignon, we arrested two priests and a teacher from a Jesuit college for dissemination of Catholic leaflets.

49. In Camboulive (Correze department), we discovered in a hotel, the editorial center of the propaganda magazine "La Terre," a rural publication of the French Communist Party.

50. In Lyon

- We arrested a German speaking Communist journalist while editing "Soldat an Mittelmeer" (The Middle-east Soldier).

He is a deserter and a former Vienna student. The printing press and printed material were seized.

- On March 16, the Sicherheitsdienst, together with the Milice, raided the United Resistance Movement, headquarters and arrested 63 persons, including its leader, a Jew. This clarified a large number of terrorist and activities. Important material was seized, including 15 letters to the dissident leaders in North Africa, a list of the members, and all the books which showed that the movement had 73-million francs at its disposal to carry out its operations. During this operation shots were fired on our forces.

- The exploitation of this operation called the "Kubala case" led to the arrest of three armed liaison agents, carrying maps and mail. Three other Frenchmen carrying important documents were arrested at a meeting place. Following the confession of one of them, another office was discovered and six liaison agents, as well as the leader of the Franc-Tireurs Group for the Lyon area, were captured.

In the same case, a stock of munitions and explosives were discovered in a at Lyon-Villeurbanne garage. The garage owner, a Spaniard escaped. His wife has been arrested.

Subsequent exploitation of the Kubala case: Eight other persons were arrested. We have captured all the material of the bureau for "Infiltration of Public Administrations"

which had been camouflaged after the arrest of the Jew, Marc B., a history teacher.

From March 13 to 17, an operation undertaken by the French police, the Mobile Republican Guards, and the Militia permitted us to check 36,520, fifteen of whom were arrested and are awaiting various judiciary dispositions.

In the "Montplaisir" case, five persons were arrested, including a United Resistance Movement leader who had been wanted for a long time.

51. In Grenoble, on March 13, a police and German troop operation resulted in the arrest of 24 persons for terrorist acts.

52. In Annemasse, an arrest of a Frenchman who was hiding, in a suitcase was made and an important amount of military, political, and economic espionage material which he was trying to take to Switzerland was seized.

53. In Marseille, Police Superintendant R., implicated in the Ajax case, has been arrested. The investigation disclosed the following: the Ajax net is composed of police employees. It included a command center (Ajax) and three branches (Aja-Mobile, Aja 2, Aja-3). Aja-Mobile is the intelligence flying team, to be used at strategic points. Whenever required, R. was sending the intelligence data to inspector O. of the Nice criminal investigation department, who is presently on the run.

The activity of the enemy intelligence services is very great in the Marseille area, especially the activity of Giraud's independant service. It is watched by infiltrated agents and by monitoring their radio transmissions. With the arrest of the members of a radio organization sponsored by Giraud and the Americans, we were able to uncover the Riviera - Corsica liaisons with North Africa and Switzerland. The Algiers - Riviera liaison is to be accomplished by Generals M. and C. d'I. According to certain rumors, these generals are still in North Africa.

The reader will find in chapter V a detailed account on the work of the French Intelligence Services in Marseille, and will notice that:

1. It was a fact that the German counterintelligence had successfully infiltrated double agents in the French nets, and that: 2. In March 1944, they still had understood absolutely nothing about the organization of the resistance in that area. The preceding paragraph is particularly interesting. It is evident, that an arrested patriot had tricked the Germans with his "confession," and had led them toward an unlimited number of false trails. General M., who was then only a colonel, had been arrested several months before by the Germans and they seemed to have forgotten it. General C. d'I. did not exist.

#### OPERATIONS AGAINST THE TERRORISTS

##### 1. General situation:

One hundred twenty-six expeditions were conducted against

camps.

2. Dordogne and Correze departments.

a. Synthesis from the Stulpnagel Hq.

A large scale operation has pacified the terrorized areas of Perigueux, Brive and Bergerac.

Seventy-five camps and 35 houses have been destroyed. One hundred and sixty-six terrorists were killed, 208 were arrested and executed, large quantities of weapons, munition, automobiles, equipment were seized.

In reprisals for the civilian population's manifestations, of sympathy toward the terrorists the Village of Rouffiniac, near Perigueux, was burned down. The operation is not over. Our losses amount to 9 killed, 1 wounded, 2 missing.

b. Special report of the German police.

...in the Dordogne department the terrorist bands activities are more and more intensified.

First, let us note that the total number of camps attacked is the same as the partial number concerning the Dordogne department: seventy-five. It is obvious, on one hand, that the Germans considered as terrorists the murdered women, children, and old people (if we did not know, it before we can guess it through the lines of this short document), and on the other hand, they minimized systematically their casualties, a fact which I will prove later.

The contradictions between the Stulpnagel Headquarters and the police could perhaps be explained. But what can we think of a staff analysis in which we can read, at a few lines interval, "area pacified" and "operation not terminated." Isn't that really the language of a childish or idiotic colossus?

In any case, the operations were just starting. The German police report for the month of April 1944 (Eleuthere document #480) indicated that they had extended operations to the Haute-Vienne department, and that some other operations were starting in the Ardeche, Isere, Drome, and Allier departments. They were to end only with the flight of the German murderers.

As to the character of these operations, it was very faithfully explained by the Germans' accomplices. Bulletin No. 6 of the Vichy "Law Enforcement Agency," dated April 23, 1944, was seized by the Eleuthere net, and numbered as document # 525, transmitted to London and to the French Intelligence Service on May 30. Here are a few extracts:

c. Report of the Vichy "Law Enforcement Agency."

The number of executions following trials by the German authorities seems to be increasing. The number given for the second ten-day period of March is 200 shot by firing squad.

According to the Stulpnagel Headquarters, the number was 153 for the whole month. (See above).

...The operations against the maquis and its supporters have been carried out by occupation troops, in the entire southern zone through multiple local actions which in no way could have been anticipated by the enemy except in the case of one large scale operation conducted in the Dordogne department. In the Ardeche, Isere, Drome, Savoie, Haute-Savoie,

and Allier departments, the occupation troops conducted small local operations against hamlets and villages, each of these missions resulting in the execution of 4 to 5 persons per village for complicity with the maquis. In almost all cases we found dead bodies which were impossible to identify... In the Drome department, the Montelimar and Grignan areas were particularly affected. In most cases, the occupation troops operated following denunciations and went directly to the suspects' houses, after having beforehand, immobilized the French gendarmerie. The Dordogne department was closed to vehicular traffic, even though the order was strictly enforced only to the north of Perigueux (Thiviers, Terrasson). For the last three weeks, Georgian Russians commanded by S.S. officers have been conducting a systematic mopping up of that area and of the Bergerac district. They engaged in battle a certain number of maquis, generally without decisive success, but they relentlessly hammered on the villages' population. Almost everywhere, they rounded up the men to check their identification papers. Those who were not cleared, or who had been denounced as maquis supporters (even if it had been against their will) were either arrested or mutilated (noses or ears cut off as in the Terrasson district), or executed (5 to 15 men per rural community). Many houses and most of the stores were ransacked.

It should be noted that these denunciations were directly brought about by maquis fighters who visited their sympathizers without taking any precaution. Thus, they are responsible for their deaths. Strict orders of prudence in their relations with the civilian population must be given to them for the latter's safety (Sic).

Large concentrations of occupation troops are reported in the Correze department, in the Isere department and in the Vercors area.

On March 6, the city of Limoges was completely isolated from the outside, and both the French and German police conducted searches of persons, and houses, to verify identity



papers. Seventy-five arrests were made.

Similar scale operations are announced for Lyon at the end of this month. It is probable that these operations will extend to all the big population centers.

3. Haute-Savoie department:

a. Analysis of the Stulpnagel Headquarters.

...Continuing an operation started by the French police and the militia, German forces, including the 157th Reserve Mountain Division, belonging to the reserves of the Western Theater of Operations Military High Command, have mopped up the mountainous plateau of Les Glieres near Annecy, and the neighboring valleys. Between March 27 and 31st, 54 terrorists were killed and 263 were taken prisoner; 95 of them by the French police. The following material was seized: 1 heavy machinegun; 9 light machineguns; 1,011 sub-machineguns; 722 rifles; 160 pistols; 2 anti-tank rifles; and a large quantity of ammunition. Our casualties amounted to 14 dead.

b. Special report of the German police.

The police operation against the Haute-Savoie terrorists could not be completed due to the condition of the snow... A unit of the French Mobile Republican Guards was attacked by terrorists on March 15, at Entrement: 2 were killed on each side, including the Guards commander and the terrorist leader; but 60 guards either surrendered or deserted, and left with the terrorists. The Sicherheitsdienst's investigations are not yet completed.

The operations were not completed either. The 157th Division was well "pinned down." The following report of the German police (above mentioned Eleuthere document # 480) will indicate that in April the action spread all the way to the outskirts of the Geneva Lake and into the Jura department. It was to end in the same manner as the operation in southern France.

#### IV. MISCELLANEOUS.

Nimes area. The 53rd Waffen S.S. attacked three terrorist camps and their supply centers. Three terrorists were killed in action and 16 were hanged at the outskirts of town.

Le Creusot and Montchanin areas. Forty-nine terrorists, including a district leader, were arrested.

Dijon area. In Magdalena, a joint action by the army, the Sicherheitsdienst and the feld-gendarmerie resulted in the capture of a camp. Twelve terrorists were shot, 4 farms burned down, 3 automobiles and some ammunition seized.

In the Drome department, a maquis camp was burned down. Great quantities of arms, ammunition, and important F.F.E. documents, including orders for D-Day, were seized.

Tarn-et-Garonne department. Joint action by the army, the Sicherheitsdienst and the feld-gendarmerie against a maquis camp resulted in 10 terrorists shot and 3 farms burned down. During the exchange of fire with a group trying to hide some new parachuted equipment, there was one killed on each side.

One vehicle and numerous containers were seized.

Clermont-Ferrand area. Thirty-seven terrorists were arrested and one was killed.

In the town of Clermont, 183 persons were arrested in reprisal for an attack on March 8 against a marching company, during which, 37 soldiers had been wounded, some of them quite critically. Quick application of military justice against 50 enemies of the Reich was taken and sentences were executed.

Intensive police action was taken against seven terrorists camps newly discovered in the area.

This listing is very incomplete like the others. The Lyon F.F.I. district alone, in its immediate action report for the month of March (above mentioned Eleuthere document #491), mentions in addition to the Haute-Savoie large scale operation, about ten other operations of some importance. These operations, and a particularly successful train derailment, cost the Germans approximately 100 lives and the French fighters 80. It was difficult to evaluate the number of murdered civilians. It was certainly much higher. On March 3, the population of a hamlet was completely exterminated because the Bir Hakeim maquis, from the La Bastide caves (Ardeche department), had stopped there for a few hours. On March 6, the Germans fired on the civilian population at Font-d'Arc.

5. Conclusion of the Stulpnagel Headquarters analysis. The population, when it is not contaminated by communism, considers the German action as a relief from harmful pressure.

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(1) Compliments from the author to this ultra-modern maquis.

The use of volunteer battalions from Eastern Europe (Russians) has proved to be ineffective. These troops easily evade their commanders' control during the house searches, and set the population against the German troops by their violence, their cruelty, their senseless burning, as well as their plundering.

This is no longer the language of an idiot, but that of a completely insane person. In listing the facts, only one reaction of the civilian population was reported, and this was a manifestation of sympathy for the Resistance (In Rouffiniac). Yet, in the concluding paragraph, they attributed to the population entirely opposite feelings.

They have admitted slaughters and fires. However, they looked with disgust upon the Russian mercenaries who did the same thing.

We recognize right there the fit of madness and the criminal outburst of the defied tyrant. We glimpse at the bottom of that muddy and putrid abyss, which is unfathomable for us, the soul of the victorious Boche. But to fully understand it, there should not exist an antagonism of so many centuries between them and us.

#### V. SABOTAGES.

- Sabotage against the railway network is constantly increasing. In the Limoges Transportation Command area, the terrorists do not only unscrew the rail sections; they stop the train in open country, force the passengers and the personnel out, and blow up the locomotive or else they direct the train, without its engineer toward a track which has been previously dynamited...

Many canal lock-gates are now being attacked in northern France. The sabotage of the Tulle power plant by explosives has brought to an end the manufacturing of ammunition which is extremely important to the German war machine.

## LIST OF SABOTAGE CARRIED OUT DURING THE MONTH OF MARCH

NATURE	Northern Zone	Southern Zone	REMARKS
Sabotages against railroad	114	211	Sabotage is increasing compared to February (a total of 205).  They are mainly aimed at power plants, factories producing air-plane gears, bauxite, gun-powder, and high-voltage towers.
Sabotages against transmission Cables	29	13	
Attacks against members or installations of the Wehrmacht	64	44	
Incendiary sabotage	109	14	
Attacks against power plants	49	94	
Sabotages in factories	58	82	
Theft of weapons and explosives	17	21	
Resulting German casualties	) 60 dead ) 2 missing ) 76 wounded	15 dead 8 missing 91 wounded	
French police and militia casualties	) 30 dead ) 50 wounded		
Casualties among Pro-German foreigners and members of the French judiciary	) 176 dead ) 111 wounded		
Other French casualties	) 40 dead ) 114 wounded		

For once, we may recognize that the German figure pertaining to the railroad sabotage is correct, within an error of ten, which could be a typographical error. Eleuthere always checked them by obtaining the "List of Malicious Acts" established by the S.N.C.F. (French National Railroad System), (document # 448).

The average was ten attacks per day. The record for March was made on the 8th: 23 attacks. I am giving below an extract from the S.N.C.F. document to bring back to a few comrades the memory of those nights when we led a double life. And also, I am doing this to somehow explain the number of casualties admitted by the Germans.

March 7 1944

Creil-Pontoise, between Persan-B.  
and Boran (North)  
Nancy-Ville Longuyon, between  
Fiquelmont & Gondrecourt (East)  
Annecy-Albertville, between Ugine  
and Marthod (S.E.)  
Lyon-La Voulte-Nimes, between  
Soyona and St. Peray (S.E.)  
Vesoul-Lyon-Arbois (N-E)  
Paris-Toulouse-Betivaux (S-W)

Paris-Marseille, between Bedarrides  
and Sorgues (S-E)  
Creil-Beauvais, between Montataire  
and Carmoisy (N.)  
Limoges-Ussel, between Beynat-  
Ambrugeat & Jassonoix (S.W.)  
Limoges-Angoulême, between  
St. Victournien & Verneuil (S-W)

Paris-Marseille-St. Fons (S-E)

Several rails were found unbolted.  
The locomotive and two cars of a train were derailed.  
Following an explosion, a rail was cut for a length of 50-cm.  
Explosion while a train was passing the tracks were cut along 1.50-m.  
Armed men cut telephone cables. Telephone cables were cut, a HLP locomotive was stopped by armed men and was sent adrift. Ten 37-mm. shells were found on the tracks.  
The locomotive and seven cars of a train were derailed.  
Train was stopped by armed men and sent adrift.  
The rails had been cut and the whole train fell into a ravine. Train was stopped by armed men, four cars were sent adrift towards Limoges. Rails were cut along 1.50-m. by explosion.

Track No. 1 was cut by explosion.

March 8 1944

Laroche-Nevers, between Laroche  
& Bonnard-Bassou (S-E)

The locomotive and 16 cars  
of a train were derailed.

March 7 1944

Castelnaudary-Rodez, between La  
Garric and Carmaux (S-W)  
Paris-Boulogne, between Pt. Remy  
and Longpre-les-Corps Saints (N)

Seven cars of a train were  
derailed.  
Rails were unbolted and the  
locomotive, the tender, 10  
coaches, and 3 cars of the train  
were derailed.

March 8 1944

Eygurande-Zerlines-Brive, between  
Ussel and Aix-la-Marsalcuse (S-W)  
Limoges-Perigueux, between Malaveix  
and Thiviers (S-W)

Derailed 11 cars of a  
train.  
Derailed 20 cars of a  
train was caused by explosion.

Amiens-Boulogne, between Abbeville  
and Noyelles (N)  
Paris-Boulogne, J.M. 133-335, on  
the Somme River bridge (N.)  
Amiens-Rouen, between Nampa and  
Fanechon (N)  
Paris-Maubeuge-Longueil-Annel (N)

Two unexploded mines were  
discovered on track # 1.  
Explosion at the passage of  
a train.  
Derailed the locomotive  
of a train.  
An explosive device was dis-  
covered on track # 1.  
Derailed four coaches of  
a train.  
Derailed of a train.

Livron-Briancon-Allex-Grace (S-E)

Chalon-Dole, between Chaussin and  
Neublans-Petit-Noir (S-E)  
Dijon-Bourg, between Ste-Croix and  
Fontenard (S-E)  
St. Jean-de-Losne-Lons-le-Saunier,  
between Pleuret and Chaussin (S-E)  
Paris-Marseille, between Laroche  
and St. Julien-du-Sault (S-E)  
Sens-Rovigny, between St. Savinien  
and Malay-le-G. (E)  
Paris-Marseille, between station  
# 4 of Valence and km 620,000 (S-E)  
Paris-le-Treport, between Blanguy-  
sur Breale and Longroy-Canaches (N)  
St. Pol - Bully - Grenay - Hensin -  
Coupigny (N.)

An unbolted rail was found on  
track # 1.  
Derailed of a train.

Derailed of the locomotive  
and 12 cars of a train.  
Derailed of the locomotive  
and 6 cars of a train.  
Unexploded devices were found.

Derailed of the locomotive  
and two cars of a train.  
Three cars loaded with hay  
burned down.

Perigueux-Agen, between Les  
Versannes and La Gelie (S&O Dept)  
Lille-Valenciennes, between  
Templeuve and Fretin (N)  
Paris-Toulouse, between La  
Souterraine and Fromental (S-W)  
Charleville-Givet, between Haybes  
and Vireux (E)

Paris-Brest, between Tregon and  
Plouaret (W)  
Rennes-Redon, between Grichen-  
Bourg and Flechatel (W)  
Lyon - La Voulte-Nîmes, between  
Sarras and Arras (S-E)

March 9 1944

Gray-Chalon, between Allerey  
and Ecuelles (S-E)  
Brives-Capdenac, between Mon-  
valent and Rocamadour (S-E)  
Paris-Marseille, between Valance  
and Portes (S-W)  
Paris-Marseille, near Tonnerre  
(S-E)  
Paris-Maubeuge, between Rieux-  
Augicourt & Pont-St. M (N)

Creil-Epluches, between Borrain  
and Precy (N)

Dijon-Bourg, between Louhans and  
Brauaillles (S-E)

March 10 1944

Lyon-Grenoble, between Moirans  
and Voreppe (S-E)

Paris-Marseille, between Tournus  
and Uchizy (S-E)

Toulouse-Capdenac-Tessonnières  
(Rail depot) (S-W)

Derailment of seven cars of  
a train.

Derailment of the locomotive  
and of two cars of a train.

Derailment of a locomotive and  
seven cars.

Explosions in an underground  
passageway, track number 2  
was cut, and a supporting wall  
cracked.

Derailment of the locomotive  
and two cars of a train.

Derailment of a locomotive and  
14 cars.

Explosion at the passage of a  
HLP Locomotive, track number 2  
cut.

Rail unbolted.

Derailment of 4 cars of a train.

An unexploded device was found  
on track number 2.

Stockpile of hay and straw have  
been destroyed by fire.

Unbolted rail, derailment of the  
locomotive and of six cars of a  
train.

Rail unbolted, derailment of the  
locomotive and of 16 cars of a  
train.

Derailment of the locomotive  
and of 12 cars of a train.

Rail unbolted, derailment of the  
locomotive and four cars of a  
train.

Rail unbolted, derailment of the  
locomotive and 12 cars of a  
train.

Six locomotives damaged by an  
explosion.



Calais-Boulogne (N)

Tulle-Ussel, between Neymac  
and Maussac (S-W)  
Le Teil-Ales-St. Julien-les-  
Fumades (S-E)  
Le Martinet-St. Julien-Les  
Fumades, at Km. 8,100 (S-E)

Valenciennes-Blan-Misseron,  
between Onnaing and St.  
Saulve (N)

St. Pol-Bully-Grenay, between  
Houfain and Bruay (N)  
Paris-Bordeaux, between Ligué  
and St. Benoit (S-W)  
Lille-Valenciennes-Orchies  
(Rail depot) (N)

Locomotive of a train damaged by  
an explosion.

Single-track line cut by an ex-  
plosion.

An explosive device was found at  
447.900-km.

Two explosions heard, but the  
train kept on going without inci-  
dent.

Derailment of the locomotive of a  
train.

Explosion and rail cut along 50-cm.

Derailment of the locomotive and  
of 15 cars of a train.

Two locomotives damaged by explo-  
sions.

We see that, in most of the cases, this sabotage was serious and not simple manifestations of ill-will against the occupation. Furthermore, the German trains, the destination, and schedule, both were easy to find, were of course the principal aim. Therefore it is certain that there has been more than 75 Germans killed in March. They certainly were not immune. On March 2nd, in Fleurville (Saone and Loire department) 20 German bodies were counted, lying dead beside a derailed train.

The readers who are veterans of the war must have undoubtedly been surprised by the German casualty report concerning the Clermont-Ferrand attack: 37 wounded and no one dead! This would have been a miracle.

We know what to think about their account of the operations against the maquis.

The III Reich's general propaganda impudently minimized the casualties of the German Armies and population. Still, we don't cover up when applied in top secret documents. Did the German police fear being accused of not

doing its job, if the truth was exposed?

But there are many other things which we will never understand about our Eastern neighbors.

#### VI AIR OPERATIONS

It is only fair to mention the air operations about which we know that generally their extensiveness was due to the cooperation between the Allied Air Forces and the Resistance. I am summarizing the analysis of the Stulpnagel HQ.

- The great increase in air activities, especially against railroad installations, marshaling yards, and airports.
- The violent and systematically repeated attacks against the marshaling yards in north western France have caused great losses of men and equipment. There is severe damage to locomotives: 344 in the north-west, 50 in Amiens and Petit-Therain, 59 in Le Mans, 83 in Hirson, 35 in Trappes, etc...
- One thousand railroad cars have been destroyed in Chelles, and almost as many in Amiens and Petit-Therain...
- Fifty-five airports have been attacked, and those of Chartres, Chateaudun, Biarritz, Cazaux, Merignac, Tours, and Courcy are out of commission for some time.
- The harbor of Toulon has been severely hit.
- The armament factories of Albert and B.M.W., the aviation factories of Les Mureaux, Melun (Messerschmidt), and Chateauroux have been greatly damaged - the Nadella ball-bearing factory, near St. Etienne is destroyed - the Michelin factory in Clermont is 40% destroyed - in Le Mans, the arsenal has been burned down

- the Renault workshops have been heavily damaged - an engine factory in Lyon suffered great damages - the powder factories in Bergerac and Fleac were severely hit, and the one in St. Medar was attacked.

#### VII AIR DROPS AND RADIO TRANSMISSIONS

Supply drops to agents have reached a record of 300 flights in March.

- The number of radio transmitters has increased again. The rate of word groups transmitted by the enemy agent radio sets has increased several times as compared to the February rate.
  - Obviously, the objective of the increased enemy activity is to prepare and equip the Resistance Movement and its spy nets in the event of an invasion.
  - Several thousand containers, full of weapons and English sabotage equipment have been seized. Up to now, we have not found any signs pointing to a particular major effort.
  - On February 24, during the meeting of the Oberkommando West W.F.R., (German Army Headquarters), for Western France, it was decided that in case of invasion all radios would be confiscated from the civilian population, by whatever means the Kreis - and Feld-Kommandanturen judged necessary to accomplish this task.
- The necessary orders have been established in advance.

#### VIII WORKER STRIKES

- In Paris, a few short strikes, and only one for a political reason.

Let us salute these men animated by a courage rarely encountered at that time. Indeed as one must admit and regret, there were not many

strikes in France between 1940 and 1944.

### III

#### POSITIVE RESULTS OBTAINED BY THE FRENCH RESISTANCE DURING MARCH 1944

While continuing to refer to the same enemy documents, even if I have to comment and discuss them when necessary, I would like to try and determine the results of the efforts and the sacrifices mentioned previously. Some of them are unquestionable. Others can be questioned. Let us begin by examining the first ones.

#### I STRENGTH:

As early as March 1944, the French Resistance was neutralizing important German forces, while Germany was in the midst of a manpower crisis. The first part of the Stulpnagel HQ. report (above-mentioned Eleuthere document # 496) confessed it readily.

- 1. Concerning the organization and the employment of security troops (Sicherheitstruppen).
- The first regiment of mobile troops (Schnellen Verband) has been formed with two battalions and a reconnaissance detachment, without supporting artillery and without the anti-tank company. The organization of other units is planned but they are not yet operational, due to lack of equipment and personnel. However, this is absolutely essential because large areas have been emptied of troops.

Of 7 security battalions being organized, only 3 are ready.

There is a severe shortage of heavy weapons. One battalion has been assigned to the 7th Army, one to the Generalkommando IVX, and the third one will be assigned soon.

Seven battalions have been borrowed from the security forces of the Supreme Military Headquarters in France, to be assigned to the special security forces of the various Armies. The 7 remaining Landesschutz (Territorial Defense) battalions (the 503rd Battalion having been sent to the South-East) cannot be used as security troops since they are involved in the guarding of 37,000 colored prisoners.

- The 5th and 95th Security Regiments have reverted to the control of the Supreme Military Headquarters in France and are used to protect the vital Lyon-Dijon-Avignon railway line, and the Paris area railways. The increase in locomotive sabotages has forced us to keep under military guard a great number of locomotive depots (66 at the present time). The guards of the largest armament factories have been reinforced.

- Thus, all the guard forces available are committed. The protection of other objectives will only be possible by the assignment of new security forces.

One can not over emphasize the importance of this fact, and one understands why it was the first subject mentioned in the report to Stulpnagel. According to his Staff it was a force numbering at least 5 Divisions that was insufficient to guard the railroads and the vital spots. If we add to this the units committed against the maquis, as

mentioned earlier (157th Mountain Division in Haute-Savoie area, S.S. units, volunteers from Russia and Feldgendarmerie dispersed everywhere in the Center and in the South), the total is about ten Divisions. This does not include the numerous personnel of the Services that were neutralized by the French Resistance as early as March 1944.

To give the reader an idea of the number involved, let us recall that in 1939 the French Army had deployed 100 Divisions against Germany.

## II TRANSPORTATION

- Railroads. - An acute transportation crises has been created by destruction of the railroad network, of eight important marshaling yards, and of several hundred locomotives. Nine hundred trains have been damaged. On March 7, we had to stop all transportation of material for fourteen days. The industrial requirements are 170,000 cars a week, but we could only furnish 110,000 cars last week, and we will only furnish 40,000 cars a week, in the following weeks. Result: the transportation of coal greatly reduced, - only a small part of the necessary transportation required for transporting food supplies and to save the 1944 crop will be provided. Should this present state of affairs continue, it would mean the complete stoppage of the armament and lumber industries, as well as all the war industry in France.

- Despite this situation, the Wermacht transportation needs

have increased, and 65,000 cars had to be placed at its disposal instead of 50,000, in order to offset last week's delays.

- It is imperative that the Reichswehr stop its less important shipments and make available to us a certain number of locomotives and cars, in order to clear out the marshaling yards and to open up the traffic.

- Road Transportation. - The fact that, in the Greater Paris area, only 6% of the trucks have been found serviceable for the Army, shows how bad the situation is. The three critical areas are: tires; (after the Dunlop and Michelin bombings), lubricants, and the lumber supply... The requisitions by Sauckel of Civilian Transportation supervisors and specialists poses a grave threat...

A German police report adds a few significant details:

- ...Two hundred locomotives in need of repair were brought from Germany and will be used in France after they are overhauled. The transportation of merchandises is interrupted until April 10 (March 21 according to Stulpnagel HQ.)... The Paris-Chalon-sur-Marne traffic has been completely interrupted for five or six days. Shipments from the Reich have stopped... The St. Etienne-Le Puy line was cut for two days. The traffic has been stopped in St. Quentin on the Paris-Liege line...traffic interrupted in Trappes... the train station at Le Mans is out of service for several

weeks...the traffic has been interrupted from Hirson to Busigny, Laon, Aulnoye and Liard twice this month...the Marseille-Vintimille traffic is interrupted, etc..., etc....

This transportation paralysis was even more important than the immobilizing of the German troops. It was a "sine qua non" condition for the landing as Eisenhower wrote (see Volume I, chapter 5, part 2), and it was well on the way to realization in March.

### III THE INDUSTRY.

- Important orders have been placed with the French industry which has furnished an important and increasing assistance to the Reich. The overall situation is dominated by the transportation difficulties. In spite of the priority given to coal deliveries, the quantities are not sufficient to operate the factories. At the end of March, the chemical and glass factories had to close. The stoppage in the transportation is going to cause a reduction of at least one third of the production. The supply of mining timbers for the coastal front lines is threatened, even though no other timber delivery is authorized. The disbandment of the Youth Camps is aggravating the trouble.
- The critical coal situation and the sabotages of the high voltage lines, resulted in more electricity restrictions in the Greater Paris area.

### IV FOOD SUPPLY - AGRICULTURE

- The food supply is scarce in the big cities. Only 60% of



the normal rations of fats (butter, oil, etc...) could be distributed; the butter deliveries were reduced because of the cold and dry spring; only non-fat cheese could be distributed; the planned margarine program was not fulfilled for lack of coal; the supply of beef fat has dropped.

- The 120 grams (approx. 4 ounces) weekly meat rations were not available everywhere.
- Potato deliveries to the civilians and even to the kitchens of the Rue factories had to be stopped to fulfill the needs of the Army.
- Cereal deliveries by the farmers have been sufficient, but the transportation crisis renders the situation extremely difficult in the big centers.

Up to April 1st 1944, French deliveries for the supply of the Army have been as follows:

- 494,000 tons of wheat (bread)
- 439,000 tons of oats
- 115,000 tons of meat
- 324,000 tons of potatoes
- 13,000 tons of fats
- 6,000 tons of cheese
- 287,000 tons of hay
- 215,000 tons of straw
- 81,000 tons of vegetables

The number of Wehrmacht members that were fed exceeded 500,000, on April 1st 1944. The Army deliveries, which were maintained in quantity, have certainly decreased in quality.

We cannot say, from any point of view, that this chapter on food supply was an aspect of the French Resistance. No more so was the chapter on the strikes, or rather the strike.

#### V EFFECT ON GERMAN MORAL

I have quoted the essential parts of the reports that Stulpnagel had on his desk in April 1944. They were incomplete. They made concessions to propaganda, and to the bragging and justification of each writer. Service. For example, in an additional report document #480, the Orleans police did not hesitate to announce that the Resistance was "crushed," - the Montpellier police stated that "the Secret Army had only a few members left."

Propaganda might perhaps increase the strength of a nation, in a state of euphoria resulting from victory, but it is a dangerous thing just like any illusion. When exaggerated, it becomes as harmful to the individual as an overdose of stimulant. The official truth was not sufficient to create a feeling of security among officers and soldiers. They sensed the hostility of a population from which the only people they knew and came in contact with were the rabble or so-called aristocracy. They felt that everywhere they went they were shadowed, watched, spied upon, and trapped

in a net of hatred ready to close on them at the first sign of weakness. In France, as soon as they reached the point when they did not feel protected, anymore, the rear troops, terrorized by the maquis, even though inferior to them in number and arms, had only one idea in mind: look for regular soldiers and surrender. Fighting units did the same thing, such as the 18,000 men of General Elster, who could have easily crossed France, perhaps not with rifles on the sling, but definitely with their machine guns ready to fire. They turned round and round in the center of France, and stopped as if fascinated on the banks of the Cher river. The commanding general surrendered his men to Colonel B. of the Resistance Army Organization, a leader of courageous men, but very few in numbers.

Everyone knows about this, and even our Allies were willing to proclaim that the resistance gave an appreciable contribution to the common victory. I believe that Eisenhower valued at 20 divisions the support given by the F. F. I. But one should explain it further by saying: 20 divisions deployed beforehand behind the enemy. (1)

#### IV

##### PROBABLE RESULTS ACHIEVED BY THE RESISTANCE

This is not all. There was another contribution, less visible, less

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(1) The Eisenhower report, which I read after writing this chapter, states: "Our Headquarters estimated that the F.F.I. support during our campaign was equivalent to that of 15 Divisions. The great support they gave us in helping to accelerate our advance across France has confirmed this fact."

definite, unmeasurable by nature, but which was perhaps, more important and yet nobody has mentioned it. The French Resistance undermined, sapped, and destroyed the confidence and will-power of some of the most important German military leaders in France. It defeated them psychologically, and in some cases, this was enough to defeat them later on the battlefield, without fighting. Otherwise, how could we explain, for example, the Sologne surrender, even if we grant that there is some intelligence which we never got and may never have (since it is now on the other side of the Atlantic). Nor can General Von Choltitz's attitude in Paris be explained.

I think I understand how the idea of defeat began and grew in Choltitz's mind. It is possible that I may be carried away by my imagination as I go along, but I doubt it seriously.

Just for once let us leave the solid ground of facts.

We are all familiar with that monocled ruddy, short and stocky type of man. He was not a Nazi, but a Junker. That is, regardless of what one may think, he was a soldier. He did not chose a military career for the purpose of surrendering, one day without a battle, a conquered capital which he had been ordered to defend at all cost. He was not an anteroom or desk officer. He had won several promotions on the front lines, in Russia, before suffering a half-defeat in front of St. Lo. This caused him to be transfered in semi-disgrace to Paris.

When he arrived in Paris he inquired about the general situation which he knew partially. France was stirring. This was a surprise, for this

front line officer. Probably his first reaction was to tell the chiefs of the various police agencies: "You are going to take care of this matter, right away." Then the various German documents previously mentioned were summarized for him.

The repression? It was going fine. Ten thousand arrests per month. Thousands of executions. One could hardly do better.

"Good," said Choltitz. "Consequently, everything is going to return to normal."

An embarrassed silence followed. The attitude of his subordinates became reticent. After all they could not let the chief believe that this mission was an easy one, and almost completed. It would be asking for trouble. Somebody probably volunteered:

"Of course, General, this does not mean that we should not be diligent about the matter. It is not over yet..."

Choltitz looked closer at the reports, and asked for comments. He could not avoid noticing that the increasing number of arrests did not reduce the number of sabotage, attacks, and skirmishes. On the contrary! The constant and striking victories of the combined Army, Feld-gendarmerie and S.S. operations had not prevented the expansion of the unsafe area (twilight zone) from month to month. On the contrary, it looked as if the German violence had unleashed the French fury. There was something terribly impressive in these endless lists of terrorists. One could find side by side Jesuits and Communists, steel workers and lawyers, officers and women. It seemed that for each man shot, there were ten new candidates for martyrdom.

One conclusion was obvious: the repression was a complete failure. It was ineffective, and something else had to be done. But what? How about this Vichy government, these collaborationist parties which made so much noise, could they be of any use? Undoubtedly the following answer was given to the commander.

From Bickler, or some other S.S. Colonel (minutes of the conference of desk officers, section VI, Reichssicherheitshauptamt):

- Vichy is the world's most unpopular government.

From the Staff, (Report of the Stuppnagel H.Q., above-mentioned Eleuthere document # 496).

- The collaborationist parties have very little importance and influence.

The following figures, which they gave themselves, are so exaggerated that it is difficult to determine their actual strength:

French Popular Party (Right wing political party)	15 to 18,000 members
Francism (Petain Ideological and Political Movement)	10 to 12,000 members
National Popular Movement (Right wing Political party)	6 to 7,000 members
Collaborationist Party	2,000 members

The other groups are quite insignificant.

The strongest and most active element fighting against terrorism and communism is Darnand's Milice which is composed

of 10,000 "activists." As a law enforcement agency, the Milice seems to gain strength.

They had the respect of certain segments of the population, but certainly not their sympathy.

From the S.S. Supreme Fuhrer and the Police Chief, in the territory of the Militärbefehlshaber in France (report signed: "by order: Knochen" and seized by Eleuthere and dispatched as document # 445 to London on May 3rd and to the French Intelligence Service on May 2nd.)

In case of emergency, we must realize that today, less than ever before, we cannot expect assistance in any way from the French police for the protection of German interests. On the contrary, it is to be feared that the French police will take advantage of an allied operation against the continent to attack the occupation troops in the back, directly or indirectly. They have contributed in the fight against the Communist enemy, but this activity has decreased since the Communists have identified their struggle with the national cause...

The distrust had reached such a point that a whole series of orders, prepared in advance and ready to be issued specified: the disarming of the uniform, the plain-clothes police; the Gendarmerie, and the traffic police; the assignment to Fort de Montrouge of a German officer who was to "command" Gendarmerie General Guilbert, etc., (copies sent by Eleuthere to London on June 17 as a part of document #578).

"The whole French nation is involved then," thought Choltitz, "and

not, as I believed when I was in my front line H.Q., just the Communists, the Jews and the Freemasons, whom we crushed so easily in our own country."

Yes, it was all of France.

- All over France blows wind of madness which could provoke a manifestation of collective hysteria, like during the time of the Saint-Barthelemy Night or the Great Revolution. (Statement made to conference of the Section VI Desk Officers, already mentioned above).

The Great Revolution? In a Junker's mind, these words could only cause a feverish complex of horror, disgust, and fear. It bore no resemblance whatsoever to the "cool and gay" war which he knew, which he liked, and for which he was trained. These were unworthy and incomprehensible adversaries. Scum who shoot you in the back, who poison and murder even when they are the weakest, and should respect the rules of war. Vile and fanaticized mobs which cannot be controlled, which hurl themselves towards you defying all rules of military art, and which have to be annihilated in never-to-be forgotten pools of blood! Carnage with no glory. The work of Nazis. Implacable hatreds: The mob, and this hatred, which in the end always managed to win, as did Nazism in Germany. What bitter memories for an Imperial Army officer. Humiliating retaliations, insults, public degradation, and women who slapped you and threw stones at you. It was one thousand times worst than the firing squads, when one could at least choose his attitude - the guillotine where one was sheltered from the mob - and tumbrils where one could stand up straight, out of reach of the spitting mob.



But...are they sufficiently armed?" asked Choltitz.

He was given a figure of dropped containers and of weapons caches of the former Armistice Army. For each one seized, how many remained hidden? Sure, the Secret Army complained that the Interallied Headquarters did not fulfill its obligations concerning the air drops. But assurances had been given of a "torrential" arm drop on D-day, and it was known that plans had been prepared for mass suicidal actions in order to capture the police and even the German Army depots. (Eleuthere document # 496).

"My God. Those people are crazy," declared Choltitz. "They can't conduct guerrilla warfare in the area of the tanks especially in a country where there is at least one good road in every square kilometer."

Let us admit that the opposite concept was a little confusing for a military officer who was used to dealing with a war problem as an economist would a business project, to finally end up with the conclusion: "Good deal," "Too expensive," or "Catastrophic."

There was undoubtedly a subordinate officer, conscious of his responsibilities who replied:

"Their plans are quite realistic, and their leaders are 'sachvertandige Leute' (efficient men)."

"Their plans?" exclaimed Choltitz, "You're telling me that they know what they want, these anarchist Frenchmen who are unable to organize themselves? Impossible!"

They could not let the Paris Commander remain unaware of the great synthesis called "Organization and plans of the Resistance Movements"

which had been prepared by the Staff of the Militärbefehlshaber in France. It was given to Choltitz.

The Eleuthere net had intercepted and transmitted a copy of this synthesis to London under message No. 443 on May 3rd 1944, dispatched to the French Intelligence Service on May 2nd. The exact date when this document was written was not mentioned on the stolen copy, and could never be established.

Let us look at the five typewritten pages of this top-secret document. Together with General von Choltitz.

I. MISSIONS:

- 1. Preparation and organization of the D-day uprising, as an essential preliminary condition for national liberation and rehabilitation.
- 2. For the French people, D-day means the critical moment at which time the occupying forces are to be ousted, the Vichy government overthrown, and the power seized by the Resistance Movement. They anticipate that this period will last a certain length of time, and it could start on different dates, depending on circumstances. This will depend on military action (see paragraph IV) which will be triggered by the Allied H.Q.

II MEANS:

- 1. The German defensive system and the French administrative system will be paralyzed.
- 2. The Pro-Vichy civil servants will be immediately removed and replaced by members of the Resistance Movement.

- 3. All traitors will be tried by Special courts.
- 4. The provisional government, de Gaulle will be supported by important mass demonstrations that will give him a democratic and popular base...

III MILITARY ACTION:

- Its execution is the responsibility of the F.F.I. Secret Army (sic) according to a plan established in cooperation with the Allied General Staff; battle of the rears...

"Donnerwetter!" swore Choltitz, "What confidence they have! Army! General Staff! Battle of the rears! This is not the language of a lieutenant, not even of an army colonel on reduced pay status. Battle of the rears, indeed!"

This is something rational, a "basis of truth" - as one says - in the belief that certain words have power in themselves. They are not magic words, but they contain an inherent strength. They are key-words. Words which are so accurate that they can transport one instantly to the core of a difficult problem, and which at the same time are so explicit that they can make one realize immediately all the consequences. "Battle of the rears" is one of these words. This is remarkably "meaningful" to a military mind.

At the origin of almost all lost battles, there is an outflanking, an outline of an encirclement, a simple turning movement, or a wedge in the rear. Sometimes, Napoleon, improving this pattern, moved his very mobile army along the enemy communication lines. Then the war was over. Such an eventuality is not conceivable now with the gigantic front lines, and National Armies stretching from sea to border. These armies have

become too heavy to turn around and fight their battle facing Reserved front lines, as in the past. Wouldn't a national insurrection cause the rebirth of a situation so perfectly improbable and catastrophic? All this, and also many other things, are included in these words "Battle of the rears," and they are truly surprising and terrifying when joined unexpectedly. The only threat considered as being possible to the rear lines in 1944, was an airborne Division capable of conducting a simple, limited, combat operation. This word "battle" gave the idea of considerable action with important results. Why not? When you think about it. It was really something to be frightened about, especially after the Saint-Lo defeat.

"It's really true that there will be 40 million of them on our backs, these pigs!" thought Choltitz.

He kept on reading.

- ...Military action will only start upon instructions from the Allies.

No improvised, direct, and insufficiently armed attacks...

(but it is necessary) on the other hand that all German forces be immobilized to the maximum and moreover that, all traffic be paralyzed: 1. Prevent all normal rail or road traffic...2.. Prevent the rapid re-establishment of all destroyed communication lines, either by directly engaging the enemy or by cutting the network somewhere else...

3. Disrupt all liaison and communication systems...

"Kreuz Donner Wetter" swore Choltitz, "That part, they have already done it!"

IV. TECHNICAL ACTION.

"Plan" Infiltration of Public Administrations" Objective:

"To paralyze the Vichy government Administration..."

"With or without the plan 'Infiltration of Public Administrations,' is already accomplished" remarked Choltitz.

...Seizure of the executive power...Formation of liberation Committees...Occupation of the post office, telegraph and telephone centers...disconnection of all lines used by Germany, the Vichy police and administration...occupation of all Prefectures...the French radio networks... Assignment of designated "Infiltration of Public Administrations" leaders in the Police Departments...arrest of all suspected officers of the "Gardes Republications Mobiles, the Garde Mobile, and the Gendarmerie" without requiring assistance from the Secret Army which must not be diverted from the battle of the rears, the infiltration of these services should be sufficient to overcome the difficulties...

"Well, they have not done that yet, but it will undoubtedly be accomplished," thought Choltitz. "If they can find so many people to fight and get killed, they will surely find many more than they need to take over the high positions, the important functions, the good jobs."

V. MASS POLITICAL ACTION.

- ...A national uprising is the only means for our country to regain its independence. The communists think that it must

take place before the invasion...The national organizations want to do it in conjunction with the invasion...In any case, the order has been given to the Liberation Committees to immediately take over and control by themselves the spontaneous movements of the people which could easily become anarchistic...

- Paragraph 1 - The popular masses are going to be used as intimidating forces...
- Paragraph 2 - A general strike is going to be used as the effective force...

"G.. dammit!" exclaimed Choltitz, beside the military, they sure have some dangerous politicians in their Resistance. They are so confident that they are no longer trying to provoke but are already trying to slow down and channel the uprising of the scums. Has it reached that point already?"

#### IX. VARIOUS HYPOTHESIS CONCERNING THE MILITARY ACTION

- Paragraph 4. If one or several bridgeheads are established and the Wermarcht is fighting fiercely and withdrawing step by step, the nearest F.F.I. forces will start operations against the enemy's rear. With spirit of absolute sacrifice, under the following conditions...
- Paragraph 5. Except in the case outlined above which would justify a rapid uprising in a particular area, the general uprising will start when the Wermacht is sufficiently weakened and unable to counterattack.

- Paragraph 7. - Anticipation of retreat measures in the maquis...

- Paragraph 8. - If the occupying power withdraws along one of the following Resistance lines, prepared in advance...

Teufel! But all this makes sense. These people are perfectly aware of our movement intentions. Have we been betrayed?"

I shall stop! I am resisting the temptation to further romanticize the scene, as credible as it may seem. The temptation is really strong, because all the elements of an epic drama "a la schiller" are gathered... The Schiller of "Wallensteinstod" and of "Piccolomini," one of these dramas which, in modern times, can only be found in the German essence. First of all, my reason for continuing is because I do not want to overwork my talent. It is also because this story aims to be a true testimony, a rigorous presentation of authentic documents about the work of the intelligence nets.

But I am personally convinced that the potential force alone, of the affirmed will of the French Resistance has spared much combat and a lot of allied blood in 1944. I am sure that many surrenders and defections were primarily caused by psychological and moral reasons, similar to the ones I have just sketched above. In any case, the starting point and the base are obvious. It is namely what the German command thought of the French Resistance. And in this matter I have only quoted the German documents.

Did I then exaggerate? Did I distort and enlarge the inner struggle of the responsible German leaders? This is a field where one cannot find

absolute proof. The reader will have to judge for himself (1).

In any case, we have just spent a month in the offices of the occupant, with the operational cells that the Agence Immobiliere and the Eleuthere net had daringly placed beyond the barbed wires, the machine-gun sentries, and the reinforced concrete Bunkers. There we found proof that, as early as March 1944, directly through sabotage, and indirectly by guiding the allied air force, the French Resistance has been the main contributing factor causing the German transportation crisis, this condition was a prerequisite for the landing. We found proof that the Resistance contributed to virtually cutting off all the French industrial support to the German war economy. The enemy manpower problem became acute, all of these facts being a prerequisite to our victory. We drew out of this at least a serious presumption of the depressing influence it had on the will of the German command which (and this is a fact) did not conduct the battle of France with its usual ardor.

At this time the despicable war-dodgers of 1941-1944, the jealous weaklings, and the profiteers of the still-born Vichy regime begin to speak in almost loud voices about the masquerade and the swindle of the Resistance. It becomes necessary to say all this. It seems that these people are arousing echos among the discontented, the worried, and those unable to adapt

(1) Since I wrote these lines, I read the Eisenhower report about the operations in Europe. "The F.F.I., through their continuous harrasing actions, surrounded the Germans with a terrible atmosphere of danger and hatred, which, little by little, diminished the assurance of the leaders and the courage of the soldiers." This statement, had I known about it earlier, would have encouraged me in carrying my "script" a little further. But the essential points have been indicated.



themselves to a 4th Republic which, one must admit, looked much more beautiful while living under the Vichy regime. Under the 4th Republic, the same thing holds true of that magic State which they are now dreaming about.

Because the times are hard. Most certainly, life is not "all pink" In any case, it is not the fault of our dead comrades, who are almost as numerous as the Resistant fighters still alive in August. In deference to their memory, and in spite of whatever weariness and disgust we may have for these quarrels, we shall demand that the words "French Resistance" be respected.

\*  
\*   \*

Since I was trying to avoid interrupting the thread of my story too frequently, I did not emphasize enough the importance of the various analyzed German documents which were transmitted to London and Algiers in April or May 1944.

Combined with the political intelligence bulletins on France and Vichy, they were a "gold mine" for the "Psychological Services" created by the Anglo-Saxons. An innovation which seems to have had a great effect on the general conduct of the war. These reports contributed to a successful orientation of the interior defensive propaganda and the offensive propaganda among the enemy and the neutrals. It is possible that even the diplomatic services found a few useful elements in them. In any case, they served to define the German relationship with France;

On the strictly military level:

1. They helped coordinate the bombing plans of the allied air force with the sabotage activities of the Resistance fighters. This enabled the allies to produce maximum effectiveness.
2. They gave a rather exact idea of what the future "battle of the rears" would be like a battle which the F.F.I. was going to win beyond all hopes.
3. They helped us gain a better knowledge of the enemy, his capabilities, his will, and even his intentions.

V

VALUE OF THE EXAMINED DOCUMENTS FROM  
A COUNTERINTELLIGENCE VIEW POINT

From the counterintelligence point of view, which after all was then very objective, the previously listed intelligence documents were a treasure. Not only because they indicated with precision the Gestapo order of battle and prepared its destruction on D-day; but it also provided our immediate defense, from day to day.

I spared the reader many details, however, I casually mentioned these paragraphs: "In Bordeaux, the Sicherheitsdienst has infiltrated the intelligence service of the Algiers Interallied General Staff..." and: "Through arrests in the Correze department and in Marseille, the Sicherheitsdienst has succeeded in penetrating the French section of the I.S. in these areas." This was enough to expose the doubles or "turned around"

agents, and to save nets and hundreds of patriots in great danger. A complete study of these various reports would reveal many less evident indications, but just as useful.

I did not want to bore the reader, so I neglected to say that we were able to get all the plans, orders, and reports of the Technical Services of the staff of the Law Enforcement Secretary General, Darnand. This was an element of the utmost importance for the safety of the maquis. The big operations against the maquis were always known in advance and appropriate warnings were given. I could even mention several cases of enemy double agents, going to a camp with the intention of betraying it, and who were disposed of upon their arrival.

I am sorry I cannot reveal now by whom, how and at what price these results were obtained. But one should not think that they were always bought. and paid for with money alone.

Oh! Generally, it was none of these hollywood-type raids or even housebreakings. But there are certain games which, even though they are played with words, are as dangerous as a sub-machine gun duel. It required another kind of courage, and sometimes as much courage as needed in combat, to walk at a given time, with a pipe turned upside down, under the Arch of Triumph of the Carousel, - to display three specific newspapers on a cafe table, - to approach a stranger wearing a feather on his green hat, when one knew that it was the first step in an enemy environment.

Some even risked their honor. They went deep into the enemy element with only the moral cover of their immediate leader, who after all was

mortal. How mortal! I will not give any name. There are a hundred reasons for this discretion. One is enough. I have too many deaths to mourn among my family, and it is a great happiness for me to say that I do not have to defend the honor of any of them.

#### CHAPTER IV

### THE ULTIMATE ACHIEVEMENT OF COUNTERINTELLIGENCE

#### INTOXICATION

The operators whom we have seen at work up to now, were plain counterintelligence agents. Some of them were infiltrated in the enemy camp for preventive reasons, as we saw in chapter II. Others were recruited from directly inside the enemy services. All of them occasionally cracked a safe or searched a paper-basket; this was the subject of chapter III, which, while it gave no indication as to how it was done, at least it showed the results. In all cases, it was enough for these men to have and use their eyes, ears, and limbs. Of course, above average self-control and daring qualities were useful to them. In a pinch and as long as they knew how to be discreet, they did not have to be too smart.

Sometimes it happens that an enemy agent was willingly or unwillingly hired by our services. Still more frequently we succeed in having the enemy hire as a spy one of our men. This is the prefect, rare, and precious species of the double agents, of whom we can and must ask infinitely more than we do of ordinary agents.

A Counterintelligence Service cannot be without double agents. Preventively speaking, they are the only ones who can certify for us the focus of the enemy spy effort and make it possible for us to defend ourselves against the enemy other than by guessing and groping "haphazardly." From the repressive point of view, we can say, from past experience, that we owe to them almost half of the arrests of the regular spies, generally the

most important ones, and eighty per cent of the identifications of enemy double agents.

They are also valuable as auxiliaries of an intelligence service in the latter's offensive mission of intelligence gathering. They bring us the enemy collection plans. An intelligence study of the latter was sometimes sufficient to understand the true and false enemy plans, and his real and ultimate intentions. During a declared war, the double agents are the only men able to live and travel in the enemy territory, this was impossible for our ordinary agents.

There is a third and last role for a double agent; this role was found essential during the last war. It is a offensive role, more so than the preceding one, they were used as the advance guard of our Special Services. From 1940 to 1944, it was designated by one of these key-words which seemed to possess an inherent strength: Intoxication.

The mere presence of a certain number of traitors in the enemy services is toxic, if only because of the loss of time and money involved. Sometimes it can result in the practical neutralization of the work of certain sections. This represents only partial deficiencies of sight and hearing. When the parasites increase in number and virulence, they attack the whole organism; thus the bad agents destroy the action of the good ones in two ways: directly by giving false information, and directly by contradicting the true intelligence already gathered. The sensorial system of the adversary becomes distorted, visual aberrations begin, while uneasiness, doubt, indecision, and confusion reach the enemy brain. Let us

increase the dose of inoculated poison. The time will come when all we will have in front of us will be a blind enemy, deaf to any other voice but ours. If he does not know how to neutralize the poison in time, we can lead him ourselves right to his own destruction.

During the last war, the recruiting of double agents played an important role in this operation. The operational handling of them by the Allied Special Services, the supplying of information to them by the Interallied General Staff, which alone was qualified to determine the true facts that could be passed on and the lies which had to be believed by the enemy, all this high level and subtle game was done in a masterly manner. It certainly shortened the length of the hostilities and reduced the price of victory. Perhaps it even prevented partial failures from turning into defeats.

For the readers who do not believe that actual life is suited to so much Machiavellism, I will start by proving that it is nevertheless true. I will show the results, thus putting the furrow before both the oxen and the plough. Then I will only talk about the unusual world of double agents. I will determine the French part in the positive box-score of the counter-intelligence effort. Finally, I will tell in detail the strange and lucky adventure of a successful double agent mission.

1

THE WORK OF ALLIED DOUBLE AGENTS  
AS SEEN BY THE GERMAN ARMY

It is necessary to start with a certain number of facts which I

shall recall:

1. When the Allies pierced through the Tunisian front lines, then rushed toward Tunis the German reserves were too far back to help, and Rommel's armored units were deployed along the coast lines, in empty space.

2. A powerful German Army fiercely defended the Italian hills, foot by foot. The advance was so difficult that one wondered what would have happened in Sicily if the Wermacht had been facing us on the beaches at the right time. The Wermacht was there a few days earlier, but had moved out.

3. Eisenhower considers as one of the decisive factors of success in France, the fact that "the large forces which the Germans had in the North were only shifted in July, since the German Headquarters had believed until then, that a second landing was going to take place in the Pas-de-Calais area, an illusion which, incidentally, was fostered by the Allies. (1)

4. The Germans were focusing their attention on Genoa when the Franco-American troops landed in Provence, - and toward the eastern part of the Mediterranean when the Anglo-Saxon fleet was sailing toward Algiers.

In all cases, the surprise was total, not only as to the date, but also as to where the attack was to happen. This was due to gross miscalculations about the capabilities of the Allies. For example, the Germans did not think that the Anglo-Saxons were capable of physically shipping an Army to North Africa, if we believe the figures of the Vichy Navy

(1) When I wrote this chapter, I only read the summary of the Eisenhower report, published by "Le Figaro." I have read the whole report since in which he states. "The 15th German Army (North) which, had it been committed in June or July would have undoubtedly beaten us because of its strength, remained on a stand-by basis during the entire critical period of the campaign."



Intelligence Service, which was inclined to give credit to all intelligence data from German sources (see chapter 1, part one of volume I).

Even layman cannot believe that such a black series of events for the Germans was purely accidental. Who was responsible for these aberrations? The German Intelligence Service, obviously. This was whispered in the German Headquarters in 1944. But no one dared to say it loud. After the failure of the plot against Hitler on July 20, the Nazi party finally succeeded in suppressing the Abwehr (Army Intelligence and Counter-intelligence Service). The Gestapo, represented by the Reichssicherheits-hauptamt, became the absolute master in the intelligence field. To criticize anything done by the Gestapo, meant an attack on the most sensitive Nazi group and was as good as signing one's own death warrant.

Obviously it was not the Army General Staff which could take such a chance. Hitler always hated his generals more than he hated all the French, Poles, and Czechs put together! He successively destroyed all the Army chiefs of staff, Blomberg through ridicule and scandal, Fritsch through disgrace and probably with a bullet in the back, Beck by having him hung by the throat on a butcher's hook, and Brauchitsch with disparaging remarks. Before July 20, it was said in the Reichswehr that if one tried to hold his head high, even from a distance, it would fall like that of Rommel. After July 20, nobody said anything at all.

Goering had made the Luftwaffe an Annex of the Party.

Hitler always handled the Navy with care. He used to say, "I have a national-socialist Air Force, a christian Navy, and a reactionary Army."

He treated his pilots with cordiality, his sailors with respect, and his Generals like dogs." (1)

At the end of 1944, only the navy could dare express doubts about the efficiency of the Gestapo in the field of military intelligence. They waited until March 1945 to do it, timidly. It was too late, to rectify the Gestapo mistakes when the beaten German Armies were retreating in confusion from the West and the East, toward the deadly refuge that was the Reich. When the extreme gravity of the situation gave them a pretext, an excuse, a reason to question the actions of the Gestapo, these actions were as hard to interpret as a political intention.

Still they did it in the end. What did they expect to achieve? Considering the fact that the war was lost, were they trying for the benefit of history, to make the Reichssicherheitshauptamt responsible for the total absence of the fleet during the landing operations? Or perhaps still keeping an ultimate and weak hope, were they trying to destroy the legal monopoly on intelligence held by the Gestapo? Were they trying to play their last hand with a maximum of trumps? Was it only a shy administrative echo of Colonel von Stauffenburg's bomb? Or perhaps more simply, was it just the routine work of a Staff, continuing to fulfill its mission with a professional insensitivity?

Whatever it was, on March 23, 1945, in dossier # 3.626/45., and under the stamp "Secret Command matter", the Navy German Supreme Command sent to the Reich's highest authorities a message limited to seven numbered copies, which was entitled:

(1) Statement reported by Raymond Cartier, in "Les Secrets de la Guerre dévoilés par Nuremberg." The Secrets of the War as revealed by the trials at Nuremberg (Librairie Artheme Fayard).

STUDY ON THE VALUE OF INTELLIGENCE DATA GATHERED BY  
THE REICHSSICHERHEITSHAUPTAMT ON THE ENEMY LANDING  
PLANS IN THE BAY OF THE SEINE RIVER, PRIOR TO THIS  
SAME LANDING.

Let us analyze this document. I would like the reader to pay attention and concentrate. It is really worth it. We read in the heading:

" - The purpose is to verify if the informers' reports are useful...to the Navy..."

In the first part, basing their knowledge on the gathered information from all sources; from espionage activities, air reconnaissances, radio monitorings, and observation reports (especially that of Gibraltar), etc...the writers of this study have rebuilt the allied operations plan, this they could do, and should have been done on time. We note that the Germans had received plenty of warnings.

Their aviation had clearly detected the center of the allied troop concentrations, the tonnage of the landing-crafts, and the naval forces in southern England. Their Army had been extremely surprised by the fact that the mouth of the Seine river had not been included in the Allied mine-laying operations along the French coast, in November 1943, and again in May 1944. Agents infiltrated in the F.F.I. revealed to the Germans the particular importance given to the Normandie, Le Havre and Brittany resistance units. These units were organized and trained as combat troops behind the German Army. They found out that the allied deployment for the invasion had started in September 1943 and was virtually completed by April 1944.

" - The preparation of the necessary tonnage reserve was so advanced that, as early as January 1944, it was possible to realize that a large scale operation was being planned."

In April 1944, they even came to the conclusion that the invasion could possibly take place in May.

Other information, of vital importance and infinitely more accurate, over which we will throw a veil, was given to them by their counter-intelligence. They got this material through some of their double agents and from the confessions of couriers sent on missions to France. These couriers were arrested by the German police some time before the landing.

This first part of the German study does not clearly formulate a conclusion, undoubtedly in order to avoid an open attack against the Gestapo. But this conclusion is obvious. It was: "by digging in the mass of information gathered from all sources prior to June 6 1944, that we were able in March 1945, to reconstruct the allied landing plan. It is exactly the one which has been applied, with only one uncertainty concerning the possibility of an operation on the channel coast before the main attack (diversion), or simultaneously with said attack (support) or else after (if required). Why didn't we make this easy estimate before June 6? What blinded us?"

The last part of the study devoted to tactical lessons learned from the landing, proves absolutely that the surprise was complete.

The second part of the document offers an explanation. It starts with a detailed, endless, and relentless list of all the information furnished by the Reichssicherheitshauptamt agents, in other words, by the spies, and only them. It includes thirty single-spaced typewritten pages, in which each informer is given an efficiency rating, and each "information delivery" is followed by a value rating determined from past events. Further in the book, we shall examine the latest entries. I regret that I cannot disclose to the readers who have become captivated by this kind of work, the pseudonyms of the spies and the relating notes and remarks. They would become passionately involved at guessing who was this "Perlinpinpin" who talked of the British fleet as if he was its commander-in-chief, this "Pickwick" who lived right in the middle of the Weston-Super-Mare harbour, this "Avenger" who certainly belonged to the Giraud Staff, or perhaps to the intimate circle of de Gaulle. Indeed a thorough study of the pseudonyms often gives an indication as to the identity of those who bear that name. One can understand that my intention is not to provide a little society game for family evenings. Or at least not until the Allied Special Services have identified, tried and shot all the enemy agents, after having cleared their own.

Following the presentation of all intelligence data gathered by the spies, the Navy Supreme Commander computed a box-score and added his comments to it. I am translating:

INFORMANTS REPORTS	TOTAL NUMBER
I. Accurate	173
	14 = 8%
II. Partially true	24 = 14%

III. Possible. Cannot be checked	26	=	15%
IV. Too vague, therefore not usable	7	=	4%
V. False	102	=	59%

NOTE: From the reports under category I, only one gives the exact location of the landing and three others indicate an almost exact date. Among the reports in #2, there are only three which closely predicts the date and the location of the invasion, amidst many false indications.

The Navy Supreme Command then concluded, as follows: (I decline responsibility as to the phraseology, which I translate textually).

- The percentage of inaccurate reports is therefore higher than the percentage concerning the landing in Southern France which amounted to 52%, while the proportion of reports confirmed by actual events remains the same, 8%. The conclusion previously drawn from this fact is still valid. We cannot expect an improvement in this area because the prevalent political situation renders the work of the informants extremely difficult. We are forced to admit that an increasing number of informants are double agents who are supplying us with intelligence "fabricated" by the enemy. At the present time, this danger is particularly serious, even with the informants who, were considered until now as probably reliable. Some of them, assuming that a German defeat is unavoidable, will undoubtedly try to go over to the enemy while they can, or at the very least will cease to do a job which has become too dangerous, and they will furnish only

invented information. These considerations must be taken into account when evaluating their reports.

I am adding my own conclusions. They present a certain interest, in spite of my personal insignificance. Because, for the moment at least, I do not have to fear the reaction of the terrible Gestapo through its Reichssicherheitshauptamt. I can speak "on the level." I can tell what the Supreme Command of the Reich's Navy apparently thought.

The German Special Services have had, under their eyes, more indications than required to foresee exactly the place, the date, and the pattern of the large allied landing. Confused by our double agents, they let themselves be drowned in a flow of contradictory information. They did not see the true items, which were quite numerous, they believed those which were false. Undoubtedly there was more of the latter, as they were better introduced (which was the least the interallied General Staff could do), better corroborated, better cross-checked (it was not just anybody who was in charge of coordinating this "mirage"), and also because they were brought in by people of quality. These people were respected for their intelligence, culture, unselfishness, and Nazi fanaticism, or because they seemed incapable of inventing anything.

I will go even further. Whatever might have happened, the German Intelligence Service in 1944 was already neutralized. If Germany had wanted to build another one, they would have had to do away with virtually everything that existed and start from scratch. This means that at best, they would not be ready until the next war. The Navy Supreme Command

sent the following strict warning in vain: "All these considerations (increasing possibilities of betrayal by the agents) must be taken into account when evaluating their reports." It was too late. The sentence is almost a confession. It implies such a mistrust, and so casts such suspicion on the whole Intelligence Corps that it makes it impossible to work with it any longer. The agents' superiors could not afford to trust them. Even assuming that through some miracle they could miraculously purge their ranks and recruit new men, they would still throw the "information items" in the wastebasket, for fear of responsibilities.

The German distress was so deep at that time, that the G-2 of the German Navy Supreme Command, after studying another document (No. 3/S.K1 F. 1. - 3,180/45. Secret Command matter), concluded, on the basis of:

- 79 reports received since the beginning of the invasion on the landing intentions in the German Bay, in Denmark, and in Norway, that these undertakings were all equally possible.
- Due to the fact that the enemy's plans are closely linked to the development of the Western front operation, it is impossible to determine the value of this information. Events which have not yet occurred does not mean an imperfect or false report...

To receive an answer "a la Normandie," that is a yes, no, or maybe answer; that means that their Intelligence Service had completely failed. It was not necessary to maintain a costly organization, just to find



that everything was possible. All they needed to find this out was to read the newspapers and listen to the radio of the other side.

Since I started writing the beginning of this chapter, I have learned about a press release according to which Admiral Raeder wrote in his memories, published in England, that the allied landing had been exactly foreseen by the Germans. I have carefully re-read the German documents 3 SK1 - F.L.B. No. 3626/45 and 3 SKL - F.L. No. 3180-45. Unquestionably, Admiral Raeder was not in agreement with his Staff which established beyond any doubt that the moment, the place and the forces of the allied landing all constituted many surprises for the Germans. For various reasons, I believe the Staff; one reason I believe the staff is that the rough work sheet of a Staff will always be closer to the truth than personal memories. Therefore, I have not changed a word in my first draft of this chapter.

## II

### DOUBLE AGENTS

I certainly need not inform the reader that I will refrain from indulging in personalities under this title. If there is really a field where discretion is a rule, this is it. The names and pseudonyms will be fictitious and the anecdotes interchanged. In the following chapter which deals with enemy agents, I shall be able to accurately place the stories in proper sequence.

This being settled, I would like now to outline a classification of double agents.

Among the mass of professionals, I shall make a distinction between:

1. The double agents initially recruited by us.
2. The "turned-around" enemy agents; a certain country called the first ones "V agents," and the others, in all graphic simplicity, the "W's."
3. The spontaneous double agents, who made their appearance during this war.
4. The occasional, and unconscious double agents.

The next question is: is there, or can there be a patriotic double agent? Is this an honest man's job?

My goodness! I apologize to a few men who in any case will probably excuse me. For they know very well what I personally think of them, and furthermore, they are by habit or disposition, totally indifferent to the opinion of others. One must admit that while some people of high morality have become double agents, it is not an honorable career.

It is a job which usually ends in disaster, one way or another. A job in which, one way or another, nine men out of ten became bad. One has to be an angel in order not to get soiled, and one must also have his wings so as not to be sucked into bogs and quicksands. There are but a few angels on earth. Not many of them are available to the Special Services which, has very little appeal for angels.

Fortunately, there is always the man who tells you calmly: "My doctor says that I do not have much longer to live. I am looking for a useful occupation which would make me "forget my problem," and help me break away from my thoughts. We are at war, and what makes it worse is that I can't even fight. Can't I be useful some other way? I have money, connections, and time to spare..."

Then, there is the man, and more often the woman, who confesses:  
"O.K., O.K. You're right! Yes, I admit it. I like intrigue in itself. Am I peculiar? If you want...perhaps. But only to a certain level. Because after all, I don't have any other vices.

Let us go down a few rungs in the intellectual ladder. There we find the romanticists, those who have a vivid imagination, and the exalted ones. There are plenty of them around. We better be careful. Their motives are by far infinitely less solid and durable than the others. They must be eliminated as soon as possible.

Finally, there is the mass of naturally devoted people, thoroughly faithful all the way to the gallows. People who are a little soft and weak, and whose lives are only a reflection or a shadow of other lives. It is among those that the Intelligence leaders recruit most of their agents. Women especially. Don't make any mistake about it, they can become very touching and respectable heroines. The scholars who graduated around 1900, those specialists of "fashionable adultery," did not suspect the power of love as a basic motive.

So it appears that this book, which I started with a promise of complete truthfulness, is turning into a romantic novel, Well, if it seems that way, it is because the existence of a double agent is a novel... A novel which may be a little dull when the person concerned has a lot of luck. But all it takes is a slight incident to start the action rolling, just such action as the intelligent imagination of a good playwright could produce.

In any case, I wish to repeat that these patriots who have risked

their lives in such a job are definitely entitled to our friendly silence. Their adventures could not be told without disguising everything with extreme care.

I have tried to do it in other writings. I am not looking for publicity in bad taste to sell my little novels. I ask the reader to believe me when I say that these books are out of print and that there is no paper available to reprint them. But those among you who are interested in intelligence work could perhaps find, bashfully hidden behind a row of serious literary works: "Double Crime sur la ligne Maginot" (Double Crime on the Maginot Line), "Terre d'Angoisse" (Land of Distress), "Peloton d'Execution" (Firing Squad), and "Un Homme a Trahi" (A Man has Betrayed). Their starting point and their central characters are real, only the development of the intrigue and the conclusion are in the form of a novel. "Double Crime sur la Ligne Maginot" is about a German serving in our army on the Maginot line, - the second and third stories tell about two Alsatians one of them making a career in the Imperial Police before 1914 and the other in the Gestapo before 1939; and in the last novel I relate the story of a German agent trying to "turn around" before the final catastrophe. It is said that Colonel Passy, in his memoirs, wrote humorously that these books were his only training in intelligence matters when he took over the G-2 section in London, and that he soon found out that they did not correspond to reality in the least. Wrong! Wrong! If Passy had been dilligent, he could have gathered from them some useful teaching points, useful for him at least, and even more, a few ideas. After these few innocent jokes, I should also add that in 1941, Passy had other things to worry about than

to try for the "ultimate achievement" of the trade. One can understand why he abandoned that phase of counterintelligence.

It is only upon men such as I have described in my books that a Counterintelligence Service can absolutely rely on its dealings with doubles, - something which should not be confused with double-dealings. Their reports, the only ones on which it is possible for a Counterintelligence Service to put on the upper left-hand corner of their reports the mention "Reliable Source," which is a serious act of responsibility. So serious in fact that no counterintelligence chief could paper the smallest alcove of his apartment with all the documents on which he has affixed this "qualification" during his entire career.

The patriotic double agent is too rare. The professional or the mercenary always ends up betraying, unless he quits before finding himself in a corner. Reason dictates it. First, he must really have no morals on decency to contemplate earning his living in such a way. If he has not resisted such temptation, why would he not succumb to the further temptation of increasing his income? If this man had not already lost all his scruples, his daily life would take care of it gradually, imperceptibly. His life is infinitively more false, deforming, and demoralizing than the life of an actor: His thoughts are mostly vile. The exterior world brings no support: He is despised by everybody who knows him well. He generally starts because of laziness and cowardice. It is an easy job, a loafer's job. He has to do nothing on his own. A Frenchman would give him a package to carry to a German, and the German would give him a package which he

brings to the Frenchman. He gets paid from both sides and hopes for a substantial raise. Perhaps he swore to himself that he would pass on to the enemy only the information that his friend instructed or allowed him to give. But one day, short of cash, he passes on an additional tip which he thinks is of little value. Then another tip follows more important, and soon he gets caught in the mill and tells everything.

The life of a mercenary double agent, suspect by definition and constantly in contact with the enemy, is more dangerous and, above all, infinitely more nerve-racking and depressing than the life of an ordinary agent. At first he believed that both sides gave him protection. This is an illusion which disappears rapidly after the suspicious looks from each side. It is well known that professional traitors cannot be taken care of according to a graduated, human code. Sometimes, when he is compromised, he finds a way to get out of trouble. This way is work for the enemy as well. Then he becomes a double agent., in the dishonorable meaning of the word such as the public understands it.

The mercenary double agents are mostly recruited from among the various Slav and German populations of Central and Eastern Europe. This can be explained easily. The Oriental man is too conspicuous and first to be suspected. What the Services look for are persons not necessarily highly educated but who at least possess a certain varnish, a "polish," some gumption and plenty of ease in handling themselves. Therefore they generally are former or unsuccessful bourgeois, persons who have lost

their social positions, or whose life was a failure and who were stopped in their social climb. They are most likely found in countries where nationality has not yet been definitively determined (including Germany), and where the society has been the most uprooted by invasions and foreign rulers or by interior political crises.

The small European countries, other than the Slavic, nations furnish a rather strong quota, but their nationals are not as clever, brilliant or gifted for a life of intrigues as the Slavs who also have the additional advantage of speaking all European languages equally bad.

Much can be said about the third Republic and the French middle class, but the fact is that, while they furnished their quota of traitors, between 1940 and 1944, these were ordinary political traitors. They were not enemy double agents, who are morally of a lower breed. If there were a few of these among them, they were, - in all the cases known to us - resistance fighters turned around by torture, physical weakness, moral pressure and blackmail involving their families. Please refer to the chapter: "How a network survived - The case of the Agence Immobiliere," (Chapter IV, Volume I) where I mentioned all that had to be said on this sad subject.

Later, the increasing use of electronic equipment enabled us to play the double agent game mechanically, without the complicity of men. The only thing necessary was to capture their transmitter and their code. We remember how the Germans used the radio of Navy lieutenant Laval. We did much better. I shall prove this a little later.

Finally, invaded Europe, with its displaced persons and mixed populations, provided the Allied Services with a real army of unaware double agents: German or Italian officers from the Armistice Commissions, enemy or neutral diplomatic or consular officials, collaborators, members of puppet - governments of the etc...We could be sure that the "tips" which we conveniently leaked with a calculated and feigned innocence were not going to be lost. We will encounter several of them a little further in the previously analyzed German documents, and study them in detail.

### III

#### THE HANDLING OF DOUBLE AGENTS BY THE FRENCH COUNTERINTELLIGENCE SERVICE DURING WORLD WAR II

If there is an activity which requires a top level guidance and a skillful orchestration, it is the employment of double agents. I mentioned already that only the supreme commander or the command of an army at war is qualified to determine: 1. What they want the enemy to believe, - 2. The amount of truth which can be disclosed, (because, naturally, not everything must be false in the "Spielmaterial" ("chicken feed" - deception material) supplied to the agent; otherwise the enemy would fire him. It is therefore necessary for the commander to have his staff establish a general intoxication plan, just as there is a general operations plan, a general war - production plan, a general transportation plan, etc...As a rule, the commander should sign this plan and



thus assume the entire responsibility for it.

The general staff, helped by the counterintelligence bureau, has the delicate task of producing the deception material and false documents of genuine appearance, between reports from creditable agents. In sentences discreetly entered during a conversation inside observation reports, etc...It can range from diplomatic information which an ambassador may be tempted to include in his periodic situation reports, to the crumpled piece of paper from an ordinary spy on which the latter has sketched the emblem of a division transportation company going through his town.

The Counterintelligence has the task of recruiting the necessary agents in sufficient number and quality to insure the forwarding of this "manna" to the enemy Intelligence Service. This requires a lively imagination controlled by an acute sense of realities, a very wide experience and a great deal of individual self-control, because a good team of double agents is a socially and intellectually select group.

Their employment has greatly increased and improved since the 1914-1918 war when the German Intelligence Service chief, Colonel Nicolai, wrote: "To be useful, an agent 'within the lines' must have a high level position." This sentence could lead to believe that this uncontested master in the intelligence field had not yet conceived the concept of total intoxication, and only expected information from his double agents. Indeed, the intoxicating agent is not necessarily an important personality. The important thing is that he makes himself credible.

The Allies did not do any better in 1914-1918. We must admit that the French intelligence chiefs had retrogressed since Napoleon and his extraordinary spy Schulmeister, who was the ancestor and the master in this field.

This was partly due to circumstances which were not favorable to an offensive use of Counterintelligence. The two enemy blocks were separated by a rigid and impenetrable front, and they could remain in contact or penetrate each other except through Switzerland, Spain and Holland, and then under the suspicious eye of the police of these countries. Each fighting Nation had an unquestioned national government, as well as solid, traditional, and long established administrations. People were unanimous in their will to fight and win.

A similar situation existed from September 1939 to May 1940. It was impossible to infiltrate the enemy to the point where he could be completely fooled. Thus, even though the intoxication had already been planned and tested on a small scale in peace time, and its doctrine established by the French Counterintelligence, the latter concentrated its main effort on the execution of its defensive missions.

Those missions were carried out perfectly. We were able to cope completely with the German Intelligence Service. One day it will be necessary to knock down that hysterical "gossip" of a 5th column composed of military spies which supposedly operated during the battle of France. The Germans were able to parachute agents or to have them infiltrated the shifting and hollow front-lines. But the French Counterintelligence

was able to state positively as early as 1939 (and this was formally confirmed in May 1940) that there was not a single German Intelligence agent planted in France who was not being watched by our Counterintelligence. It was not due to the latter's fault that a political 5th column came into existence. In October 1939, the Interior Ministry refused the G-5 section (Counterintelligence) permission to arrest Deat, Luchaire, Brinon, Benoit-Mechin, Mayol de Luppe, etc...and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs also refused the permission to expel the Italian diplomats from the combat zones.

The French Counterintelligence warned about a hundred factories working for the war effort which were watched by the enemy, and it was possible to establish an efficient protection plan for the vulnerable areas of National Defense. Since we knew perfectly well the courier and radio liaison procedures used by the German spies, we were able to focus the work of the postal, telephone and telegraph control and to set up a monitoring and decyphering system.

Counterintelligence, through its double agents, helped to a considerable extent the French Intelligence Service. This service succeeded in fulfilling its mission. Again, this is another blinding truth which requires proof. It would be very easy, but isn't my subject, and I will only say a few words about it. Positive proof does exist in various forms. The complete order of battle of the Wermacht, and its deployment were rigorously kept up to date (and I mean: day by day) in the daily information bulletins of our Supreme Headquarters. These bulletins still

exist. The German war material was known, described, marked and photographed in a G-2 "catalog." It is still there. The tactical employment of these weapons and equipment was studied in a G-2 report about the Polish campaign, which appeared prophetically in June 1940. It is still available for reference. The German offensive plan against France, and the focus of its main effort to breach our lines and use the shortest route to the Oise river gap, become apparent when looking at the German deployment sketches, attached to the information bulletins of our Supreme Headquarters in 1940. These sketches are still available.

Of course, the job of the Counterintelligence double agents was a contribution to this overall Intelligence effort. It was a very important one. Here are a few examples. During the last 3 month-period of 1939, the Counterintelligence gave to the G-3 (operations) of the Supreme Headquarters, a study concerning the collection plans given by the Germans to their spies. It was emphasized that the Germans were primarily interested in Belgium, in our Northern defensive organization, especially the Sedan area (width of ditches and anti-tank obstacles, maximum load capacity of bridges, etc...) and finally in our order of battle in these areas. Hitler changed the offensive date several times on account of the weather and not to try our nerves. The offensive was not a surprise. Among many other indications, we knew that the German Intelligence Service in Brussels were calling in some of its informants from Switzerland, because a new operation was going to take place in Belgium, which had been clearly and carelessly disclosed some time in advance.

In a very sporty manner, the British Intelligence Service admits that the work of the French Special Services, (started in September 1939 by G-5, continued under the cover of the Armistice Army and resumed in Algiers), was very superior to that of all the other allied organizations until the beginning of the second semester of 1943.

Some partial intoxication attempts had succeeded in 1939-1940. Among these, from 1 September to 30 October 1939, our Counterintelligence in liaison with Colonel R., the Supreme Headquarters officer in charge of guiding its activities (this was the future General R., commander of the Army Resistance Organization), had succeeded in fixing the attention of the Germans on the coast from Boulogne to Cherbourg, while the landings of French Union and British troops were taking place further down in the South.

The German spy net was overcrowded and drained to our advantage. For example, a certain Major X., chief of one of the most important Abwehr's Section working against France, was exclusively handling ten agents: five of them were doubles working for us, and the others were regularly arrested in their first missions. Our Counterintelligence service controlled ten German transmitters. In September 1939, Counterintelligence was able to inform Colonel R. at the Supreme Headquarters, 48 hours before the start of our operation pompously called: "Offensive of the Saar," that the German Intelligence Service knew about its goal, the date and the time. Finally, during all that rotten war, our double agents were able to travel in Germany.

The Special Services considered the 1940 Armistice only as a temporary cease-fire in the armed conflict, and consequently, they felt it was necessary to increase the intelligence war. I showed, in chapter I, Part I, of volume I, how my comrades conceived and fulfilled their task. Some more precise information is required here.

The use of our double agents, under the eye of the enemy, became dangerous and physically very difficult. The patriotic double agents became discouraged, skeptical and sometimes disturbed by the Vichy propaganda. The professional double agents became tempted to change from V to W status with Vichy's blessing, - the candidates decreased in number - and an invasion by enemy spies became probable.

At the very time when we were threatened with the loss of this operation, the field research and spying and the chances of success increased considerably. It is exactly what happens to a gambler with little money when the stakes suddenly go sky high. The Germans became infinitely more vulnerable once they moved part of their war machine into France, and thus by mixing with the French people, gave a temporary half-trust to a few of them, even just by talking to them.

It was not the time to give up the game. It was necessary to hold on and stick with it at any price.

In a patient and courageous manner, the Counterintelligence organization rebuilt its net, and eventually it won this struggle where only the mind would be relied upon.

In January 1942, we were handling 90 double agents, including a few

important ones. It was not enough because there was at least 40 intelligence cells operating against us, within our territory. Some of them were not sufficiently infiltrated, for example, the Germans in Nantes, the Italians in Berne, the Japanese in Casablanca, and the Spanish in Tetouan. But this would only be a matter of time.

Defensively, we scored a few points in 1941. First, we had to neutralize the tremendous effort of the Abwehr which tried to infiltrate the French, British, and interallied Intelligence Services. "This country must be paralyzed." We need more than 30,000 agents," is what the German Counterintelligence chief in France used to say. He was far behind that figure. We could say exactly where he stood, because all his important double agents were identified, as I will prove in the next chapter. Our own double agents were faithful. In twelve months, they gave us 10 million francs which were rewards they collected from the Germans, and this money was sufficient to insure the operation of our own network, which did not cost the French budget a penny.

By continuing to imperturbably execute all German spies, the struggle to keep alive a concept of treason in France was won. This we owed in part to the double agents. For example, they were responsible for 56 of the 153 arrests made in 1941 by the Territorial Surveillance Brigade of Marseille.

They kept on helping the Intelligence Service. By analyzing the German collection plans, the French Counterintelligence was able to answer certain questions for the French Intelligence Service. Here are,

at random, a few of the certain facts provided by our double agents.

Since the beginning of 1941, the Germans had in mind their intention of taking over our fleet in Toulon, at the first opportunity; and also thought of invading Morocco. The Italians were kept almost completely in the dark about the German political intentions; they did not know a word of what was said at Saint-Florentin: and their defeatist complex was such that they had no illusion as to the future of North Africa: they would have liked to know the probable reaction of Vichy when the British would reach the Tunisian border. The Spanish gladly collaborated with the Germans in Morocco, but would probably not remain passive if their own territory was invaded. The international diplomatic game was played carefully but although Vichy received enough warnings, it never took advantage of them. For example, on August 4, 1940, our Counterintelligence reported that the British and the Russian Intelligence Services had attempted to make contact with each other, on January 12, 1941, that a complete collusion between these services had taken place, this was a premonitory sign of a vital importance. In spite of the most extraordinary efforts at secrecy by Hitler, the Counterintelligence reported, on April 28, 1941, that the German offensive against Russia was imminent, etc...

There were also other announcements, they were of a moral and political nature, which the French Counterintelligence service had the courage to furnish to the chiefs of the "de facto" regime. It is not without interest to recall them, and it will only briefly divert us from our subject. For example, on July 10, 1941, the first Agence Immobiliere chief,



P., a young captain, dared to send a report through the chain of command about the state of mind of the population in the occupied zone. I read:

- The main tendency in the general evolution is...a deep disaffection toward the chief of State. The same people who, at the time of the Armistice, were worshipping him and had confidence in his judgment and respect for his past, have now lost all faith in him.

The Marshal's entourage had first aroused anxieties, they have now become vehement accusations.

The hostility toward the occupation troops has now changed to hatred...The same hatred is felt for the Frenchmen who are collaborators...

The English cause seems to be gaining the sympathy of the people...

...One year after the defeat, the painful conflict of conscience created by the Syrian affair has become an unimpeachable test of the state of mind prevailing in the occupied zone. The attitude of the Marshal had been attacked while the English aggression is excused by a strong majority. -

So much for the French state of mind!..

In 1942, the Counterintelligence chiefs regained confidence in their double agent system, and they studied carefully the extraordinary prospects which the evolution of the political and military situation offered. We

shall see the profitable results of this meditation which can be summarized in the following manner:

"The net of double agents which the Agence Immobiliere cultivates is good. The Agence Immobiliere has overcome defeat. It is operating at full speed. It works in close liaison with the allied Intelligence Services, the British Intelligence Service in Marseille and Lisbon, the American Office of Strategic Services in Vichy, and in Tangiers, without mentioning the numerous contact points between subordinate agents. It is strongly infiltrated in the German Intelligence Service which it is already starting to control. For example, it is one of our agents who has been entrusted by the Abwehr with reorganizing their unit destroyed in North Africa. The liaison agents of the German nets in our other African colonies are working for us. We have infiltrated all the Abwehrstellen (Abwehr cells) in Dijon, Angers, Nantes, Paris, in the North of France, Belgium, and in Holland. We have cankered to the core the Italian Intelligence Service, already rotten in itself."

"This is only the Counterintelligence aspect of a general military phenomenon. By spreading all over Europe and by monstrously extending itself, Germany lost its hard-core cohesion. It is showing cracks, opened flanks, fat and flabby bellies, and even underbellies; as Churchill has said. The

German Counterintelligence chief is wrong to want 30,000 agents in France. He will be completely rotten before he can recruit 1,000 of them in places other than jail."

"When the German General Staff was making an intelligence evaluation of the Sedan plan, they only paid attention to air reconnaissances, monitorings and identifications made by a limited number of old and well-known agents, who were watched and under strict control. Their supervision required no more than a leader and a few Prussian officers. After all, a miscalculation of a few French Divisions was permissible, since the Wermacht was so much the stronger and had the initiative."

"All of this has changed now. The political and occupation needs have forced the Germans to recruit a real army of almost unknown agents. The military services are working more and more with foreign governments and their intelligence organizations, such as the "Government Information Center" of Vichy. With the Germans losing battles, each defeat will cause an epidemic of defections, desertions, and betrayals. The German agents will try to join the Allied Services at all cost, and try to be useful enough to save their skins."

"Conclusion: It seems that the time has come for the French Counterintelligence, to play the big game of the

intoxication."

This reasoning was good. It proved to be correct.

After its establishment in Algiers on 8 November, the French Counterintelligence noticed that the Interallied High Command had organized a control element to guide the intoxication. All the French had to do was to place themselves at its disposal. Experience was not lacking. There was no personnel shortage either.

We started working right away. We know the results. The French contribution in agents was a major factor of the success.

It required a lot of courage for the Agence Immobiliere members who had remained in occupied France to continue the handling of their double agents. We will see how much destruction only one of them could cause by his betrayal.

Nevertheless, it seems that the best results were obtained by the German spies from North Africa who had been discreetly arrested and then turned around to our side. Here is what we obtained out of one of them.

He was alas! a Frenchman whom we unmasked. Due to his high intelligence, and the important positions he had held before his downfall and because of his connections, it was believable that he could have gathered strategic intelligence. We fabricated some for him. He passed it on to the Germans during the Tunisian battle and the Italian campaign. There is no doubt that he was trusted. Especially when cross-checking details were transmitted to the enemy Intelligence Service by lesser spies, and most of this intelligence material checked out. Since we knew, through

our double agents, the details which were considered true by the enemy, there was nothing wrong in confirming them. Also, there was no damage done if a report loaded with true and very important facts did reach the Germans after the event had taken place. The delay could be blamed on a liaison failure, and the agent's reputation remained safe, his position was strengthened, and he could become indispensable in the future.

No matter how well the game was played, we really did not expect that our man would retain the complete confidence of the Germans during the French campaign. Yet, they kept on listening to him like an oracle, from the Normandy coast to the Rhine river. God only knows, all the things we made him tell them.

When the Rundstedt counterattack started in Belgium, the initial German successes were serious. We then decided to take chances on compromising and sacrificing our agent. We made him turn over to his former masters some very important false information which was likely to influence the tactical, and even the strategic situation. The Germans and the P.P.F. (Right Wing Collaborationist Party) profusely thanked him.

The employment of this man and the results he obtained require a detailed study both from a psychological and a military viewpoint. Due to lack of time, however, I had to abandon it, because it could not be separated from the complete strategic and tactical history of this war, about which I do not know enough. I will start it again one day, if God permits it.

IV

INTOXICATION BY THE ALLIED SERVICES  
DURING THE D-DAY PREPARATIONS

In order to show the insidious and destructive action which can be exercised by a great number of agents such as the one I just mentioned, let us move into the enemy camp. Let us list and summarize part of the intelligence data which fell like a heavy rain on the Reichsicherheitshauptamt during the short and special period, of the fortnight preceding the Normandy landing.

The German Navy General Staff gave each item a value rating, after the event took place: I = True. II = partly true. III = possible, but cannot be checked. IV = too vague, therefore useless. V = False.

They are as follows:

- 1. The invasion will take place in Belgium, between May 15 and May 22, (V).
- 2. On May 5, I found out that the landing will take place within the next 8 days on the Atlantic and Pas-de Calais coasts...(V).
- 3. The English landing and troop transport fleet anchored in various English harbours, has completed its loading operation and is ready to sail at any time...(I).
- 4. For the last two weeks, large troop movements have occurred from both the North and the Center of England toward the Plymouth area. Even though England is seized by an invasion fever, this invasion at the present time is impossible.

The following technical reasons forbid it...(I)

Let us remember this last piece of information which the German Navy classified as "True," in spite of its last sentence. We will talk about it later on.

- 5. First invasion wave planned for the night of May 16.  
Probable target: Cherbourg. Landing of the main body of the invasion Army around May 20...(III).
- 6. Invasion in the West as soon as weather will permit...(IV).
- 7. Anglo-Saxon landing between May 20 and June 10...(I).
- 8. From May 10 to May 21, landing between the Somme river mouth and Southern Belgium, as a diversion maneuver. Depending on the results obtained by such diversion, there will be a large scale operation within the following four weeks. The main sector has not been determined yet, due to a disagreement between the U. S. and British General Staffs (V).
- 9. No landing before July-August (V).
- 10. The competent Vichy political and military circles (several names followed) anticipate a large scale landing for mid-May (V).
- 11. Invasion on May 19 and 20. On the 20th, the first airborne troops will appear in the North of France (V).
- 12. A second front will be set up through a landing operation of the Allies in Denmark. This will be put into execution between now and June 15 (V).

13. ...At the present time, the "Channel" plan is viewed with preference. This is a joint navy-air force operation on the Channel islands, probably aimed at Isigny in the North of Coutance. This is an encirclement operation in order to isolate Cherbourg (II).
  14. Landing postponed, due to increasing defensive power of the German coastal fortifications (V).
  15. If the weather permits, commando actions will take place, on May 28, near Dieppe, Abbeville, Boulogne and Dunkerque (II).
  16. Invasion will not take place before the period of June 20 to 25 (V).
  17. Invasion attempt between May 31 and June 20 (IV).
  18. Invasion this summer with the left flank against Denmark and the right flank against the North of Belgium. Main effort: Hamburg. Because of the election of U.S. presidential electors on June 20, it is possible that the operation will take place prior to this date (V).
  19. Invasion postponed to autumn because the allied air forces are in insufficient strength. (V).
  20. Invasion expected during the night of May 22 -23, by new moon and at low tide. Landing sites unknown (V).
  21. No invasion is to be anticipated in the very near future (V).
- . . . . .

Let us put ourselves in place of the G-2 who was responsible for sorting out this horrible mixture, and determining the right note in



this cacophony. It is really hopeless. There is nothing to do but throw the whole thing in the waste basket. Nothing can be gained from this.

Later, it would be discovered that the only true items were No. 3, No. 7, and No. 4 which was probably an English scheme of extreme foxiness, aimed at creating among the Germans a prejudice against the truth. They were lost in a maze of "false tips," which were sometimes utterly ridiculous, (the work of mediocre agents not knowing what to write), which sometimes appeared authentic (drafted by an Allied General Staff officer). The Vichy gossipers were used unbeknown to themselves, and they played their part in this war of news that had boomeranged against its originator. Out of charity, I did not mention any names. But they are listed in the German documents and they are the names of men who had been chosen to transmit unconsciously a truth "made in England."

Item No. 5 is strange and disconcerting. It gives the first real target of the Allies, Cherbourg. But since it mentions the date of May 20, nobody will take it seriously, once that day has passed. It is not impossible that this information also came from an allied double agent; but it would have to be from a British agent. Only the English were capable of such boldness and of such an extensive shrewdness. Didn't they go as far as asking their Prime Minister to insert, in his public speeches, certain paragraphs of the Interallied Staff, general intoxication plan? Moreover, Churchill was very willing. He will remain the undisputed "boss" of the 20th century intoxication agents.

But what is even worse, when indications impossible to camouflage such as the indelible signs of allied preparations were revealed to them by collection organizations other than their spy-network, these indications and signs were doubted or disregarded, because their intelligence contradicted and neutralized them.

On April 24, 1944, the Luftwaffe intelligence Service reported:

- ...The preliminary movements of the enemy invasion Armies and its Air Force formations aimed at the large scale attack on Europe is completed. It seems obvious that their maritime transport preparations have also entered their final phase...

On May 9, 1944:

- ...The enemy deployment at sea is almost completed...

On May 13, 1944:

- ...The enemy air activity, which has suddenly increased since the end of April, is characterized by heavier attacks against our defensive installations between the Seine river mouth and Cherbourg...

On May 29, 1944:

- ...The main effort of the enemy air force is concentrated on the destruction of air means of transportation behind our lines in the Channel area (the Seine river bridges), and in a North-South direction (Angers, Tours, Orleans). This must be considered as the beginning of the final phase of the invasion preparations...

On June 1, 1944:

- ...A landing exercise which took place on the southern English coast, at low tide, could be an indication of the enemy's intention of avoiding the German obstacles placed in front of the French coast line...

Again on June 1, 1944:

- ...The weapons drops have greatly increased since the full moon of May 28. We must consider the period starting June 12 (last quarter of the moon) as critical.

On June 4, 1944:

- ...Massive enemy air and navy forces engaged our naval operations in the Channel...The enemy is increasingly successful in protecting England's southern coasts against our air and naval reconnaissances. They are in the process of probably deploying their means of transportation for the invasion.

On June 5, 1944:

Using all the means of the war of nerves, the enemy command keeps on trying to stop us from determining what they are up to...

- ..All information coming from the USA indicates once more that a continental Europe harbor has already been designated as the next port of debarkation for U. S. troops...

On June 6: D-day.

When the German Navy General Staff finally found time to study the landing operation and draw conclusions, they wrote:

- "Secrecy and the surprise factor were strictly protected by the enemy during the preparatory phases and the landing itself - (Note 3.626/45 G. Kdos)"

In view of the above-mentioned intelligence furnished by the Luftwaffe this seems unbelievable. Yet, it is true. And for it to be true, it required that the allied Counterintelligence Service reduced to nothing through the use of intoxication, not only the German Intelligence Service directly, but indirectly all the other enemy intelligence organizations.

V

DOUBLE AGENTS IN SPITE OF THEMSELVES

It should prove interesting to leave the theoretical and historical aspects and to make a little excursion in the practical field. Here is an example.

It is an eventful, and mysterious story. It could be related exactly like an adventure novel or like a suspense thriller. Let us choose this last formula. It is the most entertaining one, and the reader has a right to a compensation after this long and rather didactic presentation where I could hardly avoid sounding like a boring professor.

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The first act takes place in Paris during the gloomy spring of 1943. The Legion of Anti-Bolshevick French Volunteers has set up its

offices in a house on Rue Saint-George. It is far from being crowded. But they are trying to make it look that way, just as they do on the movie sets, with a frantic agitation of extras, skillfully staged by Mr..., let us call him Albertini, who is the king-pin of the Organization. He is a former military administrator in the Quartermaster Corps, a penpusher who has just discovered a way to satisfy his excessive needs for cash, which have been repressed for too long.

A shrewd man, he makes the legion candidates come at least six times to his Headquarters. They are a sad, half-starved and deadly bunch; a mixture of stoolies of the "Parti Populaire Francais," of salaried recruiters, dragging a few gangsters behind, of tramps, madmen, and alas! of some genuine war aces who have a weak mind and have never been able to adapt themselves to peacetime life. Not many of them will go to the training camps, and even fewer to the Eastern front. It is like Gueret's Tricolor Legion, which was truly a fraudulent failure. This will become obvious in the end. But for a few months, the staging will impress favorably these stiff and scornful German officers who, sometimes, cross the halls without getting dirty, their way being cleared by the obsequious French secretaries of Abel-Bonnet and Benoit-Mechin.

On that day, a man who did not have the appearance of a mobster entered the den on Rue Saint-George. Among the latin, African or other indescribable S.S. candidates, he looked like a cock-pheasant lost in the middle of a flock of ungraceful and disgusting black crows. Let us observe him for a moment, while he gives his calling card to the clerk and glances somewhat

amusedly at his shady neighbours. He is worth looking at. He is tall, blond-haired and carries himself well. He has a charming dimpled smile. He attracts women. Too much so as a matter of fact, according to his friends who begrudge his fondness for only rich women, or at least presumed to be so (because, sometimes one can make a mistake, especially at the beginning).

"Belair? Oh! He loves rich women. Well! Some like them blond, you know. It's a matter of taste..."

You can believe that had Belair been anyone else, this disapproval would have been expressed more sharply. He was so frivolous, so impulsive, so perfectly unconscious that it was impossible for anyone to get angry at him. Nobody could. Not even the comrade who gave him shelter and whose wife Belair took or rather "borrowed," while getting engaged to that gentleman's sister, and then several days later breaking up this engagement to turn his temporary attention toward the wife's sister.

"You are the worst bastard I ever met" his host told him.

"It is true."

Belair answered "What I did is terrible. Kill me. But..."

As usual in such a situation, a weary and melancholic smile appears on his face. Then he collapses. It seems that he expects you to kill him. Your fist, your foot, or your whip are stopped in mid-air. You have the feeling that he did not do it out of malice at all, that he did not even realize what he has done, that between the kid who stole a spoon full of jam and him, there is no...but this cannot be explained.

You have nothing left to do but turn your just and legitimate anger

toward his female partners with whom it may be possible to have a real argument.

The office clerk of Rue Saint-George comes back rushing and bows in front of the distinguished visitor. The door leading to the General Secretariat is now wide open. Standing in the door-frame, Mr. Albertini welcomes him with open arms.

"Lt. de Belair? What a pleasure!"

Understatement of the year! Mr. Albertini is radiant. It is the best day of his mercenary career. A lieutenant! A real one! A man whose name appears in the Army Year Books. Old Year Books, it is true. But nevertheless it counts.

Albertini offers him an arm-chair (requisitioned), a cigar (a Havana manufactured in Hamburg), and calls his secretary (He is not to be disturbed by anyone). A few preliminary courtesies (they are society people after all). Then Albertini comes to the heart of the subject:

"Lieutenant, you are aware of the sad situation prevailing in North Africa. It certainly must have caused some anguish to a patriot, an officer, and an old Moroccan soldier like you."

"Don't tell me! It's terrible."

"North Africa is economically of European domain but politically it is French. The Germans are very reassuring on this last point. They have no political aims in Africa, none whatsoever. All they are asking for is that North Africa enters the eurafrican economical cycle where its presence is indispensable due to its essential raw material: vegetal

oils. But North Africa is in the hands of the Americans. They will only leave after having entirely conquered it in their hypocritical way, that is through money...Or force. There is a need for a French mission to Morocco made up solely of French officers, a splendid task to undertake: the safeguarding of France's domain. And that's why I thought of you."

"Good! Thanks!"

"But France right now has no means of action. So Germany will furnish the equipment, the money, hum...confidentially, all the money you want..."

Then with a motion of his arm, Belair sweeps away these sordid details. One is an aristocrat after all!

"Very well!" resumes Albertini "The Germans will transport the mission to the site. Its aims: Through propaganda in European and local circles, through...special...actions...hum...sabotages!"

Belair has a nice indignant movement of the chin.

"...against the Anglo-Saxon enemy, exclusively. There is no need to say that it...well...using all means available, to develop and then direct the European and local dissidence against the invader. It does exist. It is conscious and powerful. It is only a matter of taking control over it. O.K.?"

"O.K. But with one strict condition: that nothing is to be undertaken against French interests in Morocco. Nothing all all! Otherwise..."

"But, certainly! Of course! In working for Europe, you will be working for France."



All this seems unreal. But this conversation between a crook and a kid actually took place on Rue Saint-George, around April 15, 1943. These childish and yet sinister sentences were indeed spoken, word for word. Save a few approbations, there is not a word of my invention in this dialogue.

The wheels of the treacherous machine work rapidly. A short while later, Albertini introduces to Belair the team he has recruited for him among the Legion of French Volunteers. What a team! It is enough to make one sick to his stomach. Its most beautiful ornament is Massue, a not-so-young-a gorilla who has quite a past: he killed with a revolver two guys from Belleville who were insulting him because he paraded around in a German uniform. Right after such "showmanship" he was promoted to second lieutenant.

Laquet is a stupid young man who has never received religious instruction. He is one of those who really cannot live without it. No one ever took him to see the priests. But later, he was fed on Hitler's speeches. In it, he saw the "light." Now he is more "boche" than a German born S.S.

Caramel, a former member of the Legion's Paramilitary Organization, is a larva. Less idealistic than Laquet, he is shrewder. He is also a former communist and a somewhat homosexual.

Poux, a former member of the "Parti Populaire Francais" of Oran is insignificant. He is just a stand-in.

All these "lovely" people chatter, gossip, make the Hitler salute,

kick heels, profess nazi beliefs, boast of extraordinary exploits on the Eastern front, and inquire about their pay. Belair is thoroughly disgusted with them. The ex-lieutenant judges his associates as "sectarians," "ardent germanophiles," and inside himself he calls them vicious scoundrels. For the first and not the last time, he has the urge to withdraw. But he changes his mind. He will manage to get rid of these scoundrels. Physically he is not a coward and he has been in command during battle. He has discovered right away the main characteristic of this riff-raff: they are all braggarts. It will be easy to deflate them, except Poux, the quiet one, who has served honorably in the Air Force as a radio-operator.

Belair sighs with relief a few days later when his detachment receives two additional men who are, according to him, "Officers" and "leaders." He chose the first one himself. His name is Bertrand and all we have to say to qualify him is to mention his missed calling. He is one of these unfortunate people who dreamed all during their youth, of becoming an officer, - who had flunked out of the academy, out of O.C.S., and out of the regimental training schools, - and his only chance now was in a somewhat murderous war. Intelligence being by definition the ability of making a choice, Bertrand left it up to Belair whom he admired for having entered the Army through the front door, to choose everything for him.

The second one, Picard, is brought by B., the General Secretary of the African Ex-Phalanx who is only looking for a way to extract funds

from the secret or overt treasury. What B. really wants is to take over Albertini's role as promoter of this exciting and much sought for mission. It has been given a name and a beautiful one at that: "Carthage." Picard is a real man, the first one in the lot up to now. He is the Verdun type infantry platoon leader who became a colonial civil servant, then a settler. After the November 8 landing, he was cut off from Morocco, his adopted country. He knows everybody in Vichy where he has a flattering reputation of being a Maurras follower. Actually he has too much personality not to worry Belair who thinks that he is "withdrawn," "independent," "mysterious," and even a "schemer." It is perhaps simply because Picard has judged too well his mission chief.

In any case, Picard is useful. Not only to counter-balance the "sectarians," and thus by giving him the cue, to allow Belair to gargle himself with words and convince everyone that they are going to serve eternal France, but he is also valuable because of his practical knowledge of the African world and because of his connections. After a two-month discussion on how to get to Morocco, as soon as Picard enters the game he finds a solution in a minute. He introduces his friend Le Gorgeux, an important settler of the Sous area, who offers his estate as a drop zone. The farm house is away from the roads, hidden and sure. Le Gorgeux is a hothead scatterbrain. He is bursting with rage since he arrived in Metropolitan France. He has come back here for the first time in twenty years, to attend this great convention of the P.P.F. which started approximately at the same time as the Americans were landing in Africa. He does not want to have anything to do with the mission schemes. All he

wants is to go back home which he intends never to leave again. What happened at the convention has disgusted him with politics for the rest of his life. In any case, his project is excellent. DZ markings are planned. Favorable and unfavorable neighbours are identified. A time schedule is proposed. Everything is there. The plan is adopted.

The first act ends by a formal presentation of the team to the Germans, by its delighted God-father Albertini. He has eliminated B., the man from the Phalanx. He will receive the iron cross upon the departure of the mission.

The Germans are Colonel Schmitt and Captain Gahrken (real names) from the Abwehr Amt Ausland (Foreign Section) located in Munster. They are spy chiefs who really look their part. This does not scare in the least the servants of eternal France. The following scene takes place in Hotel Commodore, Boulevard Haussmann, in a private suite.

Speech by Albertini: Europe, France, Germany...

Speech by Gahrken: Germany, France, Europe...

Noddings of approval by the Colonel.

Then they came to serious things.

Gahrken: "From now on, all members of the Carthage mission are pledged to serve the common interests of France and Germany. Soon, you will be leaving for a training course in Germany (various reactions). You still can change your minds. During the training period, you will have to comply with the prescribed discipline. Afterwards, you will be totally committed and you will not be able to withdraw."

As he speaks further, his tone of voice becomes harsher:

Gahrken: "We are going to set up a contract with special advantages, special allowances..."

Belair (disgusted and ready to give up everything). "Our pay from the Legion of French Volunteers will be enough."

It was true that there would be the funds for the operation of the mission, and other money to be parachuted afterwards...Massue who will not be able to control it has a disappointed look.

Belair: "We are not mercenaries, but French officers. In this top secret enterprise, of which I am the responsible leader (this for the benefit of Albertini who is bragging around about 'his' mission, and has told Brinon, Bonnard and Darnand about it), I request that before we accept anything, the following condition be stated in writing: Nothing contrary to French interests will be asked from us."

Gahrken (suddenly cunning): "But that goes without saying. Of Course."

He is not risking anything. He holds his puppets well in hand. Their joints maybe a little stiff yet, but they will release! No need to break the threads brutally. It is as good as settled.

We may imagine the meeting ending with shouts of "Long Live France!" It is not mentioned in the minutes of the meeting which I have in front of me.

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Act II. The setting is located in the comfortable and mysterious

villa, "Queen's Sea" on the edge of a nostalgic Prussian lake, ten kilometers West of Brandenburg, shelters one of the Abwehr's "beehives." Mission Carthage arrived here in the evening of July 15, 1943 and as early as the 17th, the leader and his men start regretting their trip. This dissatisfaction is going to turn to sour and will reach the verge of dissidence in a few days.

The reasons are different according to the individuals. Belair is dissatisfied because he expected, if not an introduction to Hitler himself, at least the possibility of associating with some Wermacht Oberkommando chiefs such as Keitel or at least Jodl. Picard and Bertrand, his "officers," as he calls them, are dissatisfied because they came here to follow an instruction course on the situation in North Africa. It is obvious that they are regarded just as ordinary spies, and receive no more consideration than those who preceded them. Indigenous personnel from Asia Minor or from the vicinity of Mourmansk. This is too much.

His "non-commissioned officers," Massue, Laquet, Caramel and Poux are furious because discipline is strict at Queen's Sea. They must learn lessons, listen, submit to interrogations, and even work physically. It is not like Paris where they could decide the fate of Europe and Africa in a heady atmosphere of power and genius.

These modern companions of Ulysses are assembled, early in the morning, by first lieutenant Muhlmann, who asks them to rub off the rust with a little bit of violent sport (what a thing to ask of these brains!). Then he turns them over to the house specialists. Herr Doktor Willike

especially. He is a "Doctor in demolitions," who teaches them how to blow railroad tracks, cars, locomotives, and how to place underwater charges, well, everything in that field. Then they go see a movie with Muhlmann who shows them various Moroccan architectural works, and points out their weak points with such evident lust that he salivates, slavers and stammers. An odd type of Herr Doktor. A medical doctor then teaches them how to apply bandages, garrots, makeshift splints, and how to give shots, this causes panicky reactions among the "non-commissioned officers," who had all supposedly been heroes on the Eastern front. Herr Fischer and other technicians who did not take the trouble to introduce themselves, initiate them in the ciphering of messages, and the use of invisible inks, the developer for this ink can be found only in Berlin, also in identifying Anglo-Saxon units, and in preparing themselves to the dangers of the French Counterintelligence. Kruger, the radio instructor, and Poux "squawk" all day long. They fire all possible weapons. Herr Kraveliki is at the disposal of these gentlemen to fabricate all and any forged papers they might want. Last but not least, is Doktor Frohlich, the great German specialist on North-African matters. Are they finally going into serious business? At last!

Not at all. It appears, after one hour to Belair and Bertrand, and after 5 minutes to Picard (who after all is a scholar in Arabic, having spent twenty years in Africa, and having been in daily contacts with Moslems whom he liked as only a Frenchman could like natives) it is clear that the eminent professor is nothing but a pedant and narrow-minded archivist. What does he know about Africa? The Badeker (tourist guide).

And he knows it by heart! Belair, who is getting nervous, proves to him that he has never looked an Arab in the eyes. Then, Frohlich steps in prudently and, pulls from his brief case...some documents about sabotage objectives. Again!

If Belair knew the German type only as theoretically as Frohlich did the Moslem, he would shout "Vor Tish, las man anders!" (It is not the treaty that we read before the banquet). It is the most startling image of the most diabolical, natural and unconscious German hypocrisy. Schiller gave it only unvoluntarily. But Belair does not think that far ahead. There is something of a horse in him, an animal which is at the same time the most touchy and the least conscious. His feelings are hurt. He only says:

"What the hell...Who do they think we are? Spies?"

For the tenth time, he feels like abandoning everything, but this time he proclaims it, and asks after Gahrken.

The captain comes running. In a few minutes everything is settled. The course was only given to kill some time. The German Supreme Headquarters is going to send to Lt. Belair a thorough synthesis of the situation in North Africa, from a very high level point of view. The long time it took the Headquarters to write it proves the exceptional importance attached to the Carthage mission. France and Germany...Germany and France...Europe...Has Lt. Picard thought of making propaganda pamphlets for the natives? It is of vital importance. Yes. Picard is twisting the Koran so as to make it more appealing to this new brand of Christians.



At that time, Air Force 1st Lt. Paulus arrived with a bunch of parachutes and a Junker 52. Everyone boards the plane, straps himself in the "umbrellas," including Gahrken who sets the example, and the restless Le Gorgeux who has just come to Queen's Sea for a few days. It is understood that he will arrive in Morocco before the team, to make their "reception" arrangements and will be routed by the Germans via Spain. Therefore, he has no reason to get initiated in parachute jumping. This settler has pride. Since a German is jumping for nothing, he will jump also for free.

The plane circles a few times above the blue-grey-tin colored lake and the flat and sandy moors. During the first circle, Laquet starts vomiting abundantly in his head-gear. During the second one, between two hiccups, Caramel talks about an old belly-wound. During the third, Massue, the top ace of the Eastern front begins to suffer from old and glorious foot wounds. Belair, who has his own opinion, advises them to be careful.

As the plane approaches a small bare area on the side of the lake, Paulus shouts "Raus."

Belair jumps. He is followed by Picard who is close to fifty-years old and is covered with wounds, real wounds. Then comes Gahrken who jumps because of his sense of duty. Then Le Gorgeux who does it only for sport. And Poux who is given a little push by Bertrand, the last man on the stick. Belair asked him to do it.

Actually, the "non-commissioned officers" are right to be frightened about jumping. The DZ, which was badly chosen, is too narrow. They were

landing on roofs, fences, trees. Results: Le Gorgeux has a dislocated shoulder, and Gahrken a fractured instep. In short, it is a draw.

Before the departure of the ambulance with the wounded, Belair obtains permission for the "non-commissioned officers," to be withdrawn from the mission, all except Poux whom has risen in his esteem. Reasons: cowardice, lack of discipline and other superfluous unfitness, the listing of which would make one laugh, if it were possible to do so in such a story: "complete misunderstanding of the North African ethnic and geographical conditions," "lack of judgment and intelligence," etc...

Only Gahrken could find this highly comical. But he has a broken instep. Let us mention that this is the first positive result of the Carthage mission. An Omen of the Gods.

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Act III brings us back to France. The act is a little hollow, empty and garrulous. But I am a slave of the truth.

The Carthage mission condensed and reduced to Belair, Picard, Bertrand, and the radio operator Poux, who is waiting for the departure order. Le Gorgeux, escorted by a German, is on his way to Barcelona, from there he will be transported by sea to Casablanca or the Sous river mouth.

Belair is getting nervous. He threatens to break down, just like

a very light weathercock during a storm. At the slightest pretext, he threatens to resign. One day, it is because Albertini did not find another dummy for his "window," and is exhibiting him outwardly in the high society of collaboration. Another time, it is because the German Staff did not always answer his questions. A leader such as as himself, entrusted with so heavy political responsibilities, something of a Crusade in fact, has to clear up these questions before going into action: Where are the rebellion centers against Americans? What does the Sultan and Belair's future adversaries, i.e., de Gaulle and Giraud, think? What extortions, ransackings, and atrocities did the yankee invaders commit? etc...

Was he a leader or not! To command it is necessary to anticipate.

If Picard, who is consistent, in his ideas and Bertrand who desperately hangs onto the leader of his own choice, were not holding Belair back, God knows where the latter would go. With de Gaulle perhaps. He has thought of it. Perhaps on a honeymoon. He is thinking of marrying again. Belair is a "Triplepatte" turned traitor. (1)

One day, in Vichy, Picard introduces him to his friend Lesel, an intelligent and even brilliant man. If the Germans couldn't, then Lesel could describe the actual situation in North Africa to them, orient them, guide them, and finally allow them to prepare a serious, precise and thorough plan, productive in historical events. Nobody knows the Africa problem better than Lesel. Meeting him is providential. He was...let us say,

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(1) "Triplepatte" French play by Tristan Bernard and A. Godfernausc (1905) about an undecided and weary young nobleman (Note of the editor)

Vichy sub-perfect in Algeria. He escaped right after the landing, via Spanish Morocco and Spain.

Can he be trusted? Picard vouches for him. Belair does not hesitate any more. He discloses his intentions and asks him for advice. What can be done within the scope of the Carthage mission? Is it possible to do something useful for France? What way can this something be done?

"Are you out of your mind" exclaims a startled Lesel.

Stupified, he looks at the two men with whom he is conversing. It is evident that he has no taste for adventures. Undoubtedly his escape was nothing but a flight. Picard, a rather close friend of his, has the impression that he has joined Vichy only because he has collaborated a little too much with the Germans to make a quick turn around and thus run the risk of being arrested in the South.

"My Gosh! You really think big! " says Lesel with a voice and a look which was openly admiring.

It is in such cases that Belair feels recaptured by his vocation of rebuilder of Empires.

"I admire you" continues Lesel, "I cannot tell you the comfort you are bringing to men like me, who have left their wives and children behind to come and tell France about the great misery in the Empire invaded by foreigners. But it is my duty to shout to you, stop! You are running towards a catastrophe."

"Pooh" replies Belair.

"There isn't a doubt," admits Lesel, "that there is a great unrest over there..."

The situation is not quite as desperate as the Germans paint it. No doubt that the Americans have taken over the mines and the railroads, but it is not too obvious. They are rude, drunkards, and unlikable, but they do not take away all the food. The food supply of the population is normal. As far as the English are concerned, they are perfect. Leclerc's Army is a wonder. And he concludes:

"Of course, the French in Africa are completely demoralized. That is why I left. But you are going to have the hardest time in the world to make them listen to you, because a terrific propaganda mixes everything up. Believe me. Just stay away. In spite of the purity of your intentions, you will be unanimously considered as German spies."

By now, Belair is completely defeated. That very night, he signs to...take-off for Spain with Gaullist comrades who trust him fully. He is not going to betray them. As far as treason is concerned, he has his own ethical rules.

He has decided to leave. It has almost happened. Perhaps if it happened, he would now be a hero. As we have already said, he is a brave man.

But now Lesel is the one who stops him, by suddenly changing his opinion. This schemer does not seem to have received from Vichy the reward he expected for his faithfulness, which was extraordinary in such an era. He has been offered only another remote sub-prefecture. He has refused it with dignity. He is bitter and full of venom. Oh! This is not the reason he gives to justify his sudden change of heart.

"I systematically toned down the truth to you, the other day, because

it bothered me to see my old comrade Picard throw himself in a dangerous adventure. But I thought it over and today I say to you: "Go." A magnificent task is awaiting you and the success is possible. Giraud cannot cope with the events; he is at the mercy of the Americans who submerge him, and are dealing directly with the Sultan. They are replacing our Indigenous Affairs Officers, and are causing our disarmed troops to rot in their barracks. Under these conditions, military draft is not very popular. Natives and even Frenchmen are seeking refuge in the mountains. The dissidence is hatching in Le Tafilalet, in the Zaian country and in the Rif. French sovereignty is in danger. This is the truth. The hatred against the Americans is increasing. They are brutes! You can't imagine how they are! They respect nothing. In La Calle, for example, I saw them shoot holes in wine casko with their pistols, get filthy drunk, thereafter, rape a young native girl in a public square. They ended their exploits by killing a herd of cows just for the fun of it. This may seem unbelievable but, one night, some American officers who had been invited by a Frenchman, had their hosts stay in a room at gun point, and then they raped their wives. But when it comes to fighting, there is nobody left. In Tunisia, the French had to be the first ones to fight and expose themselves in combat."

Belair is getting more excited.

"Ah! To achieve African unity, what a task that is! I would really like to go with you," continues the long-winded Lesel. "But I am a marked man over there. It is not very nice for me here either. I don't know where to go or what's going to happen to me."

Picard has an idea. For a long time, in their relations with the Germans, the members of the Carthage mission have wanted to do away with Albertini, that horrible collaborator, that swindler, that gossip! Why not replace him with Lesel? His escape from Algeria will appeal to the Germans. They will be glad to have him, a man who knows so much about Africa, and who is well educated and reliable to interpret the information sent by Carthage. On the other hand, what a safeguard it would be for the mission, because, after all...

After a noticeable moment of hesitation, Picard decides to reveal his secret, which Belair had vaguely guessed since their first meeting:

"...after all...when receiving our messages, my dear Lesel, you could only give the Germans what you thought was useful, to them and pass on the whole thing to the Vichy Navy Intelligence...hum...for which I work."

Belair is stunned. He did not know that he had within their group such a complex subordinate.

"Well! Well!" says Lesel, Bravo! The sailors are sure patriots, and in Vichy they are the only ones you can rely upon to fight against the declining Germans and the threatening Judeo-Communists. This may be the future. But...do you know that this is wonderful!"

"Wonderful!" echoed Belair.

In short, everyone has, or is going to give oneself several masters. Does one really know for whom one is working? Since one does not know for what cause!

In any case, Lesel is the most gifted of the three. After being

introduced to the Germans, he bluffs them, fills them with enthusiasm and startles them. He tells them, and they believe it, that he almost became a Vichy Under-Secretary of State. But he was discouraged by the atmosphere of "King Petaud's Court." They approve. Through his intelligence and his self-assurance, he convinces the Gestapo men that he is an element of value "in the superior levels of the collaboration." They put Albertini aside and make Lesel the only correspondent and handler of the Carthage mission. They give him, as a reward the management of an editing firm in Paris, and tell him that he will go further than Brinon, if he is capable of discipline of mind.

Everyone is pushing someone else! To the point of suffocation!

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Act IV - Entirely in the air. It starts on October 15, 1943, at 2200 hours, with a Broadcast from a Paris Radio, broadcast which is repeated again one hour later. It is brief, loud and heroic. It is: "Rodrigue, have you any courage?" Some readers may remember the ridiculous reply "cocorico" of the inspired speaker. Personally I remember it as if it was yesterday. The message was for Le Gorgeux, and it meant that the Carthage mission was going to be parachuted the following night, over the area which he was to have prepared and beacons in his Sous estate.

Let us say casually that the comical or familiar conventional, sentences of the Allies did not show any imagination. It was: "The little



girl's hat," or "The carrots are cooked." Air pick-ups, drops and "tube" operations were routine night work for thousands of lads who were looking on war as a prescribed necessity. They were defending themselves. Their leaders did not need to convince them daily that the adventure was magnificent. But in the German case, they were working in the sublime.

"Rodrigue, have you any courage?" This exhilarating effort which comes over the unconscious and ridiculous speaker, reveals the excitement and the anxiety of the enemy due to the endless B.B.C. broadcastings to the underground. Their mystery caused such a pressure on the invader that it was for him a real relief to know and to have the world know that he too was conducting the secret war. This sentence must be understood in free translation: "Ah! See! We do it too!" Rodrigue, Carthage, all of this is a mirage. But I am anticipating.

In Bordeaux, everybody is busy in the hotel Royal-Gascogne where the team has been sent. There is quite a crowd. The Munster Abwehrstelle is represented by Garrken whose instep has healed, by the pompous Frohlich, Muhlmann, Paulus and other less important lordlings, and the Gestapo in France by Lesel. Even though it is German, the mission is found to be not well prepared. Things have to be improvised. Lesel and Bertrand who is to be the coder, have to determine at the last minute the conventions for the sending of radio messages: call signs, key-group arrangements, and wave-length, which they will be the only ones to know. Should one of them disappear, Poux, the radio operator who was briefed too rapidly, might make the mistake of broadcasting needlessly.

All the equipment is weighed several times, in order to distribute the loads equally. The pompous Frohlich gave his recommendations and made a speech. Then comes the numerous administrative paperwork procedures. Each man is given a Colt, 50 rounds, a pocket one-lens field-glass, a compass, a first-aid kit, a flash-light, etc...but someone has brought the wrong set of maps. Then comes the organizational equipment. It is out of this world. For example, there is a box fitted with wheels containing 2 automatic rifles with silencer, enough ammunition for two years of active campaigning, and, a complete assortment of false seals, and stamps, among which the "Military Permit" stamp alone is a real stamping machine weighing 15 lbs. God knows what else! Total weight amounted to several hundred kilos.

Belair gets mad and strictly refuses to take these impedimenta with him. On the ground, a camel caravan would be needed to carry it.

The funny part is provided by Frohlich, who solemnly gives to "sehr geherter Herr Picar" several boxes containing moslem-written pamphlets. He is quite sure that this is going to stir up a religious war, and spread just like a wild-fire, from Moulay-Idriss to Mecca. Picard upset, only takes a sample of each pamphlet which he will leave on one of the tables in the hotel lobby.

After five months of a laborious preparation the part of: the German Staff, the Amt Ausland of the German Intelligence Service, the Brandebourg School of Espionage, and the Legion of French Volunteers all working together were finally successful, on October 16, 1943, the Carthage mission appears

on the scene of the secret war. It takes off from the Merigna airport at 2200 hours sharp, in a Focke-Wulf Condor which certainly never before carried so many German hopes. The chief pilot is Major Liman von Sanders. Truly it is possible that the Germans, these fetishistic primitives, did it on purpose. Liman's ancestor, who was the organizer of the pre-1914 Turkish Army, never missed the chance to have his name followed by the noble title bestowed on him by the Turks: Liman von Sanders Pacha. The odd combination still symbolizes the "Drang nach Suden" ( the drive toward the South). Dream. Mirage. Carthage.

Four hours and fifteen minutes of flight at 12,000 feet of altitude. It is very cold. Bertrand, flyer by profession, and interested by the activities of the crew of this magnificent plane does not mind too much. But later he reported that "Belair, Picard, and Poux remained bundled up in their flying clothes and curled up on themselves, "they were sick and cold."

Were they sick from the cold only?

Undoubtedly the Germans are thinking about that carefully locked train which, in 1917 was carrying Lenin and his companions from the Swiss border across Germany and up to the Eastern Steppes.

No incident. No machine-guns fired at the plane. The jump-off point is spotted right away. The beacon-lights are well placed. Good old Le Gorgeux!

0215 hours. The Carthage companions jump into space from an altitude of 1800 feet. The plane turns back. "Dogs are howling," notices Bertrand.

Act V is excellent. Perfect! One must allow me to be enthusiastic. In this act, my position is much less that of a writer than of a drama critic.

Bertrand, who is the last one to jump, makes a rough landing. He rolls on the ground, hits invisible obstacles, and is a little "stunned." These damned hounds are still howling. Bertrand stiffens, frees himself from the ropes and stands up. Two helpful persons assist him. Well! They are not his carthaginian friends. Two strangers. Undoubtedly, they are Le Gorgeux's assistants. Good old Le Gorgeux!

"Everyone is fine" says the first one "They are all here!"

And the second adds:

"Go to this building in front of you, young man."

Five minutes later, in a room of Le Gorgeux's farm the four members of the Carthage mission, with their hands up under the threat of a few pistols, are lined up against a wall. I can imagine that their faces made no contrast with the white-washed background...but my role is not to imagine things.

Several rough but visibly satisfied civilians are inventorying the bunch. They make a roll-call. And they use real names, not pseudonyms.

"Belair?"

"That's me!"

"Bertrand?"

"Here!"

"Good. Then you must be Picard. And the youngster is Poux. Good.

Everything is O.K. We have the weapons and the equipment. Let us see: one Colt and 50 rounds."

Picard is reprimanded because he gave 25 of his rounds to Lesel.

"...field glass, compass, pocket-flash-lights...hey, chief, is this considered war spoils or not? No. Too bad! First aid kit. Maps...Good everything is all right. It's all there. Now let's see the loot, 300,000 francs. Fine."

Then comes the following which sounds like a dream:

"Where in the hell did you put the automatic rifles with silencers, the stamps, the kit and the pamphlets? Ah, that's true. At the last minute you refused to take it with you. Correct?"

Let's recall that this "last minute" happened less than five hours earlier.

Poux whose legs are giving away is pulled up roughly by the chief of the policemen.

"Stay up, young man. It is no time to snooze. There is work to do now. Otherwise, it would be useless to have made you come from so far. Unpack your radio. As for you Bertrand, aren't you the coder? We will use this wave-length. Don't pull any trick with your key-group. It would not work and it would be dangerous for you. The message for a good arrival is..."

The chief scans through a notebook.

"...Ah! here it is: 'It was in the horror of a dark summer night.' Let's go boys."

An inspector laughs:

"Hey, chief, where do they find their blabbing? There is nothing horrible about a summer night."

"That's what you call literature" answers the chief in a scornful manner. "Let's go Bertrand, I am spelling: It was...Capital I...."

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The Carthage mission thus began its career. It was obscure and useful. It lasted five months, which is pretty good. It contributed to the intoxication of the Amt Ausland which was, I repeat, the German command organization in quest of intelligence in foreign countries.

Belair was not a bad cover for false information. Having served in Morocco for quite a long time, it was not impossible that he could discover the secrets of the French Staffs in North Africa. The German commoners of Munster imputed to his noble title a Prussian like power and radiance. They thought this particle opened for him the most restricted diplomatic circles. Belair's personal charm, well known and tested, justified the fact that any woman could make him any kind of confidence.

And he did see, hear and report a lot of things! We can say that for five months, he was one of the best German agents.

But there is an end to everything. It is probable that Carthage would have lasted longer if it had not been for an involuntary indiscretion from a person outside Counterintelligence. In March 1944, during the Pucheu trial (that trial again!) an improvised defense attorney, who did not need

such arguments to have his client shot, and who was carried away by his neophyte zeal far beyond his assigned objective, undertook to severely criticize Vichy and the Vichy double game: "It's a Double agent" he exclaimed, "Is it a double game again, this dropping of four French officers whose chief bears one of the great names of France, on October 16, 1943, in the area of...? This was false, not only as far as the Military Year Book was concerned, but also according to the Who's Who. It was also false in the terminology and the interpretation of the facts, but the public prosecutor could not know it. It would not have been important, if it had not revealed the truth to the Germans who were listening.

The defense attorney aggravated the damage by making the following statement: "Soon, the guilty ones will appear handcuffed in this court." By evaluating approximatively the time necessary for the investigation and the inquest, the Germans were going to understand that the arrest of Belair and his associates had taken place several months earlier. This rendered void all the long-range intoxication work of the mission and could endanger the operations under preparation.

Not including some deadly and useless dangers hanging ipso facto over useful mortals.

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But I almost forgot to give the key of the problem. The careful reader has probably found it. Having to respect the truth, I could not make the mystery intricate enough and its solution progressive and well camouflaged at the same time.

Intellectually, only two persons, perhaps three, could conduct such a complex plot. Obviously it could not have been the coward killers eliminated at the beginning of the school sabotage course. Nor Bertrand who was only a shadow. Nor Poux, a bit-player. Nor Belair because this is not a novel and such a feather-brained person couldn't in reality make such a shrewd double agent. Nor any of the Germans, otherwise I would have presented him in more detail. Nor Albertini, nor B..., because, after all, it would be known by now.

Remaining are Le Gorgeux, Lesel and Picard.

Physically, it cannot be Le Gorgeux. He was away from Bordeaux before the departure of the mission, and could not possibly have given the police the list of the equipment which was taken or left behind.

It cannot be Picard either. Oh! It is not because the Territorial Surveillance Detachment arrested him when he landed with the others. There would have been many reasons to let him share for a while the fate and the jail of his companions. But let's go back a few pages. I was writing that in Bordeaux: "Lesel and Bertrand, who is to be the coder, have to determine at the last minute the conventions for the sending of radio-messages: call signs, key-group arrangements and wave-lengths, which only they will know. Should one of them disappear....."



Since the policemen knew all these secrets, Lesel was the one who warned them. Besides, had Picard known all these details, he would not have had the time to transmit them.

Furthermore, after an exceptional success such as the taking-over and the utilization, to our advantage, of a mission which took five months of preparation by the German Intelligence Service. One is not about to leave the scene of one's success. One continues until the end. One has to try to establish a second and a third mission. One has to advance. One has to try to infiltrate the enemy secret councils. One would perhaps succeed, if it were not for the errors of others. One risks everything, up to the end.

Had Picard been our man, he would not have returned to Morocco with "Carthage." Undoubtedly, he really would have never returned there. Never.

Finally, all the "salt" of this story...

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Therefore, it was Lesel. Lesel who had been selected for his extreme intelligence and dropped in Metropolitan France with a very broad mission "against" Vichy and the collaborationist circles. With men of this caliber, one does not circumscribe a mission rigidly, nor does one limit their freedom of action.

In Vichy, he met his old friend Picard. The latter introduced him to Belair, who told him right away: "The Germans are going to parachute me in

Morocco in order to bring North Africa back to France." The first reaction of our stunned Lesel, was not to make fun, to get mad, or to shout "Stupid! "He was trained to control himself. But he was taken by pity for this simple-minded friend of his. Thus he toned down the desperate picture of North Africa which he had begun to outline. The desperate version was intended for collaborators whose confidence he wanted to gain. And so he said to Belair: 'Forget it.'

After he had left the two Argonauts, he started thinking it over. He is not pleased with himself. He had lacked reflexes. Due to pity (in his job it is called weakness), he had missed the most unexpected occasion to penetrate by using Belair, the most inaccessible German spy circles. This was an opportunity to send to his comrades in Morocco a splendid mechanical double agent.

He caught up with Belair. "Go," he said, and he managed to enter the group as the commander.

Fifteen days later, he was regarded by the Germans as a great man, a comer.

He met Belair again on the plane at Marignac. It was even possible (I have greatly shortened this story) that he prevented his leaving for Spain with a hand of Gaullist officers on their way to join the Free France forces. As soon as the "Condor" was airborne, Lesel transmits the fresh news to Algiers, as he usually did every night.

Lesel was not arrested by the Germans when they discovered what happened to the Carthage mission. What happened to him? That's asking me too much? It is his own business.

## CHAPTER V

### PROTECTION AGAINST INTOXICATION

By now, the reader has undoubtedly been able to convince himself that the double agents are the most subtle, insidious, and dangerous weapon of the Secret Services. Then how do we protect ourselves against them?

We must admit that it is very hard. Before meeting their almost unavoidable fate, the double agents always have the time to accomplish a certain amount of harm. By definition, they are a select group among the operatives of the Intelligence Service and no single method, way, or recipe can detect those working for the enemy. What then could be the criteria, the test or a simple clue to indicate their treason?

Relations with the enemy? But this is part of the man's job. The documents he is holding? He is no more responsible for their contents than a mailman is for the content of the letters he delivers. His curiosity? It's a manifestation of his initiative. His rather disreputable acquaintances? Are you kidding? His sudden wealth? The suspect will say that it comes from trafficking in foreign currency or smuggling: and, this will probably be very true. The job enriches its man indirectly by giving him a footing in several countries and easy passage from one to another. The testimony of an enemy who has been arrested or that of a "colleague?" The accused will claim that it is an enemy scheme to eliminate your best agent, and this will make sense. The person capable of unravelling the infinitely

confused and tangled web of the life of a double agent, from mission to compromise, will have to be a really clever individual.

In a job which is a pretense at betrayal, the real treason is an inner one. It can only be found in the very deepest part of the man's heart and mind. How can one see that deep! Impossible!

Impossible? Well, it may not be absolutely impossible for certain Counterintelligence chiefs. But it requires a combination of personal resourcefulness and qualities which are hard to find.

First of all, it requires a broad and profound experience of life, as well as of the world and the era. This is quite rare in the military circle, because they are closed within themselves. The reason is not because of class consciousness which is a mere historical remembrance. It is really because of poverty and the absolute material necessity of a confined life of a dignified small bourgeois. It has been a very long time since the traditional military families represented the wealthy classes.

It also requires, but this is only a corollary, a rather broad mind to tolerate certain weaknesses, defects or even vices among others, while observing for oneself a moral, almost religious code of no compromise.

The difficulties, - one of them, - is that knowledge of human passions is not transferable through words or study. It must be experienced by one even if it is only to a homeopathic degree, and it must have been seen, tasted, known completely, and totally mastered. Or else, one has to be gifted with foresight, such as the infallible diagnosis of the thaumaturgist. Is this possible if the healer does not constantly practice with patients or if the Counterintelligence officers do not constantly deal with

irregulars, adventuresses, and corrupted people?

The picture of a good double agent employer is now taking shape. It is obvious that he must not be too young. He does not necessarily have to be a "gung ho" career officer. It would be better if he had been a civilian for quite some time. Nevertheless, he needs to have a thorough military background because he is going to deal with various problems and will have to detect what is false in a wide variety of documents, which will require the skills of a line captain as well as those of a General Staff officer. (1) Like those fashionable mundane confessors who forgive everything but a lack of faith, he has to be easy, indulgent, and kind under the sole condition that one must be perfect while on duty. Besides, it is impossible to fail in this because one cannot lie to him at all, even by omission. To risk it would be extremely dangerous and one knows it.

However, contradictory these qualities may be, it is necessary to find a few men who have them to direct Counterintelligence Service, because they represent the only solution to the problem. A perfect organization and dilligent work may be sufficient to detect the ordinary spy, but this could never make up for the "nose," as one says, which is required in the struggle against double agents.

I will start by showing a natural Counterintelligence officer right in the middle of his disintoxication mission. First I should add that to

(1) Since I wrote these lines, I read in a magazine that a department of the National Police was in charge of the "intoxication" and the handling of the double agents. I have police friends whom I respect very highly. But this will not prevent me from saying that it would be as absurd to give the Police the Counterintelligence function as it would to give to the Army the functions of the "Renseignements Generaux" (equivalent to U.S. FBI).

completely fulfill his mission, he should have at his disposal the resources of a well-organized Service, the base of which is a filing system centralizing all information compiled over many years. If the circumstances of war, scatter the Counterintelligence organization, render the liaisons difficult between the head office, its branches, and the organization it has to protect then the enemy has the advantage. This is what happened in France, from 1943 to 1944. The consequences can be summarized as follows:

1. The old timers of the Agence Immobiliere, i.e. good Mr. Vauthier and his well experienced assistants, defended themselves in the best way they could, and their net survived.
2. The organization which was set up to replace them in case of bad luck, the young Agence Immobiliere, made up of eager professionals but who lacked experience, was entirely destroyed by the enemy double agents.
3. As far as the newly created Resistance nets were concerned, they were found to be extremely vulnerable.
4. The Allied Services which came to operate in France after the landing, an unknown terrain, because intoxicated with the suddenness of a childhood illness.

I have been looking for examples to illustrate these four statements which are basically the same idea. It just happens that the most striking of these took place in the South-East of France. I shall link them together and this will present a particular interest: it will demonstrate in broad outlines but without very large gaps, the story of the defensive struggle

of a Resistance Area against the German Special Services.

I

A BORN COUNTERINTELLIGENCE OFFICER

Let us note that the chapters of the first volume of this work, in which I studied the general conditions of survival of the old Agence Immobiliere and of the Eleuthere net, are not overlapping the chapter where I intend to elaborate mostly about the defense against double agents. But, while telling about the struggle for life of the Agence Immobiliere, I spoiled somewhat the effect of my best example, that of Mr. Vauthier-Laforet, a model Counterintelligence leader who discovered an attempt at doubling. I shall only repeat quickly so as to underline it that the only weapons are the "nose" and, in the absence of it, the experience.

Lerat, a former infantry platoon leader, a good soldier in 1940, came from a good family, and after the Armistice was one of the first to join a Resistance Group which did not have a name as yet. He was a contact-man in a section of the Armistice Army Intelligence Service.

Mr. Vauthier would say today: "Personally, I never wanted him as an associate." If you asked him: "Why?" he would make a evasive gesture and change the subject of conversation. Let us answer for him: "Because this boy was too thin, too weak, and under his frizzy hair, his face was too young, and too naive to be thirty years old." That is all.

We could say that these were not good reasons. But they were. It was more than enough reasons to avoid giving him important responsibilities.

his physical appearance alone would have been sufficient to prevent him from managing a hardware store. He would have been given a try-out, just to see. Was he going to be given the responsibility of handling old timer spies then? No!! Impossible! He would have to be given a liaison agent job to start. Then, it would be necessary to wait until he found out the fundamental things. Particularly, he had to find out about women whom he seemed unable to handle. Consequently, it was absolutely necessary that he learned. There was no other solution.

Lerat, was getting impatient, joined newly created units of the Resistance.

As soon as he got hold of a few pennies besides his military pay, he was "hooked" by the first adventuress he met. It was normal, it was almost unavoidable and psychologically inevitable that he would meet a woman who was not respectable. She had to have something different in her feminine specialty to appeal to him. However, she could have been less of a bitch than this Arlette, who had almost all the vices, including the most unpleasant ones. She was a perfect "immunologist." Lerat was lucky: he lost his illusions faster than the average of his contemporaries. After a year or perhaps a few months, he was totally disgusted with Arlette, thoroughly immunized against her types, he started to be a little more useful to the service.

He was not useful for very long. He was confused by a false sentimental passion, which generally happens to adolescents, when he was arrested by the Germans. Undoubtedly, it was because of Arlette that he did not have the courage to die, when death presented itself to him under conditions



that would have seemed merciful to our comrades who are now dead. No torture or almost none; a military court where the judges saluted you after giving the sentence; then a firing squad, without the ignominy of the camps. Again, because of that slut, Lerat did not have the salutary reaction to confess his weakness to his superiors and to ask for a "position of sacrifice and redemption." He was free again. But at what price! He claimed to have escaped. All his comrades welcomed him as a hero. Nobody around him was suspicious. His first gesture was to marry Arlette.

I told how Mr. Vauthier, without even trying to explain his decision... by impulse, attempted to take Lerat to North Africa, and, when he did not succeed, raised an iron curtain between the funambulist escapes of Fresnes and the Agence Immobiliere, except for the Clermont-Limoges Section which had to be disbanded. In doing so, he probably saved all the rest of the Agence Immobiliere, the Army Resistance Organization, and the nets linked to it, the Eleuthere net was one of those which lost only one man, as a result of this action.

On the other hand, to my knowledge (and I don't know everything of course!) two of the large Resistance Movements, four French nets, a Belgian net plus one Interallied net connected to the Anglo-Saxon Agency of Berne, were going to lose some feathers. However, their French or Allied leaders, were not babies. The first ones mentioned were learning a new and difficult job; the others only knew somewhat the environment in which they were working. Especially, the Algiers and London Counterintelligence Central Offices which could not pass on to everyone concerned the information and the warnings of a few specialists who had remained on the spot, and thus

could not "expose" the traitors.

All there was left to do in France was to destroy them whenever they were discovered.

## II

### THE STRUGGLE AGAINST ENEMY DOUBLE AGENTS IN 1940 - 1942

The African Army, the Armistice Army up to its disbandment, and the Resistance organizations in contact with our Special Services (for example, the Combat Movement) until the total German occupation were all efficiently defended against enemy double agents. The doubles were rapidly detected, and disposed of or discreetly abducted and sent to Africa. As early as 1941, it became a real slaughter. The reason is simple: the right men were in position and were able to work under relatively normal conditions.

It will only be necessary to multiply the example below several hundred times to realize the atmosphere of this particular kind of combat until November 1942.

The ex-air force Belgian lieutenant...let's call him Huizen, became a correspondent for the French Special Services after the Armistice. From 1940 to 1941, he performed a certain number of intelligence collection missions for them as well as the setting up of escape channels in his country. He returned to Belgium frequently and was working for the preparation of active resistance when our story takes place.

One day in July 1941, in Bruxelles he unexpectedly met a former air force NCO named Volks who used to belong to his squadron. If he had been able to do so, he would have avoided Volks because the latter was a notoriously corrupt character. He had deserted the Belgian Army to enlist in the Spanish Republic air force. He deserted again just before Franco's victory. He came back to Belgium, claiming he had shot down a forever changing number of Italo-German planes and endlessly cursing the Reds. The least one could say was that he had a certain tendency toward treason. In civilian life, he did odd jobs and had failed in everything he undertook.

Face to face with Volks at the corner of a street, Huizen was obliged to exchange a few words with him. Well! The war and the invasion erased many things between fellow-countrymen. Suddenly Huizen discovered an unexpected interest in the conversation. No doubt, Volks is violently and passionately anti-German. There were words and gestures whose meaning could not be doubted. They started to hit it off. Soon Volks whispered that he belonged to the Intelligence Service. Due to the magic power of these two words, a masterpiece of British propaganda, Huizen was very much impressed.

"I am taking care of the escaping of prisoners" said Volks.

One confidence led to another.

"Me too" replied Huizen.

These two words have cost the life of so many men. It gave such pleasure and a feeling of pride to pronounce them in the mole-like life of

the underground fighter.

"But we don't have the same boss" continued Huizen.

"Pooh! My poor lieutenant! I think I know why" answered Volks. Hush! Not another word. I am discreet. But it might be a good thing if you could meet a British chief who just happens to be in town. This could widen your field of action."

"You think that he will accept?"

"Surely, I'll vouch for you."

Several days later, Volks introduced Huizen to Mac, a rather disturbing big fellow who did not look very much like a Britisher. His hair, his skin and his eyes were dark. He had a long, hollowed and wrinkled face. His staring look became rapidly embarrassing. He seemed determined, "Just like a cop" was Huizen's first impression. But as soon as Mac spoke, both men felt attracted to each other. Obviously, Mac was extremely intelligent: He was a master in the intelligence game, profuse in good advices, and admirably informed on the Belgium situation and the Resistance capabilities. He gained Huizen's esteem. Huizen accepted, at that first meeting, his financial support for the organization of the Belgian armed groups. The three men met again on several occasion in August, and Huizen started recruiting the leaders for an operational net.

In September, he re-established contact with his French leader in... let's say Sete. When the main business was taken care of, he briefly reported that he had met a certain Mac of the Intelligence Service.

"What's he like?" asked the officer.

Huizen described him rapidly. The chief insisted on more details. He wanted to know everything about Mac, from his dental plate to the shape of his ear lobes, his taste, his habits, and his mannerism.

"...what else?" asked Huizen his patience running out. He knows all about criminology, and he often quotes Locard."

"Ah! said the Frenchman "Well! Does he also speak one of these rare and odd dialects?"

"He does. The Kiniwaeli dialect. I discovered it quite by accident while talking about the Congo where I was born."

"Hum... Who introduced you to each other?"

"One of my former NCO's, a fellow named, Volks."

"Give me a description of him."

"Flemish; average height; blond; fat, weighing over 180 pounds; blue eyes, reddish complexion...and...no scars. But...do you know them?"

"My dear friend, I have the impression that you have bumped right into a Boche agent...or two."

"That's impossible!"

"Everything is possible. We'll speak about it on your next trip. Until then, cut off everything, that's a strict order."

"All right. But..."

"Cut off everything!"

"All right."

Huizen crossed the demarcation line enclosing occupied France and the first thing he did was to go see Volks, who had been in Paris for some

time, and tell him about the crazy suspicion of the French officer. The two fellow-countrymen talked about it in full confidence.

"It's completely stupid!" stated Volks, "It's obvious that Mac belongs to the British Intelligence Service. Well! You saw him. You know him. The truth is that these Vichy Frenchmen can't stand the English and the French G-2 is not only envious but also extremely jealous of the British Intelligence Service!"

"That's the truth, all right!" said Huizen. "No need looking any further."

The same day, at 1700 hours, he went to a second rendezvous with Volks, in a harmless-looking house of Rue de la Pompe. He rang, went in, and found himself in an office face to face with a German superior officer accompanied by a junior officer who looked just as German and who was Mac, and by Volks who was laughing his head off.

"Huizen" said Mac "you are caught in the mill. You gave me more information than required to have you shot by the Allies. Unvoluntarily you say? I, myself know it. But who will believe it on the other side? All you have to do is to continue working for us voluntarily and make money out of this job. Besides, you are just like Volks, you belong to a German ethnic group, and you could have your place in the sun within the Great Reich. I give you two minutes to think it over."

In short, what happened next was not a thing one can tell with pleasure. Huizen came out a turned-around double agent in the pay of the Germans. He had disclosed the order of battle of the French

Intelligence Special Services which the superior officer (probably Colonel Reile, Oscar, III F/Leiter of the Paris Abwehrleitungstelle, i.e., the chief of the German Intelligence Service in France) in an enthusiastic impulse called "goldwert:" worth its weight in gold. Huizen had signed up.

Would he, at least, regain his self-control? No. Back in Brussels, undoubtedly watched, but free, he could have warned the resistance organization members, which had been established by Mac, himself. Huizen ended up doing this, but too late, and it is estimated that he was responsible for approximately one hundred and fifty arrests. Was he at least going to blow his head off? No, not even that.

However, in the so-called free French zone, the Counterintelligence machine started to move. Oh! It was very simple. Yet since it was a centralized service normally organized, it was also perfectly effective. A report was sent to the chief of the Sete area. A few groping moves while looking in the records of the Cambronne Command Post, in Marseille. Several files were taken out, and two of them were selected. A five minute conversation took place between the big boss and the Marseille section chief who had been called at Cambronne. Results:

1. The Marseille section chief, for whom Volks had been employed, suspected his former agent of treason, among other misdeeds. Volks was considered responsible for the theft of a new type of English radio-transmitter, and for the arrest, by the Germans, of a Air Force Intelligence Service officer. Now there was no doubt that he was an agent working

for the Germans because:

2. The so-called Mac was identified beyond all doubt as F. from Luxemborg, probably a naturalized German, one of the most deadly operators of Colonel Oscar Reile, the public enemy number 1.

Phew! Fortunately this good old Huizen had been warned thought the Frenchmen.

Much sooner than expected, Huizen came back to Sete, where his wife had taken refuge. He was asked if he had had an accident. He answered that nothing wrong had happened. But he indicated his intention to give up the game and take a little rest. The French who remained human in such a savage war would have respected his decision. But Huizen did not explain it in a manner which could have satisfied and believed by his chief. He looked troubled, frightened, and dazed. He was hiding something. He became a suspect.

Everybody was careful not to speak to him about Mac and Volks. They all pretended to have forgotten the incident. He was watched discreetly and with untiring perseverance. Nothing happened for more than a month. Finally one day a visitor who came to his home was reported and rapidly identified. He was Volks. The two fellow-countrymen were left alone undisturbed. They were arrested and "worked over" separately. It was very easy to get them to the point where they accused each other. From that moment on, all they had left to do was to confess, each for himself.

Volks was there of course to summon Huizen, who was running away, to come and see his German chiefs.



Mac in this case had made several glaring technical blunders. He had been recognized through his mania of showing off his knowledge of criminology and his uncommon linguistic ability. Having employed one of his double agents in the task of turning-around an ordinary French agent, he had made the mistake of letting these two remain in working contact. He had given Huizen a "free hand" before he could completely rely on him. Well, this goes to show that no one is perfect.

We too were going to make some mistake in this case. For some time we had been shedding our previous searching formalities. Yet, we usually did not liquidate these agents with the speech mentioned in my example of Devillers, this traitor of "Combat," had been arrested, charged, tried and shot in Lyons, in less time than it takes a policeman to write a traffic ticket. (This suggests that the aforementioned operations did not always occur in their logical order).

There was one extenuating circumstance: it was probable that we wanted to "exploit" Volks completely. It was tempting. We thought that the man was a "gold mine." It was true. It was proven, but only four years later. Since he was Mac's liaison agent with Spain and Portugal, he could have told us, as early as 1941, how and through whom the Germans infiltrated the Lisbon British Intelligence Service. How an Englishman, with a temporary rank and title of captain and gentleman, picked up by the awaiting enemy after he had been parachuted at Chailly-Oen-Biere, got out of his predicament by betraying his French agents, was later disclosed. How did the German Intelligence Service submerge Spain...etc? Volks

should not have been kept in Sete which was still within the protective shadow of the Gestapo. Surely, the boats which escaped harbor inspections were all overloaded at that time. But Volks deserved a priority ticket, even if it was in a torpedo tube. There is no use elaborating on this. We did treat him, as we had the others who were not as valuable.

One day, five officers convened, and quickly, discouraged the oratory impulses of the two rather skeptical defense lawyers, and sentenced Volks to death and Huizen to hard-labor for life, in order to maintain the meaning of treason in France. But of course the Germans were within hearing range.

Bousquet, Lavel's elegant policeman, intervened. This time we could not prevent him from doing so. Let us mention in passing that the German ambassador to the Secretary of State for the Police was Chamberlin-Lafont, the butcher of Rue Lauriston. Can you imagine, without bursting out laughing - the gigolo and the killer bowing at each other in a government office. They were going up in the world.

Several days later, in Chalon-sur-Saone, some decent policemen, dismayed and mute, turned over the two prisoners to their gardian angels: Chamberlin and the cream of Rue de Lauriston. The gang had set up a buffet in a corner of the railroad-station, with a lot of champagne and even flowers, just as for heroes. Volks, a repulsive coward in jail, was now exulting and exploding:

"I warned you" he said to the Frenchmen:

"No ill-feeling, do you want a drink?"

"No, our train..."

"Well, we'll see each other again buddy, and until then!"

In fact, they were going to see each other again. Because, in this trade you always ended up meeting again. Besides, this was one of the major reasons why the old-timers were so vastly superior to the newcomers. They were like old shepherds who are capable of recognizing all the sheep of the flock by a tuft of hair, and even of calling them by names.

### III

IN 1943 AND 1944, THE OLD-TIMERS IN MARSEILLE  
DEFEND THEMSELVES AGAINST DOUBLE AGENTS, BUT...

November 12, 1942. Total invasion of France by the Germans.

I already mentioned all the difficulties of the underground Counter-intelligence. I want now to emphasize those concerning enemy and friendly double agents.

The former increased very much in number. The Gestapo utilized all kinds of atrocities to turn-around the friendly ones. One could only rely on oneself and on one's "nose" to detect them. Did we succeed? It was impossible to warn all the patriots concerned. They were scattered in secret and compartmented organizations. The positive proof of the guilt or the obtaining of a confession, this absolute certainty which alone allows civilized men to dispense justice themselves. It was because we no longer had any authority, prestige, or help. We did not have files any more, these precious documents which sufficed in the case of Huizen-Volks.

The French Counterintelligence records, which were crated in early November 1942, were found equivalent to a mountain weighing forty tons. We know how they had to be vaulted in the cellar of a castle in the Gard department, where the Germans captured them in July 1943, but thank God they had been carefully screened beforehand.

In November 1942, the members of the Special Services who had remained in Marseilles received the strict order to "lay low" until further notice and take the maximum precautions for their personal safety. For once the duty was a negative one: survival. It must be remembered that from 1940 to 1942, Marseille had been the seat of the Counterintelligence General Staff.

The Villa Eole, which is now destroyed, had been the Central Command Post from August 31, 1940. Most of the members of this Service knew it only by its code name: Cambronne C.P. Very few people from Marseille knew the underground activity of this house. It had been evacuated rapidly on August 30, 1942, as soon as the date of the landing in North Africa was made known for sure. The important leaders had started their wandering life.

On 12 November 1942, only the following organizations remained in Marseille:

1. The regional section "Glaieul" of the Agence Immobiliere, whose commander, the shrewd Philippe-Auguste, later promoted to Inspector of the South-East Agence Immobiliere under the name of "Soleil" turned control over to Captain Mordant. The captain was as intelligent as he was vigorous and bold. He looked like a tough character with a Phd. in mathematics. "Glaieul" was scattered in several places, above the Turkish

bath of the Rue Canebiere, Boulevard Rabateau, Boulevard Perier, Rue d'Anvers, etc...

2. The chief and an operational cell of the Military Security Service, which from 1940 to 1942, had been the cover for the Special Services. This leader, Captain Ledroit de Regle, calm, cold, and sure, was an "aristocrat". He and Major R. chief of Military Justice for the area, an old soldier, a tough guy, had both assumed imperturbably for two years the responsibility of eliminating German spies. If there had remained but one man to execute them legally, R. would have been that man. He had more than 350 of them brought to trial. Regle had caught 88 spies in one single raid, after having captured the German officer Lynckx, who was their paymaster, and had seized the pay-voucher file on his person. The two accomplices had quite a sense of humor and when they could not catch red-handed Captain Ramstetter, the German spy leader in their sector, they had him sentenced to eight years in jail for...indecent behavior, sadism, and other petty offenses. This completely flabbergasted the Germans.

On November 8, Regle sorted out and hid his archives, and left his Rue Roux-de Brignoles office. It was taken over by an innocent looking Navy section, entrusted with the settling of war-prize disputes dating back to World War I (or even from the war of 1870, but I am not sure), while the Military Security organization disappeared underground with a reduced personnel.

3. The Self-Defense Groups (G.A.D. or G.A.M.), recruited for specific missions by the Special Services in the Armistice Army, had remained

in full strength of course. Officers of disbanded troop units offered valuable help to them. There were excellent sabotage and intelligence networks, among the civilians; for example "Andalouise."

All the Resistance Movements had not as yet become fully operational. The most active one was "Combat" organized by Captain Frenay. This representative in Marseille was Lt. Chevance of the Colonial Infantry. The latter was cleverly working under the cover as a dispatching agent on the piers. Let us recall that the "Liberation" and "France-Tireurs" movements had joined up with "Combat" in September 1942 to form the Resistance United Movements" (M.U.R.) and had merged their respective forces into one Secret Army. The presence of the Germans was going to speed the recruiting in the South-East area.

They were faced by a Gestapo which had taken residence, in a block of houses at the corner of Rue Paradis and Boulevard Rodocanacchi. The block became a real fort, with a S.S. garrison. But several advanced parties and numerous reconnaissance groups had preceded this mass movement. Such as the foreign sailors, Mr. and Mrs. Vauthier's neighbors in the Hotel de Bordeaux, whom I mentioned earlier. And also other more deadly units. Vichy had authorized a German technical mission to try to detect with their D.F. equipment the clandestine posts of the British Intelligence Service, and of the Communist party in the Southern area. The Ministry of the Interior had given French identification papers to its members. It was obvious that the Marseille Gestapo knew its sector perfectly and represented an immediate threat.

In fact, it started badly, slowly and inefficiently. In spite of its fortified castle, its herd of officers, its Ph.D. Herren Doktoren, its arrogant and cruel S.S. men, its torture chambers and its wads of money, the Gestapo was paralyzed from the beginning. No doubt that this situation was the result of the Counterintelligence work from 1940 to 1942. The Gestapo in the South-East area perhaps would have merely been an additional administration, making arrests and massacring at random, if it had not been for the arrival, in January 1943 of the S.S. Scharfuhrer Dunker Hans, alias Hackenschmidt Fred, alias Senach Wilfried, alias Weber, alias Deichen, and especially alias Delage, because it was under that name that he was going to become notorious.

When he arrived at the Saint-Jean railroad station, he was nothing but a scared subordinate. He had been on the borderline of catastrophe. At the end of 1942, serving as interpreter for the Rue des Saussaies Gestapo he had been convicted of dealing with the French and even suspected of complicity with one of his friends, a British Intelligence agent, or at least he was accused of this action. I heard from a reliable source that, caught by fear, he had toyed with the idea of hiding-out in the Paris area maquis, and had started to put his strange idea into execution, but changed his mind and turned himself into his chiefs. He came out of this with a small jail sentence and a compulsory transfer.

Obviously, he was a resourceful fellow. He was an intellectual and a morale acrobat. He was to give his full ability against the French, in Marseille, to make up for his past failure in the eye of the Party. He was one of these men who has lived in all sorts of environments, done

everything, been everywhere. He had thoroughly mingled and associated with those of his contemporaries, whom I referred to previously as being predisposed for Counterintelligence work. If I add that he was a bar manager in Berlin, a chief receptionist clerk in a big hotel, an interpreter, and, of course, an early member of the Party, one will understand why Marseille was, for him, such a well chosen working ground.

He was in his early thirties and looked like a rather typical modern German: average height, the slight plumpness of the home front soldier who lived "Wie Gott in Frankreich" precisely in France. He had a baby face not yet marked by time and a pink complexion, his hair a little darker than usual for an S.S. but very stiff, and above all these detestable blue-green eyes, mean and lifeless. He was cunning by a secular habit of servile obedience, and cruel by nature. Those who only saw him at his trial, in 1946, will not recognize him by this description. Dunker had changed a lot in two years, as even probably in a few days, a few seconds.

He did not lose any time in the comfortable offices of Rue Paradis. Even though he was German and a S.S., he would be able to do his job, have power and exist there only on the very day he could establish himself as a gang leader, i.e., a big shot, he rapidly recruited a gang of his own. Under the command of Holtz, his assistant, the most typical of Marseille cells was soon in business, with its "little moll" Maggy Magnan, its body-guards, Tortora the Boxer and Olivieri the Corsican, who patronized the Dom Bosco Club between every other raid, its roughnecks, and its informers: Chach the Nicois, Gaston the Dasher, Brown the Flyer, Sala the



Engineer, the fake policemen Romieu and Dewaenne, etc..., etc...

From then on, Delage was a big wheel in Marseille.

At first he weeded the police out. He did it with a perspicacity which will surprise no one. The personnel formerly specialized in Counterintelligence i.e., the Territorial Surveillance, was condemned not only to clandestinity, but to inaction. If one of its members attempted to go beyond a 500 yard radius of the "Dance" bar belonging to R. (who had just been arrested, but fortunately under a false identity which stood up miraculously under investigation), he was shot full of holes. But this was not enough for Delage. The ordinary National Police was warned, with the arrest of its assistant-commander, that the only alternative left was to go straight along the path of the New Order.

Then Delage started practicing on the Resistance Movements. As early as April 20, 1943, he hit them at the top. With his gang, he burst into 13 Boulevard de Strasburg in Toulon, the home of Colonel Deboin who was the Secret Army regional chief. The Colonel committed suicide with a cyanide pill. Had there been a justice on earth, the investigation would have ended there, closed, filed and sealed in the glorious coffin of the old soldier.

Unfortunately, during this raid Delage arrested a rather important member of the Secret Army, Lunel, alias Richard. He succeeded in turning him around. At last he had the man who was missing in his gang, the first one who was not, by his background, limited to police routines. The aleatory who had connections with the "underworld" and the doubtful informings; he had a double agent, a real one, and a big one who was working

in the Resistance and held the trust and the confidence of its leaders, since he was a leader himself.

This was when Delage's great "era began. In May 1943, he made 29 arrests, at the rate of one per day, including Sunday, in spite of the Lord's day of rest which was scrupulously respected by his colleagues. One has read or will read in De Benouville's book, "Sacrifice du Matin" ("Morning Sacrifice"), the story of the arrest and escape of Chevance, and, if my memory serves me right, of the attempt to arrest Fred, the American O.S.S. chief, which turned into a "Schiesserei," wasted shooting match in a dark room.

These exploits might become the subject of an epic in the future. I personally cannot see their poetic characteristics. I lived the part too much. Also, it was made up of scenes that would never satisfy the old French instinct. It is impossible to give a colorful illustration of these Chicago type movie episodes! Seen from the outside it happened the same way. The dialogue could not bring the action to a higher level, because there were no words spoken. Whatever difference existed was an invisible one. Some of our dead who had scoured the sky with Guynemer and charged the enemy with Bournazel were now playing Scarface. Everybody has seen Scarface at the movies. Let us change the subject.

However...in spite of my feelings, time has started its work of false restoration. In fact, far from hiding and tarnishing a past of struggle and action, as painful as it was, time glorifies and brightens it, provided that it has ended well. This must be the reason why I now think back with a trace of nostalgia about a time when I often felt that

it was better to die right away. It is certainly not because I am five years older, that such memories are exalted. Well! While the colors of my recollections are still honestly dark and sincerely dull, while there is still time to tell the truth, I am going to end this story rapidly.

Let us see! I was planning to demonstrate that in 1943 only the organizations which had an experienced chief and the protection of what was remaining of the former official Counterintelligence services were able to resist infiltration by enemy agents.

While the Secret Army was being beheaded by Delage and the newly formed organizations were decimated, the Agence Immobiliere went through the year of 1943 without catastrophe. Behind it, the Military Security Organization was being reorganized. The Self-Defense Groups were organizing themselves strongly. Whenever the Agence Immobiliere was faced with a crisis, it was not due to the infiltration by double agents who knew the organization intimately. Thus, the damages were limited, the organization saved and the work was performed without interruption.

Prior to December 1943, the losses suffered by the Agence Immobiliere were accidental. For example, the loss of a radio-operator who had probably been detected by the German D.F. team "sponsored" by Vichy. He was caught on November 1942

Interlude...The day following his arrest, a small, skinny, and old man wearing thick glasses and carrying a black umbrella; very much the same college professor type, shyly entered the house of the radio -operator

which was open to all winds. He found himself face to face with two mean looking giants. He saluted them with a courteous but slightly sharp tip of the hat just as they were pointing two machine-guns in his direction.

"Papers!"

"Sir, I was sent by the Saint-Fereol real estate agency since I wish to rent this villa. But please would you mind lowering these "fire arms" with which you are so imprudently playing."

The expression "Fire-arms" amused the two gorillas. They bursted out laughing at the visitor's look of offended dignity.

"Gentlemen! I don't see what is funny about my being here."

This time, the laugh became delirious. When the two Germans finally caught their breath, they said "Raus" and "Los, Los," and pushed him outside, with precautions so as not to injure him...Philippe-Auguste, Inspector of the French Special Services for the South-East area.

Such an act is not recommended to amateurs. Philippe-Auguste was Mr. Vauthier's best assistant. We shall see him appear in the midst of other disasters, by pass the traps, skirt precipices always with that same and odd nearsightedness; in the absurd but fascinating novels of Wallace, who are always present at the right place, say nothing, but finally turn out to be the "unexpected hero" of the story.

In the weeks following the occupation of Marseille, there was no other arrest. Both Philippe-Auguste and Mordant breathed a sigh of relief. They were handling a whole network of double agents in Germany,

Italy, and the collaborationist parties; plus a company of ordinary agents, and a battalion of honorable correspondants. They did not dare hope that their organization had not been infiltrated by one or more enemy doubles.

Well! There was none. Extraordinary but true.

"Let's work!" said the impetuous Mordant.

He started by adapting his section "Glaieul" to the circumstances. I am going to reproduce thereafter a sketch explaining the organization principle. It was a good one. In short, it was the waterproof partition system which was applied to the smallest cell, just as in some boats. The vulnerable radio team was completely isolated, even from the deciphering section. The liaisons were integrated in order to be reduced, were subjected to strict regulations, and carried out by specialized personnel. Each man had to keep his personal address secret. (See document in Appendix).

Philippe-Auguste concentrated all his efforts on Nice, where his section "Bleuet" was up against the Italian Special Services. He almost completely succeeded in neutralizing this secondary enemy who would have been able to do harm otherwise. All that can be said about this undertaking is:

1. It was conducted according to the most classical process of intoxication, in a favorable and impressionable environment by an organization having the finest and most judicious concept of its national role. Namely that the main mission of an Intelligence Service, in Italy, was to

inform the High Command, as early as possible, of the most favorable moment for the Italians to switch sides. And also that if a mistake was made, it would be better for it to happen too early than too late.

2. This action had a lasting result and was advantageous to the entire Resistance, long before fascist Italy had taken up again the tradition of the Duke of Savoie who, as Saint-Simon said, "rarely finished the war in the same camp where he started it, unless he had changed sides twice in the meantime."

My comrades from the South-East area will certainly remember that the O.V.R.A., just as rough and even meaner than the Gestapo, started by creating a regime of terror. It caused drastic losses to the Navy Intelligence Service and to the Resistance organizations, which was its mission. But it also put in jail, for no reason, the Armistice Commission liaison officers, and, at random, officers and soldiers stationed in the Alpes-Maritimes department, then finally, so as to be sure of not missing anyone, a number of innocent civil servants. Suddenly after that, the services of Major de P. fell into a "dolce farniente" (sweet idleness) and were to come out of it only spasmodically, when the Germans shook them somewhat brutally. We can now state precisely that, if there were a few more imprisonments, they were ordered by the Germans. After the rather suspect death of Major de P., his successor V. managed to create only a semblance of activity. Long before July 25, at which date it seems that their turn about-face was covered and approved by a strict superior order the Italian Special Services were already working against Germany and were

preparing their future with the French. Good work!

In Marseille, everything was going fine.

At the beginning of February 1943, a submarine has let ashore in the vicinity of St. Tropez, the first Algiers emissaries who were bringing money, directives and radio-transmitters. Fred, representing the American Special Services, had been greeted by the Agence Immobiliere which provided him with hiding places, identification papers, food ration cards, radio-operators and most of all plenty of advice. He needed it. According to his French colleagues, he was "active and energetic but a little inconsistent and careless," and according to Delage he was a "boisterous crack-pot." But he was an Ally and really had the guts of a cowboy out of a Western movie. Therefore, we helped him to get started, something which he might not have been able to undertake alone. Then, he was left on his own. After that, we seldom saw him again. The friendship had been on the surface and for a specific motive.

Mordant, his Glaieul section well established and camouflaged, began working. His double agent net in Germany was found to be difficult to handle. Most of his men gave up a game which was too dangerous and offered no respite. The other agents were fired by the Germans one by one, for they were not providing any satisfactory information. For lack of liaison, Algiers and London could not supply any. Mordant was not authorized to "fabricate" them on behalf of the Interallied General Staff. Glaieul was losing its vital substance. But no one betrayed. The too modest Philippe-Auguste reported later:

"Finally the net was only made up of ordinary agents and honorable correspondants. They were chosen in respect to their ability to provide the protection of the patriots: National Police and Prefecture Administration officials, Gendarmerie officers, individuals connected with the Control Commissions, etc... During the first months of 1943, the output was good. At the beginning of the winter, many doors became closed to us because of the arrests in the service; the population's weariness and skepticism, the propaganda of Philippe Henriot which was exploiting cleverly the discords of Algiers, the air raids and the errors of the maquis...We also had to compete with organizations which were much richer than us. The honorable correspondant as known by the old timers had ceased to exist. People were working for money and were looking for the best offer. They were willing to give information, but they wanted to be paid for it. At the Liberation, the only ones left on the breach will be the fanatics."

Philippe-Auguste speaks too much of the uncompleted tasks, and too little of his successes. He did not have to apologize for not having intoxicated the Germans in Marseille as he did the Italians in Nice. In the matter of direct action, his sections "Glaieul" and "Rose" (Toulouse) proved to be very efficient. They gave protection and support to all the patriots. For example: To the military maquis, such as the commando unit P. of the Army Resistance Organization whose intelligence service was led



by an officer from "Rose"; to the civilian maquis, among others the one at Lodeve which received a timely weapons drop due to their intervention; to the military nets, the "Compagne Dubourg" for example, a transport company which was a front for the weapons camouflage service of the ex-Armistice Army, whose leader Colonel M. was warned in advance of his imminent arrest; to the allies-the crew of a flying fortress which had been shot down over Faire-les-Oliviers was rescued and routed toward Spain through the "Rose" escape channels which were operating full-time; and to the civilian organizations, particularly to "Combat," etc..., Finally valuable information on the enemy order of battle and its fortifications was gathered and transmitted to the Air Force and Navy Intelligence Services.

Despite the danger, the remaining existing double agents were utilized to the maximum. Those who were fired by the Germans were "injected" into the collaborationist parties and the hostile police organizations, where the Agence Immobiliere could direct their activities. The best among the old timers and those who were still being recruited against Germany were sent to North Africa, to be placed at the disposal of the Central Agency which was the only service authorized to handle them in agreement with the Allied General Staff. This seems quite simple, now but it required some courage from the section leaders. We shall see further that Mordant had only one double agent in Germany, by the end of 1943 and that the latter was enough to bring Glaieul to the brink of disaster.

On the other hand, the former Military Security chief, Captain Ledroit de Regle, having narrowly escaped arrest on January 8, 1943, had received orders from Algiers to prepare quietly and cautiously the reappearance of

his service, but not before the landing. From that moment on, he had to be ready, to clear the area of spies, traitors and collaborators.

This passive role did not suit Regle. He took on a reliable assistant who could take over his job, should he disappear. In accord with the Agence Immobiliere, he handled the liaisons with the civilian Resistance, and took an active command position in the self-defense Groups, which were a form of the Army Resistance Organization in the South-East. He became departmental chief for the Bouches-du-Rhone department, under the command of Major A., a hard-headed corsican, who had been one of the last Moroccan companions of Bournazel. His counterpart in the Alpes-Maritimes department was Colonel Journois, a magnificent soldier with unforgettable eyes who, was detained in Nice, and had voluntarily put himself under the command of a Major, since the latter had more freedom of movements. The Germans were eventually to assassinate him. Within the self-defense Groups, there was an elite group of officers who belonged to the great French military tradition. One could be sure that they had only one idea in mind: organize a united insurrectional Army, even at the price of pretending to obey the "overnight promoted" generals and colonels. They intended to direct them without letting them know; that was all.

In October 1943, the self-defense Groups of the South-East controlled a coherent, strong and expanding organization. The departments were divided into sectors, each one of them having a maquis base area, a drop zone, and camouflaged weapons' caches. The sector leaders were in position. The recruiting was underway. The necessary automobile transportation means

were surveyed and their requisition prepared. The liaison with the Secret Army of the Resistance United Movement was intimate and trustful. The previous discords with the Francs-Tireurs et Partisan started to disappear and true comradeship began to appear.

Yes, everything was going fine in Marseille.

In December 1943, after more than a year of strenuous effort and fruitless searches, Delage succeeded in delivering the first blows to the Special Services. This was really a stroke of luck for Delage.

The counterintelligence exploitation of a case which had started in the Toulouse area led the Gestapo from that town to inform the Gestapo in Marseille that a Jewish soap manufacturer in Marseille was suspect. Delage arrested him and placed one of his French agents at the factory to answer the phone instead of the accountant who had also been imprisoned. The traitor was clever enough (he had to be, because he really was dealing with a tough opponent) to lure the first person who called to a rendezvous. It was another Jew. Let's say his name was Fahrking. Nothing very implicating resulted from his questioning. What could the Jews do, in 1943, but meet to cry together? However, Delage, who was still suspicious, had Fahrkind tortured. The man gave up at the first round. "Hold it" he said "I am a secret agent of your Wiesbaden section. Leave me alone, otherwise you'll be sorry." They checked. He had told the truth. There was nothing else to do but let him go and apologize.

"Wait a minute" said Delage "Just to be sure, you will not leave before we give you the "verschärfte Vernehmung" (literally: the reinforced treatment. In short: torture).

He had the extreme audacity to carry it out. If he was mistaken it would mean the Eastern front lines at the very least for him. But his intuition was right. Fahrkind collapsed before the end, and it was a catastrophe, for he was a French double agent, the last one from Glaieul working against Germany.

Normally, the section should have been wiped out in Twenty-four hours. After that...God knows! The others could be smashed too!

What happened then was one of these fierce and intricate conflicts, which are moral, intellectual, and physical. This conflict deserved to be mentioned in a book by Kostler. Cornered, Fahrking spoke, confessed, shouted, denounced, wept, accused himself, and sold out the whole world. Delage took notes, sent detachments in all directions, set traps, conducted raids, was too busy to sleep, too busy to eat, and was weakening fast. In the end: not a single other arrest! Fahrkind was much more shrewd than he was weak!

On December 11, 1943, Delage's hopes rose again. Another man had called the soap factory and agreed to a rendezvous at the "Prado" bar, located on Prado Circle. Would he come? Delage dispatched a reception committee to the spot: one S.S. man (in civilian clothes, of course), Sala the engineer, and Lunel who, having no one else to denounce, was now compelled to do a killer's job. They were surrounding the soap manufacturer who had received the order to point out all the cafe customers he knew.

Mordant was the one who had called. He had only been half-fooled by the traitor at the other end of the phone. He sensed a trap. But he had to take the risk because his concept of a leader's role did not allow him to hesitate when faced with a questionable danger. He demanded that his subordinates be scrupulously punctual at all times. Thus he had to set the example. The soap-factory was one of his letter drops. After all, it was quite possible that the manufacturer had to go away on business and that he had instructed his accountant to tell Mr. Mordant, should he call, to go to the "Prado" bar. It was also very possible that the man had a cold which could explain his hoarse voice. One must chance it and trust to God!

At about the same time, under the same circumstances, for the same reason, that is, the absolute respect of the mission, the tall Marchand was entering the "Cascade" cafe, in Paris where he was almost sure to come out with his feet first. Which is what happened.

Before closing this digression, I wish to add that a different motive a less noble one, threw other comrades into traps as if they had been hypnotized. Some times the uncertainty turned into a morbid distress, and unbearable weight, and one would rather take eight or nine chances out of ten of getting killed with only one or two bringing you the opportunity to regain almost immediately the possibility of breathing and sleeping, and the peace of mind and heart. For a few days, at least.

Therefore, Mordant entered in the "Prado" bar. Three policemen surrounded him almost immediately. He jumped toward the door by pushing them aside, went out and fled toward the center of the town. He would

possibly have escaped if that beast of Lunel had not taken a shot at him. Hit in the thigh by Lunel's bullet he fell down.

Delage took charge of Mordant Rue Paradis. The interrogation as they call it started badly. Due to an unfortunate similarity in the pseudonyms, Mordant was mistaken for another Agence Immobiliere member who was working in the Toulouse area, where the conditions of the struggle were such that this other man had to start an anti-German repression somewhat prematurely (1). He was to execute 78 Germans or German agents before he was killed himself. In 1943, he had not yet reached that figure, but he was already the Terror of the Gestapo. In spite of his wound, Mordant was subjected to the "verschärfte Vernehmung." He only talked to say that he was not a terrorist. But his physical appearance was enough to credit him with the exploits of the Toulouse Mordant. Fahrkind might have saved him from the worst by revealing the true identity of the Glaieul leader.

A very clever investigation by Delage, initiated by a set of keys which had been found in Mordant's pockets, permitted the German to discover one of the hideouts of the French, located on the sixth floor of a building on Boulevard Rabateau. There on December 12, he apprehended Chief Warrant Officer Morel, who was one of Mordant's best collaborators.

A second interlude, very similar to the first one. "Bis repetita placent" (Repetition brings acceptance), I know it, but I will justify this insistence.

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(1) His real name was Marcel Taillandier. Benonville wrote about him at length in his book "Le Sacrifice du Matin" but he omitted to mention that Taillandier belonged to the Army Special Services.

On December 13, at eight o'clock in the morning, the two Germans who were waiting in the trap at Boulevard Rabateau, went out to lunch for fifteen minutes. Perhaps they were the same men who one day, neglected to take seriously a small man wearing thick glasses and carrying a black umbrella against his body, and disappeared with a few documents that had been hidden in a secret place known to him.

The Gestapo machine was rolling. This time, Glaieul was condemned. Under torture Mordant finally talked. It happened in a very peculiar way. At a certain moment, without transition or precursory indication of physical decline or moral distress, Mordant suddenly held his head out of the bathtub where he had been put in and said: "I have enough. I am going to make a complete confession," and let Delage rub him personally in a warm bathrobe, dress his wound (it was time) while he was smoking his enemy's cigarettes, and...yes indeed! There is no other word to describe it, he started to befriend the S.S. Scharfuhrer.

However shrewd Delage was, he must have been fooled that time. He must have believed that he was faced with a superior adventurer of his own kind fiercely but secretly individualistic, playing the conformist game of the moment, i.e. patriotism, nationalism, discipline, etc..., yet well determined not to sacrifice himself like an imbecile. He probably did not understand that Mordant had reached the safety limit where, undoubtedly, his comrades were safe, their pseudonyms modified his offices emptied, his letter drops changed, his last rendezvous broken and all possibilities of "backhanded blows" and "lucky strokes," excluded. Delage

observed Mordant intensely and noted his state of "euphoria." He imputed it to the cigarette, the warm bathrobe, and the return to a life after having almost lost it. In reality it was the relief of a man who knew that his friends were saved and his mission was accomplished.

I have two documents in front of me. The first one bears the rather humorous title of "Annex 1. My confession, by Mordant." It is a small (twenty-page) notebook in which nothing has been forgotten. The second one is the corresponding Gestapo official minute report. It is far less complete than the first document. Delage had made a selection of the information given by his prisoner. He firmly believed that this time he had only to make a final raid to suppress all Resistance in the South-East.

Well! This operation had reached a dead-end, it was finished and over. The "confession" of Mordant neither gave a man, a document, nor the beginning of a lead. Nothing at all. Mordant spoke for hours, and even days. But he did not endanger anyone. He had learned at Mr. Vauthier's school. He did not have to improvise.

Furthermore, Delage was to be the victim of this strange struggle. He even lost his gang. Mordant, without leaving his "Les Beaumettes" cell almost succeeded in taking over the command of the gang, failing only by a hair, and succeeded in dispersing its members and injecting a destructive germ in the last group still faithful to the Germans. It is an extraordinary story, just like a Dashiell Hammet novel. Let us summarize it.



First, from his cell, Mordant succeeded in sending reports on the Gestapo activities to his friend de Regle. That could bring results as important and as successful as the sheets of cigarette paper which little Marchand sent from Fresnes to Mr. Vauthier. When Delage's men came to escort him to the interrogation room, he insulted them and predicted a fatal doom awaited them with such conviction that two of them, Sala the engineer, and Brown the flyer took fright. One evening at the end of January, they personally visited Mordant in his dungeon...and ...asked him for their pardon in exchange for his freedom. Just imagine the scene! The unbelievable self-control of this prisoner playing the thundering Jupiter, and acting the part so successfully!

"I accept," agreed Mordant, magnanimously, after simulated forethought. "But under two conditions. Of course, you will free all my comrades with me, including Colonel M. (the leader of the Armistice Army weapons camouflage Service, who had finally been arrested some time before). Furthermore, one of you will remain here with Delage as a double agent. There is no reason to have both of you compromised."

He really had to be dedicated body and soul to the Service and to want, not to give up. He almost succeeded. Only the clumsiness of Brown the Sala who attracted Delage's attention by their unusually frequent visits to the jail, caused their unbelievable plan to fail. Sala and Brown were able to escape. Brown was executed after his capture in May 1944.

Delage, a sporting spirit, just as all the individuals who do not take their job as a sacred vocation, complimented Mordant on his "beautiful maneuver," and his only punishment was to put him in rigorous solitary

confinement.

It did not stop Mordant from contacting a courageous Red Cross nurse, Miss G., who was allowed to bring parcels to "Les Beaumettes." With her help he undertook a real counterintelligence collaboration with his former section and his comrade de Regle. His messages covered several full pages impregnated with delightful familiarity, which sometimes denoted, and only when the others were concerned, the virile sensitivity of a born leader.

"...Yes, inspector Untel works for the Gestapo. But they have beaten him and arrested his wife and five children as hostages. Therefore it does not seem that he has betrayed before his arrest and that of X. and Y. I will keep you informed of my cogitation on this subject...

...I am sending my affectionate trust and my admiration to Mr. Vauthier, whose advices have proved to be excellent...

...For Paulo. Delage is eagerly looking for you and for de Regle. Get lost. I'd rather stay in the clink alone than to see you join me. Since we are not considered as terrorists, we might not be shot after all. Should I die, I want Morel, in view of his very gallant conduct, to be posthumously promoted to 2nd Lieutenant, so as to insure for his wife and his child the social level of an officer...

...No. Leave Tortora alone, for our lives probably depend on his staying in good health.

...On February 15, the Gestapo went to the drop zone to catch an English parachutist who did not come. They had captured the previous drop (food, cigarettes, chocolate). Impossible to find out details on the drop zone. But perhaps this will be enough of a clue for you...

...Below is a list of the Marseille Gestapo agents...

...Yes. Le Blond seems to be all right. Talk to him about patriotism, instead of money. The Alsatian interpreter seems friendly but will he accept? Three Alsations are among the sentries, and all three are soldiers to prevent reprisals against their families. Favorably inclined, but are they going to take the risk? We will..."

From the depth of his jail cell, the Glaieul section leader of the Agence Immobiliere was able to successfully continue, his intelligence war against the all-mighty Gestapo.

His arrest had only put Glaieul to sleep for a few days. Lieutenant Lafforgue had taken over its command. He, in turn, was arrested accidentally, on April 22 1944, at the "Bar de l'Avenue," on Place Castellane along with his assistant and his radio-operator. The wound was deeper than the first time, but once again they were able to stop the hemorrhage. Captain S. took command. Glaieul was to carry on and operate until the Liberation. And we were going to see Mordant, Lafforgue and Morel again.

Third interlude. "Perseverare diabolicum"...but my defense can be found later on. On April 23, the day following the arrest of the three

section chiefs of Glaieul, a little man with thick glasses, a little thinner than in December, knocked at the door of one of them and called: "Eh, X..." He glanced through the key hole. What he saw made him take off on the run. The street was deserted and the next corner much too far away. Philippe-Auguste could already hear the burst which was going to shoot him down, he could feel its wind. Suddenly he had an idea. He stopped, turned around, and walked back toward the door where he came from holding his umbrella under his elbow and trying to look as calm as possible. His face must have really looked calm, because the submachine gunner who suddenly appeared in the entrance of the occupied house, asked him casually:

"Was it not you who called X.?"

"No, Sir" replied Soleil.

And he continued his walk.

The reason why I gave all these details is because their reoccurrence was the very life of the first pioneer agents and their accumulation represents and gives an idea of the luck of the survivors. The luck...which was a personal and congenital quality, which was part of the individual. This is the very opinion that I wanted to substantiate without pretending to convince everybody and asking my friends not to try to convince me that I am wrong.

Let us summarize. In 1943 and 1944, the Old Agence Immobiliere in Marseille, having remained healthy organically as well as internally, had weeded out or neutralized the double agents, the only true deadly toxin, and had overcome all outside attacks, whatever their strength. But...

IV

INTOXICATION DESTROYS  
THE YOUNG AGENCE IMMOBILIERE

We may recall that, upon his arrival in Algiers, Major P., chief of all the Counterintelligence Services, justly worried about the future of the Agence Immobiliere, had decided to organize rapidly a second compartmented service, the young Agence Immobiliere. He put Captain Vellaud in charge of it. The latter, called Toto, was a fiery infantry officer who thought that nothing was impossible. Vellaud selected his assistants in his own image. He assigned Captain Avallart, called Jean-Marie, to the important "Larva" section, which, in Marseille, had to work in parallel with "Glaieul," and furthermore ensure the Mediterranean maritime liaisons, particularly through the "tube" (submarine).

Avallard landed in the vicinity of Saint-Tropez during the night of 7 to 8 May 1943, with only one assistant. "Glaieul" welcomed him fraternally, supplied him, as expected, with quarters, identification papers, radios, support and advice. Then, when "Larva" seemed well established, and a little impatient to shake off the guidance of the Old Timers, they separated, in application of the very principle for the establishment of a young Agence Immobiliere, i.e., its reason for being: the distribution of risks.

I must declare right now and also convince the reader that, in the following story, I have no criticism in mind whatsoever to pass on to those of the Young Agence Immobiliere. This is not only out of respect

for very pure heroes who all died except for a few, because (and from past experience I am positively sure of it) no one in their shoes would have done better, and furthermore, they did not have much competition for the job. If I did not think so, I would have cited other examples. There were so many of them!

An imaginative he was annoyed by his chiefs caution. He thought it was far too exaggerated and sometimes referred to it with words somewhat short of being seditious. Let us call him Durand. The epithete "young" added to the famous initials "A.I." held an irresistible attraction for him. This was his opportunity. His drive pleased Avallard who took him as his assistant. He did not have much of a choice. There was very little time to evaluate the conditions of the daily struggle. They had to get organized while they worked, and work while they fought. It would have been a miracle for him to find and retain the wise, the old, the kill-joy, the cautious, the Cassandre who would have been better for him than Durand. All the more so because in Algiers too, in the beginning, when there was no news from France, people sometimes became nervous and wondered what the h... the "slow-pokes" who had stayed behind were doing. Durand should have explained the situation to Avallard every night and talked to him about security before thinking of production. Yet he did exactly the opposite.

To obtain immediate tangible results, he recruited an extraordinary agent for "Larva," whose true value had been underestimated by the old timers who had kept him aside as if he had a contagious disease. One must

admit that Max de Vos (1) was brilliant. He knew everything. He had been everywhere, in Belgium, from where he pretended to come from, Russia where he was born, Germany where he had been a sales representative for the Luftwaffe, France where he had been a Lowe-Radio salesman, Spain where he had practiced bootlegging, etc...He spoke every language in the world and knew everybody. He was extraordinarily resourceful. With him, all the problems of the daily life in occupied France, such as housing, food, traffic, clothing, forged papers, were solved miraculously. He was a magician. He immediately satisfied even the most ridiculous wants, like coffee, tobacco, and chocolate, one had only to ask for it. In short, he had all the attributes to make an intelligence agent.

Of course, he had been one. And it goes without saying that it was on the French side. And if he had given up working for the S.R., it was really, as Durand knew so well, because nothing could be done with this bunch of old hens without imagination, initiative, money, and guts. Durand, hypnotized, listened and approved.

Urged by pure patriotism, de Vos had even gone as far as endangering himself in the deadly game of double agent. As early as 1941, he had enlisted in the services of the Stuttgart Abwehrstelle, accomplished one mission for them in Algeria, entirely under French control. He had the same kind of work done by his mistress in Morocco, and fooled the Germans

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(1) After this chapter was written, the man referred here as De Vos was sentenced to death in Marseille (May 1947). Therefore we can now mention his real name, Max deWilde.

upon his return by turning over to them documents which had been entirely written by the French Intelligence Service. Then he started all over again in Spain, etc..., etc...He could have been such a real gold mine if he had been properly utilized. Durand, fascinated, continued to approve. Even more so because De Vos had shown himself capable of making a survey and a map of an entire sector of coastal fortifications. He also obtained the order of battle of the Gestapo in the South-East Area in record time. In such a short time in fact that it worried the "old "slow-pokes" who had been faced for a long time with the practical difficulties of the job.

Everything he claimed to have done was indeed true. No lies were told for lies could be easily exposed by a radio check with Algiers. He had told the truth.

In spite of the wonderful qualities of the prodigious de Vos, the French officer who had handled him from Algiers, the quiet, serious, lucid, and perspicacious Captain Letranger, had politely but firmly told him that his services were no longer required. He would have preferred to "put him in the cooler," but, actually, he had nothing on him. Letranger did not want him any more, for the same instinctive reason which made Mr. Vauthier be repulsed by Lerat.

He suspected him. It could not be explained. The fact that someone looks like a pig is not a reason to disqualify him as a spy, is it? De Vos looked unmistakably and shockingly like a pig. He had a gas mask profile. Between a receding forehead and almost no chin, his enormous nostrils and blubber lips formed one single appendage, protruding, moving, projected



like an antenna, as if the sole function of a man was to sniff and lick. His eyes, were small slanted, mocking, vicious and mean. Letranger could not really justify to his chiefs, his decisions to get rid of de Vos merely on account of this ugly physical aspects. De Vos reported scrupulously:

"There is no reason for me to believe that "Le Sauvage" (pseudonym he had given him) is not fulfilling his mission properly, but I do not trust him, and consider him dangerous."

Letranger was right and anticipated far ahead. Perhaps de Vos had played the game correctly in 1941, and perhaps still in 1942, but he and his mistress were suspected by the Germans, and had been arrested but were released for lack of evidence. They were arrested again on the order of an officer, under the pretext that they knew too many people in the Gestapo, and they were involved in too many money and business scandals as well. They finally had turned to the side which, at the moment, was the most powerful. Under German probation in Marseille, de Vos was looking for a way to rehabilitate and save himself. There he found in Delage, the master he deserved, and in Durand, the victim he needed.

Because of his experience in half-failures with the Old Agence Immobiliere, and having undoubtedly gotten back into favor after his successes against other organizations, Delage at this time was in no hurry. He let the young Agence Immobiliere run for several months, with an extraordinary patience and a trust in de Vos which was bordering on carelessness. He was convinced that with people capable of facing the "verschafte Vernehmung," or of thwarting it, and perhaps swallowing a cyanide pill, it was

necessary to know everything about them before their arrest.

During the night of 26 to 27 November 1943, the small columns of travellers on their way to Algiers who were walking toward the submarine embarkation beach of Cap Camarat, ran into patrols which opened fire. In the last volume, I will tell in details the tragic adventure in which a sixteen year old girl, one of general Giraud's children, could have lost her life. The immediate damage was limited beyond all hopes. But the liaison system with the outside was upset and it took months to rebuild it again.

The survivors of the Agence Immobiliere are still talking about the cause of this surprise attack. For a long time, everybody thought it was just an accident. Anyway, that was what Delage had finally told his prisoner, Mordant. Delage bragged, during their friendly conversations, of knowing everything concerning the submarine traffic and of having prepared an ambush at the right time, on November 26.

"I was bluffing," he said "to make you talk, I admit! Yes, frankly, it was just a stroke of luck."

As for myself, I am convinced that it was a trap, and that Delage informed by de Vos, had been its instigator. He cautiously retracted when he started to suspect Mordant of communicating with the outside, or when he became certain of it. The reasons why I am so sure are the following:

1. Durand, Avallart's assistant, knew all the "tube" movements for he was in charge of the reception.

2. He had an absolute trust in de Vos who had become Larva's "Chief of Staff," according to the expression of a survivor of the young Agence Immobiliere. There was not a thing he did not tell him.

3. It was through Durand that de Vos had wormed his way into Larva. He also owed Durand the influence and the importance which he had gained in it. Should Durand disappear, de Vos would lose his protector and his sponsor. However Durand was arrested several days later. Why did de Vos sacrifice him right at that moment? Was it not because Durand was making up the list of people who had heard about the projected submarine operation, and that, perhaps, at last! He was going to suspect de Vos (1)?

The current judicial inquiries will perhaps establish this small historical point. Poor Durand, who was deported under the sign "Nacht und Nebel" (into darkness and fog) will never know it. The Allies liberated him, but he only survived for a few days.

The above-mentioned can be considered only as presumptive evidence. However what follows has been proved and reinforces it very much.

De Vos, who had gotten rid of Durand but who was deprived of him at the same time, had to make new friends inside the young Agence Immobiliere. He succeeded. In a few months, he became indispensable. Particularly, he found for each one of them a place to stay which was wonderfully appropriate for an underground life. He had a duplicate key of all the apartments. One must admit that Judas looks like an apprentice compared to him.

During the night of December 1943, the custodian of the code used in radio transmissions between the Agence Immobiliere and Algiers was absent

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(1) See also last paragraph of extracts from a German Police Report captured by Eleuthere, Chapter II, section II.

from home. De Vos went into his house with two Germans. The three men calmly photographed the code, page by page, as well as all the other various documents they found. They carefully put everything back in the proper place. The Frenchman never suspected anything.

The old and the young Agence Immobiliere had the same code. The blow could have been deadly to both organizations. It turned out to be so for the young Agence Immobiliere. From then on, the Germans knew almost everything which was transmitted by radio between the Algiers Special Services central office and its section in France. Fortunately, the radio was only used sparingly and in case of emergency. On the other hand, the air liaisons were operating more and more successfully, which limited the damages. Nevertheless it was a disaster, the consequences of which cannot be estimated yet. It lasted for several months. And nobody on our side suspected anything (1).

It was only on April 25, 1944 that the Germans decided to crush Larva. Captain Jean Avallart was shot in Buchenwald. His whole organization disappeared with him.

Within a few days, the enthusiastic and stubborn national chief of the young Agence Immobiliere, Captain Paul Vellaud, who had just been parachuted over France for the second time, was arrested in Paris. He was shot in Buchenwald, on October 5, 1944.

In March, the second team of the young Agence Immobiliere which was working in the Northern area in Liaison with London, had been destroyed.

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(1) See also last paragraph of extracts from a German Police Report captured by Eleuthere, Chapter II, section II.

Its two leaders, Lieutenant Leon Lheureux, alias Joie, an apostle in his profession, and Army cadet Charles Bellet, were shot in November 1944.

Sometime later, ensign Yves le Henaff, alias Fanfan, was captured. He was not a man who did things half-way. He had plastic surgery done to his face to disfigure it, so as to increase his chances of not being recognized in his native Brittany, where he organized the liaisons by sea with England. He died shortly before the landing.

We know that, as early as December 1943, the entire Nantes team, which was under the command of Lt. commander Lavallee, had been arrested and that nobody survived. We are still wondering, - and we'll find out one day, who was responsible for these deaths. It could very well have been de Vos, on a temporary mission in Paris, under a new name.

In Lyon too, the section of the new Agence Immobiliere was discovered, and its leader, Lieutenant Heush, was shot.

The national leader, the regional leaders, and the sections of Lyon, Nantes, Brittany, Lille and Marseilles, all were discovered. The young Agence Immobiliere was destroyed six weeks before the landing. Major P. requested Major Vauthier to gather those who were left and to incorporate them into the old Agence Immobiliere.

Time spares only what is done with time.

V

#### THE "FALL KATALINA"

Meanwhile, organization of the armed insurrection in the Bouches-du-Rhone department had progressed in the Franc-Tereurs and Partisans

Organization, as well as in the Secret Army of the Resistance United Movements, and in the Self-Defense Groups. In October 1943, Captain de Regle, leader of the latter, had reunited his sector leaders in his home, 5 Rue de Valence, and had defined everyone's mission in accordance with the directives of the new regional leader, Captain L. alias Sapin. The reconnaissance for the final preparation of the sabotage, destruction and guerrilla plans were immediately started. In December 1943, they were ready. The special task teams started training, and the total strength was increased by the spontaneous collaboration of small resistance groups which had sprung up everywhere.

Finally, in January 1944, the efforts of unification were successful. The Resistance United Movements, the Franc-Tireurs and Partisans Organization, and the Self-Defense Groups merged to form the South-East F.F.I. In March, de Regle was promoted to F.F.I. chief of the Bouches-du-Rhone.

Well-organized drops provided a first supply of arms. But the vigilant surveillance of the roads by the Milice, the Gestapo and the Wehrmacht rendered difficult the transporting of this equipment to its various recipients. Nevertheless, in April, each sector could equip 70% of its total strength, and 4000 men were fully armed, conventionally, and ready. For training purposes, a few sabotages which were part of the green plan were carried out successfully.

At the beginning of June, a few experienced leaders were getting ready to come and help de Regle in this Marseille area, which they knew better than anyone else. From the train which was taking them to Germany,

toward the execution wall and the crematorium of Buchenwald, Captain Mordant, Lieutenant Lafforgue and Chief Warrant-Officer Morel, - those three stubborn officers finally - succeeded in escaping. Morel wrote how it happened in a beautiful and simple style.

"We left Marseille on Pentecost day, on the 7:45 p.m. train for Paris, from there we headed for Compiègne. Upon leaving Paris, Captain Mordant asked us to sing the "Marseillaise," which we did, in front of a crowd of civilians and under the threat of rifles.

We left Compiègne on June 4 for an unknown destination, and it was during this trip that I escaped along with several other companions, in the vicinity of Vitry-le-François.

Our car held 80 prisoners. It was carefully locked from the outside. S.S. men armed with machine-guns were guarding us from the roof of the cars. At night fall, a prisoner pulled small saw blades out of his shoes and started making a hole in the car wall to enable us to open the doors. The car leader was Father L., the curate of Maisons-Alfort. With authority, self-control and calm, he gave us all the necessary information to facilitate our escape. In case of a successful escape, I asked my leader captain Mordant for instructions, and we selected a contact point in Lyon. As soon as the train left Chalons-sur-Marne, the door was opened. It was 2:00 A.M. We started jumping off the train. I was number 12 and Lieutenant Lafforgue was number 20. The train was doing 50 kilometers an hour, and was going

toward Vitry-le-Francois. Everything went without incident.

I reached the village of Pringis after a swim across the Marne river. In that village I met Lieutenant Lafforgue and a man from Manosque named N. At the presbytery, Father M. sheltered us, gave us money and food, then we went to a place he indicated to us. It was a farm in the middle of a forest, seven kilometers from Pringis, where the people took real good care of us. The next day, we went to Lenrhee (Marne department) where the priest gave us identity papers, working permits and 1500 francs. Then he took us to a local gentleman-farmer who gave us 2000 francs each. Finally, from Fere-Champenoise, we took the train for Paris, and from there, we separated to go to Lyon.

I did not find my wife, who had fled from Marseille, and had joined the Basses-Alpes department maquis, where she worked as a nurse...Since I did not receive the instructions which I expected from Lieutenant Lafforgue, I asked M.D., an honorable correspondent of the Service, to give me weapons and I joined an F.F.I. unit, with which I fought, especially at the capture of Bourgoin..."

Lafforge could not have sent instructions to his comrade. He was dead. After such a display of efforts and courage, just when his dream was about to become a reality i.e., to take up arms for the final fight in the area where he was best prepared for it. A stroke of bad luck made him fall again into the hands of the Germans. This time, after they



tortured him, they shot him without delay.

Moreover, filled with rage they killed everybody they arrested. And, on June 7, they had just captured almost all the General Staff of the Resistance in the South-East area. Such a catastrophe could only have been the work of a traitor who had infiltrated the F.F.I. forces.

In front of me, I have the final report sent by Delage to his chiefs concerning the operation which he named "Fall Katalina," the Catalina case. Its boldness and the hypocritical camouflage of the pure and simple murdering of the prisoners make it clearer and more crushing than any analysis. To comment on the behavior of the courageous Irmgard Reybaud or that of Marius Arnaud would only be superfluous literature.

This German document on French courage could not remain buried in the files. Here it is:

"The Commander of the Sicherheitspolizei and the Sicherheitsdienst, in Marseille."

"Marseille, July 6, 1944."

"Final report on the Catalina case."

"According to items of information given by an offended and shady leader of the Resistance, whom we shall refer to as "agent Erick" and who has come over to our side. We were able on June 6, 1944, to undertake the operation known as the Catalina case, against the Giraudist (1) Self-Defense Groups, and the

(1) The epithet "Giraudist" given to the Military Action Groups (G.A.M.) or G.A.D.) a small example of Delage's narrow-mindedness. The G.A.D. were armed forces to be used in the battle against the Germans. They were opened to all volunteers, and totally devoid of political connotation.

"At 5 P.M. on June 6, 1944, agent Erick informed us that the red plan (assembling of all Resistance forces in the maquis) and the green plan (starting of the acts of sabotage as of 2400 hours June 6, 1944) were cancelled. The plan for the landing of dissident troops which was expected to take place on June 7 and 8, 1944, in the South-East of France, somewhere in the Frejus-Saint-Raphael area, was also cancelled. The information of agent Erick concerning the red and green plan later turned out to be one hundred per cent true. The arrested Resistance leaders were also expecting the landing on the 7th or the 8th, one must admit that the North African dissident forces, with approximately 300,000 men had really planned to land at the indicated time, but were not able to do so for unknown reasons. (1)

"On June 6, the F.F.I. in our area were decimated by arrests and by the destruction of their groups."

"1. GERARD, Andre, alias Gervais and Gerbau, lieutenant on active duty, 22 years old. Born in Lyon. Bachelor. Catholic. He was the G.A.M. chief in the Bouches-du-Rhone department. Arrested in his apartment during the night of June 6 - 7. In his room we seized his luggage which had been prepared for his departure to the maquis, 2 submarine guns, 1 pistol, 12 mm Colt, a stamp of our L. IV Service, and an exact copy of our Kommandeur's signature. The documents found on Gerard proved that he had received, on the evening of June 5, the order to put into execution the red and green plans,

(1) Of course, no landing was planned for that date. It was only a deplorable and tragic mistake in the conventional transmission of - orders.

which were to be set into motion by the two following sentences:

"We will roll on the lawn" and "Beware of the bull-fighter.

"General was shot and killed on June 10, while trying to escape."

"2. CHAVE, Alberic, alias Mazarin, French. Married. Catholic. 45 years old. Born in Marignane. Electrical contractor in Martigues. He was the F.F.I. sector chief for Marignane, Martigues, Port-de-Bouc, Istres. He was shot and killed on June 10 while trying to escape."

"3. RICHARD, Georges, French. Bachelor. Catholic. 24 years old. Born in La Seyne (Var). Ensign on active duty. Living in his castle at Ranes (Orne).

Regional delegate of the Resistance for maritime matters. His mission was: 1. On landing day, to destroy all German sea-going crafts and ammunition dumps in the sector. - 2. To prevent the Germans from sinking the ships upon their departure. He was shot and killed on June 10 while trying to escape."

"4. DANGEY, Robert, Alias Landes. French. Married, Catholic. 28 years old. Born in Parentis. Teacher in Martigues. We seized in his home two submarine guns, several pistols, some very accurate plans of the German coastal defense system and a file on the collaborators working with the Sicherheitspolizei.

Shot and killed on June 10 while trying to escape."

"5. ARNAUD, Marius-Francois. Married. Catholic. 29 years old. Born in Marseille. Farmer in Saint-Pierre-Martigue. Captured at Dangey's home during a meeting of F.F.I. members who

were getting ready to join the maquis. He immediately opened fire on our agent # 233, through his trousers pocket. Was killed in the fight."

"6 to 12. ABBADIE, Barthelemy. French. Bachelor. Catholic. 26 years old. Born in Pas-des-Lanciers. Farmer.

BARTHELEMY, Joseph, French. Married. Catholic. 37 years old. Born in Martigues. Airplane assembly mechanic.

DILORTO, Paul, French. Married. Catholic. 37 years old. Born in Martigue. Teacher.

LOMBART, Paul, French. Married. Catholic. 41 years old. Born in La Ciotat. Docker.

TOUMOND, Lucien. French. Bachelor. Catholic. 25 years old. Born in Revin (Ardennes department). Teacher in Martigues.

TRANCHIER, Henri. French. Bachelor. Catholic. 26 years old. Born in Marseille. Teacher.

LAZARINO, Henri. French. Catholic. 55 years old. Born in Saint-Germain-Cluson. Owner of a bar in Port-de-Bouc. F.F.I. sector chief of Port-de-Bouc.

The six first men were arrested at Dangey's, and the last one in the street. They were shot and killed on June 10 while trying to escape. In Martigues, we seized 9 submachine guns, English light submachine gun, 2000 rounds of ammunition, 100 grenades, 30 kilograms of explosives. The other F.F.I. members succeeded in their escape. But the Resistance in the sector of Martigues - Marignane - Port-de-Bouc-Istres can be considered as totally crushed."

"13. ROUSTAN, Marcel, French. Divorced. Catholic. Retired Captain. 48 years old. Born in Saint-Chamas. Chief of the Salon-St-Chamas-Graus-Aix sector.

Only revealed the truth on June 12, after all the members of his organization had fled. Whereas, on June 15, he was to show us where to find the two tons of air-dropped equipment hidden on the local farms and in the forest, we discovered that this equipment had been removed elsewhere and had been distributed among the maquisards of his sector. Was killed on June 15 in the vicinity of Salon while trying to escape."

"14. CABRIER, Gaston. French. Married. Catholic. 52 years old. Mayor of Aurons (Bouches-du-Rhone department). Arrested in one of his fields on June 15. Was in charge of an ammunition dump. Was killed on June 15 in the vicinity of Salon while trying to escape."

"15. MORGAN, Jules. French. Married. Catholic. 48 years old. Farmer at La Faurie. Was in charge of an ammunition dump.

In this sector we were only able to capture 5 submarine guns, one thousand rounds of ammunition and 35 kilograms of explosives."

"16. On June 10, agent Erick gave us precise information on the maquisards hiding out in the "Chaines-de-Cotes" forest between Charleval and Lambesc. On June 12, beginning at 4:00 A.M., we were able, with the cooperation of the 244th Infantry Division the Luftwaffe and a Divisionary Artillery Regiment, to besiege the camp and to partially annihilate it.

Results of this one day-long action: 96 enemies killed and 43 prisoners.

The loot was left to the troops."

"17. On June 16, agent Erick succeeded in resuming contact with an enemy radio operator from the G.A.M., URIATE, Michel. French. Bachelor. Catholic. 23 years old. Born in Hendaye. Warrant-Officer on active duty, residing at La Motte-d'Aigues (Var department), also known as Octave de la Mort d'Aigues, Octave, Michel, A Aigrette, Richard and Girardot. The "Little game" played with this radio operator in the Vaucluse department (1) had to be stopped because, on June 21, the Milice and the Wehrmacht had started hunting the maquisards between Cademer, Lourmarin, Cucuron and la Tour-d'Aigues.

Uriate had been parachuted in January 1944.

He was arrested before he had a chance to use the grenades that were beside him.

We seized the following in his home: Two Mark II transmitters, two codes printed on silk handkerchiefs, and 8 crystals.

He was turned over to the Sonderkommando A.S. for further interrogation."

"18. REYBAUD, maiden name DRUCK, Irmgard. Alsatian. Married. Catholic. 36 years old. She was F.F.I. sector chief, particularly for la Motte-de'Aignes. At her home, we found a great amount of seditious leaflets in German intended for our troops. We discovered that Mrs. Reybaud had three brothers of German nationality. Two of them died on the Eastern front, and the third is still fighting on

(1) This consisted of radio transmission from Erick to Uriate who was unaware of Erick's treason.

this front. Nothing has been heard from him for the past three months. In spite of this fact, the Reybaud woman admitted having for the last five months, and up to the time of her arrest, she had organized and directed the Resistance in her sector. She had a profound hatred for the Hitler regime. Furthermore, she was knowingly hiding resistant patriots in flight, and for a period of four months, had let Uriate use her house for his radio transmissions. She carried his luggage whenever it was necessary to pass his transmitter through the Wehrmacht check points. She was shot and killed on June 21, while being transferred, as she was trying to throw a British grenade which she had surreptitiously picked up."

"19. Count LEDROIT DE REGLE, Paul, French. Married. Catholic. 44 years old. Major on active duty. Alias Marquis and Kerjean. Top G.A.M. departmental leader and Espionage chief in Marseille. Very much wanted by us. Described as being the man in charge, arrival of German troops in the South, of counterintelligence under the name of A.V., (Agence de Voyage). (1) (Travelling Agency) As the 15th Area Military Security chief, he planned, until the operations to be undertaken by this organization on the day of the landing. We know that he had prepared the escape of Resistance officers, kept prisoner at Les Baumettes with the help of the leader of a gang, of killers G. and of the Red Cross nurse, G."

"In compliance with orders from the B.D.S., Paris dated July 5, the following individuals will be turned over to the M."

(1) This is evidently the Agence Immobiliere, which means that they made a double error, since de Regle was the chief of Military Security and not of the Agence Immobiliere in Marseille. Who shuffled the cards? Probably de Regle himself.

"20. D., Aime, married. Catholic. 32 years old. Unemployed. French double agent in our services, the Milice and the P.P.F. It was from D.'s safe-conduct PASS that Count de Regle had our seal copied to manufacture the stamp which was found at Gerard's. Arrested by the French in 1942 for double dealing and theft, released and put to work against us in April 1944. He made use of his weapons and was killed by our agents (Serial numbers # 160 and # 207)."

"21. G., Jean-Marie, Catholic, Corsican. 39 years old. Assistant to the departmental chief of the Bouches-du-Rhone and leader of a gang of killers in Marseille."

"22. G., Madeleine, French, Single, Catholic, 40 years old. Director of the Department for Assistance to Internees and the Welfare Service of the Red Cross in Marseille.

She knowingly passed on to the Resistance, written and verbal messages from the "Les Baumettes" prisoners. Was informed of the escape plan of two prisoners and suggested that a third one be included.

She will be sent to a concentration camp."

"23. Z., Antoine, Married, Catholic, Corsican. 48 years old. Section chief at the Marseille Prefecture. Supplied Count de Regle with identity cards duly registered, but bearing false names, to be given to resistant patriots. Gathered intelligence for the Algiers Intelligence Service.

Wanted by the chief of the French police, Darnand."



"24. LAFFORGUE, Pierre, French, Bachelor, Catholic. Regional espionage chief. Seems to have escaped while being transferred from Compiègne to Germany. Arrested again in the street, on June 19, in Aix."

The following individuals could not be arrested:"

1. J., Max, alias Maxence, lawyer, F.F.I. regional chief."
2. X., alias Circonference, Reserve Major. 50 years old. Military Regional Delegate."
3. L., alias Sapin, alias Perpendiculaire, 25 years old, Captain on active duty, regional G.A.M. chief."
4. X., alias Michel, U.S. Captain. Managed to get away, on June 14, during our skirmish with the bandits, at Vinon, South of Manosque, etc...etc..."

"10. M Joanne, Count de Regle's assistant.

Fled when we came to arrest him at his home. On the premises, we discovered some remarkably well done espionage material concerning the German troops and the fortifications of Port Saint-Louis du-Rhone at Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer.

He must have had at his disposal the files and documents newly established by Count de Regle for the Liberation, but those could not be found."

"11. and 12. Major X., alias Philippe-Auguste and Commander Y., Army and Navy Espionage chiefs whose actions were directed against the Armistice Regulations, etc..., etc..."

"51 and 16. A. ROBERT, former Police Chief of Marseille, and P.,

his secretary. Intelligence Agents working for Count de Regle. In flight."

"After these arrests, it seems interesting to summarize the situation in the 15th Military Area. There, the Maquis is divided into three zones:"

- 1) The Provence Maquis. It is in contact with the Italian Maquis. The "Provence" Maquisards number 7,000 well-armed men. Their mission was to encircle and capture the German troops stationed in these two Departments, on June 8, anticipated day of the landing."
- 2) The "Maquis Area of Influence," including the Department of Vaucluse, the Northeastern part of the Bouches-du-Rhone, the Northern part of the Var and Alpes-Maritimes Departments. In this zone, it was not determined positively that the 4,000 armed maquisards would be sufficient to hold the German troops stationed in the area as prisoners."
- 3) The "Area of Operations," including the remaining part of the Bouches-du-Rhone, Var, and Alpes Maritimes Department. This is where the decisive battle between the landing troops and the Germans were expected and the Maquisards were to operate with extreme caution using guerrilla warfare and carefully planned sabotage."

"All the camps were near a landing and drop zone, to facilitate the reception of the landing troops or equipment. The activities of the Sicherheitsdienst, the Wehrmacht, and the Milice have badly hurt the Maquis of our Area, and the fact that the landing did not take place was enough to cause the patriots to lose confidence.

"This is why L., alias Lincoln, U.S. Officer, who had been parachuted on June 14, near La Motte-d'Aigues (Vaucluse Department), issued immediately after his arrival, the order to all the Maquis units he was able to reach, to go back home and resume their normal occupations. During the action undertaken in cooperation with the Milice on June 21 and 22, in the Vaucluse department, we have been able to establish beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Maquis had complied with this order and turned their arms over to their respective Maquis chiefs. The weapons must now be scattered in numerous small caches.

signed: Dunker  
S.S. Scharfuhrer

Dunker-Delage was arrested in May 1945 and at the time he was not showing any sign that he planned to go back to his native land. He probably intended to settle permanently in France where he was finally feeling at home, perfectly at ease, especially Boulevard de la Chapelle. He was sentenced to death in January 1947.

During his first interrogations, he coolly pretended having rendered services to French patriots. He pretended in particular, to have saved the life of Major de Regle. Actually, a few days after the arrest, the surviving prisoners, except for Miss G., were piled up in a bus under the guard of ten S.S. troopers. The bus started off on the road to Signe. Half way between Marseille and Signe, a car caught up with it. An officer came out and asked for Major de Regle and Captain Roustan. The above

document establishes the fact that this was only due to additional data requested by higher authorities, and not as a result of Dunker's initiative. Besides, what would this prove but that Dunker-Delage had perfectly realized that the war was lost. The readers who know the Germans well will detect this between the lines of his report in the terminology he used: We found only once the word "bandit," and never "terrorist;" on the other hand, the words "patriot" and "resistant" made their appearance in the Gestapo vocabulary. In any case, mitigating circumstances could only have been considered if all the prisoners had been saved. De Regle was the only one to barely survive. He does not have the slightest idea where his comrades were ignominiously assassinated.

As far as traitor X., alias Erick, alias Pierrefeu, alias Noe, was concerned, the Germans shot him down like a mad dog in July 1944, probably out of disgust, or perhaps to save the few millions francs they had promised him.

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We just saw how three different groups of patriots, equally courageous, emerged, lived, fought and sometimes died in the same area while fighting against the same enemy. It is very obvious to us that their organic immunity to the virus of treason was in proportion to their length of service, to the close relation of their liaisons with the traditional central counterintelligence, and to the experience of their leaders. It

can be compared to a grown man who is less susceptible to contagious diseases than a child. Is this surprising?

But there is another idea which I would like to point out. It is to say that only at home can one perform good Counterintelligence. This irksome task of "house cleaning" requires a deep knowledge of the land to be cleaned, and of the population to be purged, of its customs, its habits and its beliefs. One can only wash badly other people's dirty linen.

The movies have thoroughly convinced us that the American Counter-intelligence is the world's best, that is within the United States. When the American Special Services officers started to work in the South of France against the Italians, it turned out to be a farcical - tragedy. Only God alone, would have been able to tell at any time, to which side each of these agents who changed masters more often than shirts belonged to. The Germans, because they are European, in a purely geographical way, outwitted the Americans every time.

I should add that I am convinced that the French have not done any better, and would not do better on the American continent, should it need to be liberated.

## VI

### ITALIAN COMEDY

One day in January 1945, Colonel C. (the same C. we have seen in Algiers) dispatched, to Lieutenant Colonels Laforet-Vauthier and Bardin now under his direct command, a first hand report on the activities of

the German Special Services in Italy, where the Kesselring army was slowly falling back towards the Alps. The German offensive espionage effort was feeble and fully concentrated on France through the Alps as well as by sea. This made sense. Kesselring had more than adequate means at his disposal to face any frontal attack. But an Allied Army coming from the Po valley, behind him, would mean encirclement, capitulation, and catastrophe.

"They have concentrated all their field units and their trusty stooges in San-Remo" said C. "What a basketful of crabs! They have already started devouring each other. Look! Buchholtz has been relieved of his command because he neglected to leave some rear-posts in the South of France after August 15. Von Stagen, who was implicated in the generals' putsch, has been arrested while trying to escape to Switzerland."

"I wonder" said Bardin; "who is that Belgian agent, Felix, who was 'thrown in the clink' because he had warned him of the danger, but later released through the intervention of Kapitanleutnant (Lt Commander) Sessler. He is a guy who knows how to get around and fend for himself."

"It is double agent Volks, sentenced to death by us and retrieved by the Germans" asserted Laforet. "Sure. He has a mole on the tip of his chin, a vertical scar on the left temple, and..."

"The bastard!" exclaimed Bardin. "He probably has a nice pile of money stashed away, half a dozen good identities and as many hide-outs. I can just see him in Sicily: The sun, the sea, the slippers..."

"We shall meet him again," prophesied Laforet: "He is a professional. A curse hangs over the heads of the professionals. A certain Pierre Nord

wrote in some novel a phrase which is unbelievably true, that he must have heard in one of our best places and noted on his cuff: 'The priest at the top of the moral ladder and the mercenary spy at the bottom, have this in common: they remain what they are for eternity.' Volks will come and offer his services to us."

"But...he is sentenced to death."

"He is used to it."

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The German Special Services Headquarters was at Merano, but all the units and the operational sections were in San Remo, only 20 kilometers from the French border. The little town had lost its mediterranean gaiety, its insouciance, and its charm. The curfew started at 7:00 P.M. as in all of Liguria. It was a useless precaution. The inhabitants were hiding even during the day. San-Remo, once a charming town, was now entirely overtaken by sad and anxious Gestapo lesser chiefs. They were busy watching a bunch of Wehrmacht and Kriegsmarine officers, under suspicion since July 20, and reigning over a small army of fleeing western traitors, spies and jacks of all trade. Fifty transmitters were being used there, as well as the monitoring service of American radio-transmissions. Just imagine that the warden, the guards and the convicts of a large penitentiary, have agreed to take over a small resort town and to

live in it together in a climate of temporary good fellowship, and you will have an idea of San Remo in 1945.

In the "Villa Draga," facing the trolleybus station, reigned the ferocious S.S. Sturmbahnfuhrer Goal, the most feared representative of the party. At the "Villa Alix," his first assistant, Obersturmfuhrer Sommer, alias Senner, was in charge of politics and propaganda. This meant that he was trying to reestablish contact with the elements of the French Popular Party and the Milice which had remained in France. He managed it with the help of his team leader, the notorious Jeannot Carbone. He had about one hundred agents quartered at "Villa Alix" and "Villa Verde." He had already dispatched to France sixteen small boats loaded with spies. Early in January, Goal's second assistant, Lieutenant Salm, in charge of sabotage, had smuggled across the mountain, at Luceram, 18 spies whose mission was to destroy the Marseille pipeline.

The "Villa Aloha," 103 Corso del Impero, housed the Navy Intelligence Service camouflaged as a Red Cross Organization. Its chief, Kapitanleutnant Georg Sessler, was considered in his country as the German Alain Gerbault. That's all they had for their version of a "Gerbault." Had Sessler deserved to become a legend, it would have been under the name of the "Blue Beard of Espionage." His first fiancée, an American, had been implicated in the Hurwitz spy case and executed in the United States; his affair with the girl had enabled him to obtain a blue print of the "Sperry" sighting device which was installed on the Stukas. His second fiancée, a Bulgarian, had just been shot by the patriots of her country. The third one, a Corsican, was not very far from the same fate.



In addition to Navy Intelligence, Sessler had been entrusted with the practical organization of border crossing channels towards France for the agents of all the services. His most trusted lieutenant was the Belgian Felix who was the chief of a gang of about thirty adventurers, most of them Italians.

A kommando of torpedo men were living in hotel Malfada, - the coastal defense system Services had settled in the villas "Lodola" and "Egea," - the patrol-boat teams in hotel "Exelsior," - the monitoring services in hotel "Savoy", - the Italian "black shirt brigades" at the "Diana" inn, etc...

Much more deadly than all the elite personnel listed above were the French Popular Party groups commanded by "Baron" Barthelemy (long time collaborator of Doriot and Darnand) and the Milice bands which haunted the Corso del Impero and had the wild look of wolves exiled from their hunting grounds.

We shall now take a quick glimpse at the intrigues of all these "fine people." I hope the reader will be able to understand it. He will have to give his undivided attention.

On January 3, 1945, in villa "Aloha" during the absence of Sessler and his German assistant, the Belgian Felix, who had been allowed to stay in his masters' home was having supper alone. The butler Augustin came to tell him that two Italians were insisting on seeing one of these "gentlemen" at once. Felix received them in the lounge. As he looked at the youngest of the two, Renato Pierra, Felix demonstrated the usual bad temper of the

upset servant of the master race, who are known to be more arrogant than their employers themselves. Renato, a Vintimille fisherman, had already come that morning to offer his boat for the crossing to France.

"I told you that we will let you know if we need you," grumbled Felix.

"Si, signore. But it's my father" answered Renato. "He has something very important to tell you!"

Old man Pierra was a rather alarming fellow. He looked like a tall Calabrian bandit. He had a brown, narrow, and mean looking face, streaked with deep vertical wrinkles. His look was that of sly shrewdness and restrained violence.

"I killed a spy" he said.

Suddenly Felix showed interest;

"Are you sure he was a spy?"

"Yes. We live at the naval station of Vintimille. This morning, a stranger, pretending to be an Italian officer, offered me 250,000 French francs to smuggle him to France in my boat. He was living and seemed at home in the empty house of the fisherman Hamilcar Vivetti, on the beach. I went in there with him this evening. I noticed that he had some plans and a radio in his possession. I realized that I was with an anti-fascist officer and I killed him with an ax."

It was a strange coincidence that, this very morning, the son Renato, had come to offer the use of the family boat to the Germans. It looked as if they had tried to cover up a premeditated or already accomplished murder. But the man could well be a spy. It had to be checked. Felix called the

Gestapo, and together with the Oberstunmfuhrer Sommer, ten armed men and the two Italians, he left in a car for Vintimille.

A small stream of blood was running across the front room of Vivetti's house and was ready to drip under the entrance door and on the porch. Following it, the Germans came to another door. They opened it.

"Good God!" exclaimed Felix.

The stream was running all across the other room. At the opposite end, in a kind of small den alcove used as a dining-room, a man was laying on his back, in the middle of a pool of blood. This was the disgusting work of a timorous butcher, who had been in a hurry and unable to finish what he started. Felix bent down:

"But...he is gasping! He is still alive." he said.

They sent for a German doctor, who found out that the victim had been hit four times in the back of his neck with an ax. The man was too weak to receive a blood transfusion.

"Is there a volunteer to finish him up?" asked the doctor.

There was one. Yeoman William S., fired two pistol bullets in the head of the dying man...Meanwhile, they had inspected his rucksack. It was a good catch. The man was the Italian reserve captain Gino Punzi, an engineer, living in Monte-Carlo, agent of the chief of the American Special Services of the Alpes Theater of Operations, whom we shall call Joe. The latter had instructed him to organize an intelligence network in the Vintimille-San-Remo sector, and to conduct liaison with the different Italian maquis controlled by the Americans. Gino Punzi had gathered valuable information, especially a very precise survey of the German main line of resistance

facing to the West, on the Roya river, the firing plans, the Command Posts, the possibilities of intervention of an armored train, etc... But, he was only an amateur insufficiently prepared by his chiefs to fulfill his important mission. They found on him a detailed diary and the names of all the people connected with his net, including a fascist General Staff major assigned as liaison officer with the German Military Command of the area. A note-book listed all of Punzi's scheduled contacts. Between the pages, Felix discovered a loose sheet on which the following was written in Italian:

"Wait for us, we'll be there in two or three days."

The only things they were unable to find were Captain Punzi's money, his radio and old man Pierra's ax. The latter probably because it was hidden in the same place as the rest. The idea of a possible cover for their crime had only come later to their minds. The crime was signed. In the back. The excuse was excellent. The two Pierra's had calculated well and won. Temporarily, that is.

"Say, my good Felix, what about that note?" said Sommer.

"It's probably Joe's agents who are announcing their arrival at Punzi. Undoubtedly, they'll come here, to this liar."

"O.K., let's set a trap."

Felix had the Pierras' clean the house. They would probably be willing to clean anything. The Belgian left three men there, the NCO's S. and Sch., and the radio operator Nino, with the mission of capturing the visitors without harming them.

"Load the body in the car" said Felix.

He looked at the corpse, and this time, we can venture to say that, however hardened he might have been, his voice was a little shaky when he said:

"He is still alive."

A second round of mercy shots were needed to finish Captain Gino Punzi (his real name).

\* \* \*

The next day on January 4, at 6:30 AM, Felix went to get the news at Vintimille and found a new corpse lying in Vivetti's house.

During the night, three men had landed on the beach, approached the refuge, but at the last minute, as they caught sight of the Germans hidden on the terrasse, they attempted to flee. The Germans had to shoot. Dominice, the teams's radio operator was killed with a bullet in the back. His assistant, Eros Gardoni, got one in the tibia. The third man, Hamilcare Vivetti the fisherman, owner of the house, who had brought them over in his boat was captured unharmed. Loot: one transmitter, radio codes, weapons, explosives.

At this point Kapitanleutnant Sessler took over.

"Felix" he said, "since Vintimille is evacuated, except the old quarters, last night's incident will likely remain unnoticed. In any case, let's

assume so. Because this is a fabulous opportunity to fool Joe. We know him. We are told that he "barely belongs to the class of a whisky salesman. All he is good for is loafing all day long, wearing slippers and fooling around in the bedroom of his shack at Belgrano, surrounded by a bunch of whores. The Allies are nuts to have entrusted him with such position." (1) We must take advantage of it. I have decided: 1. Nobody will be arrested; 2. We are going to turn Eros and Hamilcare around."

They were turned around without any wasting of time or money. They roughly cost 24,000 liras per month. It was chicken-feed. First thing the following day, the first message of the Eros-ex-Dominico mission was sent to Joe from Hotel Mafalda where Eros was being nursed at the torpedo men's quarters.

"Gino Punzi cannot be found. Dominico killed in a bombing. Eros, wounded, but able to transmit messages of Hamilcare who is the only one capable of moving around and work. Send support and help."

Joe's answer was prompt. It was roughly as follows:

"Keep your chin up. Am sending you all you may need."

It was promising. Felix, who was in charge of controlling Eros, had only one worry, and it was the possibility that the Italian radio operator had, in sending his message, given a pre-arranged warning signal indicating that he was working under enemy control. Eros doggedly insisted that such a warning sign did not exist. Unbelievable but true.

(1) The portion in quotes does not represent the opinion of the writer, but a German point of view, fully reproduced here according to the very principle of this work, but not without regret.

Germano-American relations became confirmed by frequent and important shipments of medical supplies, whiskey and American cigarettes dropped in a certain spot on the Italian coast. Sessler, who knew his job, felt that everybody trusted each other and he was ready to get down to serious business. He had Eros send the following:

"Hamilcare has recruited a first class agent. He will bring him over to you."

The so-called agent was the Italian Captain Hugo Luminati, holding a law degree, a very clever and versatile man who, in 1945, was still devoted to the German cause. Perhaps he was implicated too deeply. He was to try to win Joe's confidence and then take over Captain Gino Punzi's position, whose fate still remained unknown in the North-Italian Intelligence Organization, and in the liaison with the Maquis. The project was feasible. To make it a success would be a master stroke. We must tip our hats.

It should have been a success. Its failure was unfortunate if one considers espionage as a fine art. It was an ironical insult to logic, to justice, and in a certain way to plain morality. Because if the project failed, if Joe did not beat the world's record for intoxication, it was due simply to his negligence on the job. Here are the facts:

Eros, or rather Sessler, notified Joe that:

"Hugo, guided by (the faithful) Hamilcare, will land on a particular spot of the coast, near Menton, on such and such a day, and at such and such a time."

Eros, added, which would seem unnecessary to serious-minded people:

"Take all necessary precautions to ensure their safe landing."

The two Italians arrived at the pre-arranged spot on time, and were greeted by gun shots. Hugo Luminati was killed instantly. This was the only truly comical aspect of the whole story. Hamilcare was wounded and taken prisoner. Explanations started. The Americans apologized to him. He was hospitalized in Nice and treated like a king. A perfectly unique feat in the history of this small and special kind of warfare: Hamilcare wasn't turned around a second time. Having betrayed Joe for Sessler, he did not betray Sessler for Joe. I carefully verified this unbelievable detail. I must admit that it is true. For a long time I searched for possible explanations. I could only find two. Either Hamilcare, considered as an unfortunate hero, did not want to come down from his pedestal. Or else, sissy and revengeful, he did not forgive Joe for the bullet he had been hit with.

The following morning, Eros and Sessler received a radiogram from Joe confessing to the accident, with a shower of courtesies and apologies. Sessler frowned. Had he made a mistake? Could Joe have been a profound humorist playing stupid? Was he really behind the whole thing?

Of course not. Sessler regained confidence. It was impossible. For Joe talked, on the radio, with a more and more confident and touching familiarity.



On 9 February 1945, he sent two new agents to Eros. This time, one of them, known under the name of Captain Leo, was an American, and what had been nothing but a burlesque comedy up to now, even with all the bodies involved, was becoming more serious. Leo and his assistant Mannini (I am using his real name as I did for Punzi and we shall see why later) arrived at Villacrosie near Vintimille. They fell into a trap set by Sessler. Leo refused to surrender. He opened fire, shot a German and scared the others away. But he was hit himself by a bullet in the chest. Mannini put him clandestinely in a clinic at Bordighera. Two days later, when the Germans came to pick him up after tracing him down, good old Mannini sneaked him away at the last minute. The Germans never found them. It must have been a very tough and courageous performance. It was later discovered, through the clinic staff, that the bullet which had hit Leo was lodged in the spinal column area and could not be extracted. I was unable to find out whatever happened to him and his companion.

This did not worry Joe a bit and he never stopped showing confidence and satisfaction concerning the reports he received from Eros and which were fabricated by Sessler.

On February 15, the situation could have turned completely to his advantage. A reliable Italian agent of Sessler, the young Pierre Rossi, crossed the Alps for some kind of mission in Nice. He voluntarily surrendered to the Americans and spilled everything to Joe, who, as we can well imagine, was stunned. The opportunity was great. Since the Germans thought they had Joe, all he had to do to intoxicate them was to divulge

false information to Eros. They would be labelled "reliable source." The only precaution to take was to keep Rossi in prison. Darn it! Joe should have began to know the human elements of this game.

But, he didn't. He recruited Rossi. He gave him a lump sum of 500,000 French francs which was equivalent to the six-month budget of the Eleuthere net for all of France in 1943. He entrusted him with a mission against the Germans, and in order to get their recognition, furnished him with a certain amount of information which he was supposed to have gathered in Nice.

Rossi returned to San-Remo and tried to play the role of the American double agent. His first words made Sessler suspicious. It may seem unbelievable, but one of the items of information Rossi gave him on Joe's instigation was that General Clark was in command of the city of Nice. One can guess the probable intention: to make the Germans believe that an Army was being formed in Provence. But the news in itself as it was offered, was just as inconceivable as General Leclerc's promotion to the rank of quartermaster clerk. Sessler let him talk. He was convinced by then: this was a naive, childish and grotesque attempt of intoxication. He slapped the Italian a couple of times and the latter confessed.

We could go on, because this is not the end yet. This resembles those deplorable boxing matches between kids who don't have the strength to finish up but scratch each others and bleed like pigs. Sessler did not abandon the hope of making Joe believe that Rossi, a German agent of the highest caliber, only came to see him in Nice to make a false allegation in order to get at the truth and to challenge him. He had Eros imply it. Joe was

shaken up, etc...

I have said enough to support a conclusion.

These months of American on-the-job training in Italy had some unfortunate consequences. They might have been more serious, had the Allies not already been winning.

Without even mentioning the destruction of the entire anti-German net and the arrest or escape of several Italian officers and policemen, excellent spies or double agents, the Germans knew the Allied Special Services thoroughly, the American radio system, the monitoring net under the control of the Villa Elizabeth Center in Cannes, and even the habits and the keying peculiarities of Joe's radio operator. They knew the latter's code, his key and the frequencies used. They discovered Joe's liaisons with the Curto, Ivanof, and Arturo Maquis. They turned around the liaison agent of the Curto maquis who stopped by to let them photograph and censor all his dispatches. They knew that the supplying of weapons was done at the Amibana bar, in Bordighera, and could stop it any time. They had some orders and seals from Joe, which enabled them to send to Paris several agents bearing papers which could open many doors to them, etc...etc...

Fortunately, the German defeat was taking shape. The best collaborating forces were shaky.

In February, at a time when the radio contacts between Joe and Eros were still going on, the Belgian Felix was instructed to interrogate

seven Frenchmen arrested at the foot of the Alps. They pretended to be from the French Popular Party but were suspected of being French Intelligence Service agents, looking for contacts with the Italian Maquis in order to initiate weapons drops. This was true. Pretty soon, it was so evident that the team leader B. admitted it.

Then Felix had an idea.

"Listen" he said to B., "It's true, I worked against France. But this will enable me to be twice as useful to France now. I would like to go back there, to rehabilitate myself (sic) and live quietly with my girl-friend. If both of us come to an agreement, we can be there tomorrow. You're going to suggest to Obersturmfuhrer Sommer that he let you guide me through the evasion channels used by the French agents in the region of Tende and Saorge."

On 25 February, Felix, B., a German Warrant Officer, and two S.S. soldiers, dressed in civilian clothes, alighted from a car at Piena and started climbing on foot toward the frontier crest. Along the way, Felix stopped to talk with the surveillance posts guards, all the while taking notes on the lighting systems and the mined zones.

He gave his instructions to his small detachment; and addressed the Warrant Officer:

"We're arriving. Watch this path, and you men, watch the other one. Look out! Stay on your toes!"

The Germans did not quite understand what was expected of them. But that didn't matter, they were used to it.

Are they still waiting, like Charlie Chaplin in a forward trench out of his famous movie?

Felix said to the French officer who interrogated him at Sospel:

"Besides, I'm rather well known to your services under the name of Volks. Why don't you phone Paris? They'll reply: 'Send him!'"

This is how the story of the double agent Volks ended, and as a consequence, the unfortunate transformation of the American Special Services in Southeastern France into an involuntary German information agency.

## VII

The reader, if he has not been too disheartened by the sometimes didactic quality of this work, has now a better knowledge of the Special Services job than a company grade officer usually does. Furthermore, he has a better general idea of the French Resistance output in the intelligence field.

There remains to tell the odyssey of the men who established the ground, maritime, aerial and radio liaisons, and without whom the enormous and costly effort of the secret war would have been completely useless, and lost.

It is imperative that a study of the immediate preparation for D-Day, - in full strength (which was the business of the Allies), and by surprise (which was partly up to the French Resistance) - be presented next. Once

this operation was successfully concluded and in organization with the progress of the Allied Armies, the men of the intelligence nets joined their comrades of the direct action networks with a delirious joy, in order to participate directly in the battle. Their disguise had not been for fun. One cannot keep quiet what they did then.

Finally, since I wanted to talk about intelligence warfare only to demonstrate the effective results, I have neglected to talk about the personality of my characters. I would like to show, before time alters my memories by drying them up...or idealizing them, how my comrades behaved when faced with the critical problems of the resistance fighters. The observation of their reactions is extremely important, for this war did not resemble any others we had fought. There was no pre-established hierarchy, no obligation, almost no human respect, no strict discipline, no awards, no glory, no parades, no brass bands, no communiques, not even witnesses. The cowards lived peacefully, covering themselves with dignity behind the moral approval and encouragements of the de facto authorities. What counted, what drove men and women, and what destroyed them from within what was the flame which made their hearts beat, and their minds think. Yes, this was a war in which no longer the collective but the individual and solitary sentiment were the only driving forces.

I will penetrate deeply into the intimacy of some of my characters. The pages I will devote to their state of mind and their inner struggles should not be construed as literary essays. They are the only close observations which I consider necessary. If this was not also said, nothing would need to be said, and those succeeding us would not understand.

This will be the subject of the third and last volume of this work.

A P P E N D I X

In the original version of this volume, a number of documents appeared in this section. They included original copies of messages received and sent (on official message form or in handwriting of originator), which are in great part, already translated in the text, of examples of sketches which accompanied the message, of intelligence reports, and finally photographs of some of the principal members of the nets.

However, due to the poor quality of the reproductions as well as the fact that most of these documents are not indispensable to an understanding and to the continuity of the story, all these enclosures have been eliminated from this translated version. Only one exception has been made in regards to the diagram of the "Glaieul" Section of the Agence Immobiliere, which gives a good example of compartmentalization and cut-outs. A translated version of this originally hand-written document appears on Page 361.



DOCUMENT No. I

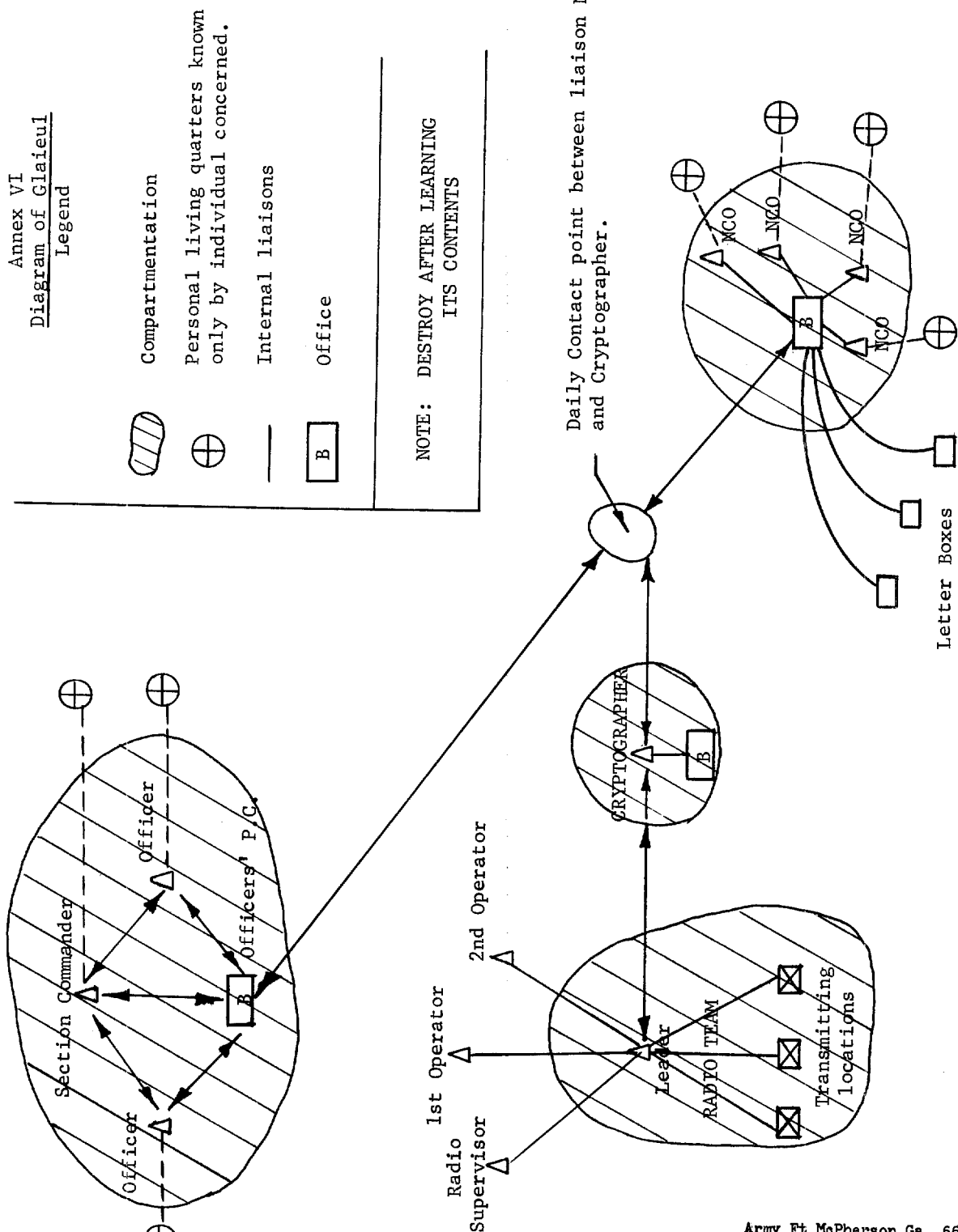


Diagram of compartmented and "cut out" organization of the "Glaieul" section of the Agence Immobiliere.